AUGUST, 1957

Esquire

THE ZINE FOR MEN

BEN SOMOROFF

henry wolf

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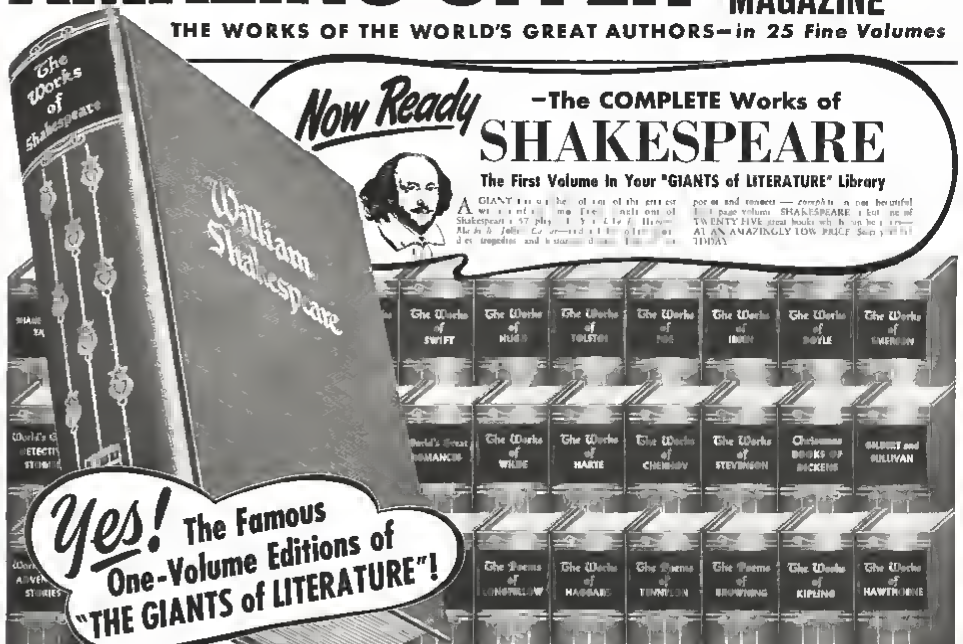

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Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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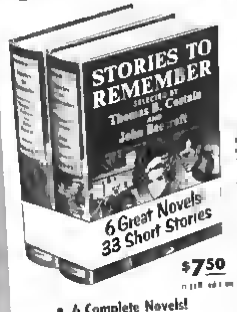

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THIS OFFER GOOD ONLY DURING THE LITERARY GUILD'S 30th ANNIVERSARY

PUBLISHER'S PAGE.

Introducing the Introduction to The Esquire Cartoon Book

DEADLINE for this page can lies on an unfishing weekend, brought about by the necessity of getting to press with an introduction to the Esquire Cartoon Book (see ad on page 117).

So we're really for once caught literally by that old figurative question, "Which would you rather do or go fishing?"

Well, if it weren't that we had this page to fill and go fishing on the grounds that the Esquire Cartoon Book is the one book Esquire's ever had anything to do with that really doesn't need an introduction.

If we can believe half of what we've heard about it for the last score-and-four years, the Esquire Cartoon Book is one book that no more needs an introduction than a pot of honey needs a formal invitation to a visiting bear. The way we've always heard it from literally dozens of publishers representing as, and book of Esquire Cartoons is such a natural it'll be good even if it were bad.

Be that as may be, the best proof that the Esquire Cartoon Book needs no introduction lies in the fact that ever since 1940, every time we've got out any collection of Esquire material in book form—we seem to have had much of our space in each introduction explaining that it *wasn't* a book of Esquire cartoons.

In introducing that perennial best seller *The Bedside Esquire*, we sidled up to the subject by taking a side swipe at the cartoons saying "Anybody can enjoy a picture." Esquires have been put out and hung up (guess that was before the word pin-up had been coined) in Congo huts as well as American college dormitories. But it takes a mind to make the most of words. That's why it's only natural that Esquire has been much more widely looked at than read.

Elsewhere in that same introduction we said: "Sum it up, Esquire is just a picture book, wherein the Petty girls is the fact that has launched a thousand quips." That's our darling of the dormitories and belle of the barber shops. How that one gets around!

We went on to say that *The Bedside Esquire* was fashioned out of Esquires other side, the side that had been so heavily overshadowed by the pictures.

Sometimes this editor, weary of hearing the cartoons talked about as if they characterized the contents as a whole, has been tempted to term it The Esquire Nobody Knows.

So there you are. Q.E.D. If the cartoons represent The Esquire Everybody Knows, then obviously the Esquire Cartoon Book needs no introduction and lets go fishing.

Oh, but there's still this page. Very well, since we've started talking about the cartoons.

Two things about the Cartoons in Esquire until to burn us up. One is the endless succession of radio comedians' jokes, building up from a thousand and one angles to a final punch line to the general effect of "Oh, you mean they have *words* in that magazine, too?"

The other was the plaint we used to hear from about the end of 1934 onward that the cartoons aren't as funny as they used to be.

The Esquire Cartoon Book ought to serve as a specific to soothe both those pains. First, it's a book crammed with pictures from end to end, using words only to that irreducible minimum degree that they are needed to pin the point on the pictures, and second a heavy proportion of its more than five hundred cartoons are from Esquire's vintage years 33 through say 37.

Now whether the cartoons really were funnier in those early years than they are now adays is something that each person can only decide for himself.

We think, for instance, that one cartoon in the upcoming September issue is as funny as any we've ever published. It shows a man about to be executed, given a last cigarette by the officer in command of the firing squad and commenting, "Say, these really *are* mildew."

Not conceivably in an age or in a country without cigarette advertising of any kind, that cartoon could be utterly pointless. But today with television adding the earnest efforts of high priced talent to try to convince you at every possible opportunity that this or that cigarette really *is* milder it seems even more pointed than it might have if it had appeared in our pages anytime before 1948 or 49.

By the same token many of the cartoons of the past dealing with NRA or WPA, and boondoggling and leaf raking and Thad Mum in the White House, must seem comparatively pointless. If you remember them as being funnier than the comparable cartoons of today it probably means either that you reacted more strongly than to the events or situations from which they reflected their humor or that those events or situations were richer in humorous possibilities than comparable ones today.

When Esquire was new, no American magazine had ever devoted full-color pages to cartoons although a few European magazines, such as *La Vie Parisienne* and the Munich *Simplicissimus* had been doing so for years. But in the intervening near-quarter century the parade has caught up with the leader, as it were, as cartoons in full color have long since become a commonplace routine of a raft of other American magazines.

Another factor equally true if in lesser degree is in the content of the cartoons themselves. As we said four years back in *The Esquire Treasury* not a long ago concluded to *The New Yorker* a near monopoly on sophisticated whimsy, so we set out in our early days to get a corner on something known (if only to ourselves) as Whimsy. Based on the principle of aesthetics designated in the textbooks as *Einfühlung*, it represented as close an approach to authentic participation as the cartoon could come, short of some printing press equivalent of 3D or Vista Vision. The most memorable example of this "Wanna Make Something Out of It?" school of comic art was undoubtedly the drawing of the Petty girl looking you straight in the eye (after the manner of Uncle Sam in the recruiting posters—so that from whatever angle you regard it there's no escaping that direct gaze) and captioned simply but eloquently, "Oh, you would, would you?"

Cartoons like that brought scads of letters asking us to explain the point. We had to answer that there wasn't any, except as made by the mind of the beholder.

Now this kind of cartoon, the pictorial turn of the Shaggy Dog Story in verbal humor, utterly pointless unless you are able and inclined to make it very pointed yours. If is present in considerable quantity in the Esquire Cartoon Book, culled as it is in so great measure from the magazine's early years. It is also, admittedly, very scarce in Esquire's pages in this latter years.

Again it's a question of comparative novelty. We were first with this type of pictorial humor. But we always considered it like paprika, something to be used sparingly and with discretion. In the course of the years other magazines have sprung up based almost entirely on a distorted over-emphasis of this one aspect of Esquire's original formula and then in turn have bred imitators of their imitations to a degree where vulgarity and bad taste are past the point of no return.

Here it is not a question of the race having caught up with the leader but rather of the pack having taken off at such a wild tangent, off course and across boundaries where like another leader who knew the virtue of moderation in all things, we simply do not choose to run.

—A.G.

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

The Trial

Regarding John Steinbeck's *The Trial of Arthur Miller* (Jan 1957) —amen!

HUGHIE WALTERS
Rio Vista, Calif

* * *

It was good to read Steinbeck's piece in the June issue

LEONARD LEADER
Los Angeles Calif

* * *

Does any man have a right to all of his rights when such action could inadvertently be detrimental to his family and neighbors? Don't you think that some restrictions should be placed on the individual as related to his social ability to determine if his friends and acquaintances are what they outwardly pretend?

Surely the Congress of the United States would only be interested in ferreting out the truth, and not maliciously set out to crucify the character of any citizen

JACK LEON MOORE
Athens Ohio

* * *

If Steinbeck feels he should decide for himself on this law then there is no reason why Mrs X, Y or Z should not decide on other laws

ALBERT MARTIN
Glen Head, N Y

O'Neill

Having just finished your June, 1957 issue I wish to especially comment on Allen Churchill's fine story about Eugene O'Neill—Portrait *of a Nobel Prize Winner as a Young* George Jean Nathan's postscript was most enlightening in itself

JARRELL P BENEDICT
Houston Tex

Jazz

I want to congratulate you on Dizzy Gillespie's wonderful article (*Jazz Is Too Good for Amateurs*) in the June 1957 issue of Esquire. I do hope you achieve your goal in waking up the country to the fact that jazz is here to stay Good luck to Congressman Thompson

Mr. & Mrs GILM ALVAREZ
Whittier Calif

* * *

As a classical pianist married to a jazz musician I must deeply and gratefully commend Dizzy Gillespie on his wonderful article My husband and I and so many of our friends musicians and non musicians, agree with you wholeheartedly Most emphatically let us start and support Congressman Thompson's project!

CHARLOTTE MARKARIAN DI MAURO
Staten Island N Y

* * *

I read Dizzy's article and am very concerned about the state of jazz acceptance I think his program is a good one as many of us here at Beloit University do I would like to do all I can to help

TOM KINDRED
Waco Tex

* * *

I am very much in favor of the idea of starting a National Jazz Collection in Washington Let me compliment you on the article

DICK WILSON
Ann Arbor Mich.

* * *

Read Dizzy swinging article and it was beautiful. He curiously tells it like it is Tell Congressman Thompson straight ahead for me A secret like the one you describe would be as they say, out of sight cool

ROBERT K. WATSON
Brookfield Ill

* * *

If we does compile the National Jazz Collection some day the world will be sorry but it will be too late It is truly worth while project and should be started soon

HARVARD R. OLSON
Colton Calif

* * *

I share your feeling of the deejays in holocaustedly On one of our stations which should definitely play all jazz because it has the largest following of the younger set, the jockeys play records ranging from stale country to full rhythm and blues. I'm sure you know how irritating this can be.

LOU STOVALL
Springfield Mass

* * *

I live in Salt Lake City, and am sorry to say that our DJ's are no better than any others If you listen to two hours of any all music station you might, if you are lucky get one disc of good jazz

I go with that stuff on educational jazz to the end.

PAT ZWICK
Salt Lake City Utah

* * *

In defense of the disc jockeys, let me inform you that often they are forced to play what the station dictates

Perhaps with more articles in national magazines and less pressure from scared sponsors jazz will emerge as the truly great art it is

TARO WARD
Tampa Fla

* * *

As one of the disc jockeys" (horrible term!) I can only report that the situation is getting worse I've been trying for almost six years to find a spot that will allow me to play the music of which we speak I've had success at times and thought I had a niche but one here Out it seems that we are going to fall victim to the hated top 40

I note that may cause me to give up in disgust I'd like to see the FCC raise hell with this jukebox radio It is hardly the public service institution the convention speakers would have us believe.

WALT HASSELL
Program Director
WATC
Ashland Ohio

* * *

Hooray Dizzy is right! The marvelous growth of Rock and Roll in our nation has all but stymied true jazz

My dear old Mother once said to me, "What do you see in all that noise I sat her down and for an hour explained the history the music, the ideas, the rhythms, and the art of jazz and played for her some Woody Ellington, and I succeeded in convert another soul to the cause But this was just one case The problem is still there.

C/SSGT JOHN A OLSON
7th Squdn
U S Air Force Academy
Denver, Colo

* * *

I am an exchange student from Italy at the University of Arizona and I have been here one year

I know what you mean when you say jazz is not understood here.

When I arrived I was astonished to see that nobody knew names well known in the jazz world of Europe and to notice a complete lack of interest for it

And I thought it pretty sad that in the United States the very country where jazz was born, nobody could appreciate it as an art

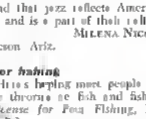
Most Americans don't feel the sincerity and the immediacy of expression that there is in jazz and don't most to recognize that jazz is an art as well as classical music, in other words they don't understand that jazz reflects American life and is a part of their culture

MILENA NICOTO
Tucson Ariz.

Poor fishing

Hints helping most people look into throwing the fish and fishing. (*License for Fun Fishing*, May 1957.)

A great deal of money is spent by Chicagoans in Wisconsin and Minnesota for fishing, but reading the regulations is like reading a law book If anything at all can be done to simplify the laws and help the sport of the game limit it should certainly be looked into.



Frankly, if everyone followed the letter of the law few people would bother to spend three days much less two weeks, fishing there I hope resort owners get a chance to read the article—they won't get the information from the conservation authorities that is here

NORBERT F WISNEW
Chicago Ill

* * *

My initial reaction was that the writer must be crazy to question the hallowed rules.

But the more I think about it, the madder I get that only Ohio out of all forty eight states and each Saskatchewan in all Canada have had the simple vision to follow this apparently basic law of nature.

DON WHITING
Arlington Heights Ill

* * *

Mr Lehrer's contentions that there are unnecessary restrictions on the taking of warm water fish are well founded He is substantially correct in his statement that

Continued on page 12

environmental factors, rather than fighting control fish populations. He wisely deplores minimum size limits on fish and the indiscriminate stocking of waters.

All of which would make the author and Esquire some kind of prophets. If it were not for the simple fact that most state fish management agencies have been attempting to gain public acceptance of these facts for many years.

The author is misguiding thousands of competent fish biologists and administrators when he implies that the simplities found in fish management are advocated by fish conservationists. If he feels that a scapegoat is necessary let him place the blame where it belongs—on the stubborn reluctance of fishermen legislators (yes, and the press) to accept the fundamental biological principles that Esquire now embraces.

FRANK GREGG
Editor
Colorado Outdoors
State of Colorado
Dept. of Game and Fish

Tailtale heart

Please make the boys stick to pretty girls and humorous and interesting stories.

The article entitled *Are You the Heart Attack Type?* (May 1957) was a dull, alarming but proved absolutely nothing.

OSCAR F. MILLER
Miami, Fla.

■ ■ ■

In *Are You the Heart Attack Type?* Caroline Bird makes a reference to the mother of Edgar Poe as follows: "Abandoned by his *drunken mother* in bedridden little Edgar was brought up by quarrelsome foster parents."

According to Arthur Hobson Quinn and other noted authorities, Poe's mother was not an alcoholic nor did she ever abandon her three children. According to Professor Quinn, Elizabeth Arnold, Poe Edgar's mother, died in Norfolk, Virginia, in the year 1810. She was an actress of note, even for that rough period in American life. She definitely was not a drunk, nor did she intentionally abandon her three children.

FRANCIS RICHARD ERY
Baltimore, Md.

■ ■ ■

No biographical evidence demonstrates that Poe's foster parents were anything but indulgent and long suffering. The fault that Caroline was to the "bad seed" himself.

MRS. ROBERT L. ANDERSON
Hampton, Va.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Reader Eby is correct that Mrs. Poe did not wantonly *abandon her son Edgar*. However *she did leave* his elder brother William Henry Leonard *with* his *grandparents and she died December 8, 1811, when Edgar was two years old. Reader Anderson might look to* The Oxford Companion to American Literature *for an account of Edgar Poe's strained relationship with his foster father John Allan.*

Boo-boo

I would like to raise a question concerning the title on page 19 of the May issue, namely, Vacation Now—A detailed guide for the traveler to the third largest country—Canada.

This does not tie in with what I learned at school, but maybe history is moving faster than I think. I would be very much interested to be brought up to date on which is the largest country and also the second largest country in the world today.

H. S. ROBINSON
Canadian Gov't Travel Bureau
Ottawa, Ontario
Canada

EDITOR'S NOTE: *History is just where Reader Robinson supposes it to be. Canada remains the second largest country in the world (the first largest the USSR, the third China) and Esquire stands corrected.*

Fighting words

Garrett Underhill terms *The Army's Case Against Itself* (May 1957) a delayed report to the Army. It reads more like a frustrated retort.

By what magic does an intelligence officer Underhill believe he envisions future wars, ultimate weapons and secret strategy? Better he might be a financier than second-guesser military strategist. His requirements for funds to conduct a Buck Rogers war would make any congressman take to the road. Or perhaps under Underhill doesn't know that research and development is a dollars and cents matter.

COLONEL RALPH W. HAUENSTEIN
Military Intelligence, USAR
Grand Rapids, Mich.

■ ■ ■

Mr. Underhill is so right that it hurts and he is particularly correct in his assumption of Marine Corps capability. However the Air Force

adherents who are in favor of adding the Army to the Marines forget one thing. We wouldn't want them.

The Marine Corps is constantly on the alert to develop new weapons, methods and firepower. However it is not building a new kind of Marine Corps and the addition of the Army would make a new type which would be refashioned to which would inevitably adopt the Army techniques rather than vice versa. The Marine Corps could never accept the undisciplined "boys" of the Army to serve as one with the men of the Corps.

WILLIAM L. FORSHAY
S/Sgt., USMC
San Clemente, Calif.

■ ■ ■

Your capsule article on the American Army (with the ultimate recommendation to abolish it) was misleading and inaccurate with emphasis on the wrong things.

In the weapons field for instance, Underhill's too summary. The European rifle models are reduced to light calibers that do not kill. The automatic fire is geared to Europeen disdain for individual marksmanship (which they never attained). The resupply problem is enormous. We, on the other hand, are geared in personal marksmanship to sharp-shooting. From that viewpoint, most of our best shots prefer the "old" Springfield.

Continued on page 14

field Mad 1903 I do and have used it in several actions

To vitalize the impact of obedient let est the Korean war six to eight American divisions established the North Korean Red Army (twenty-three divisions) and then took on the Red Chinese beginning with thirty-three divisions and increased to twelve more

By April 1951 the war broke. The Air in spite of interdiction fires, could not delay the advance of all seventy-two Red divisions from the Yalu to the Seoul Line In the end those hordes had to be burn down by infantry

Let us take the Suez blitz The Israeli operated on land with utterly obsolete equipment The British (now so confident about the Air) had to scrap the barrel to get a small army expeditionary force ready they rounded up AA regiments to feed soldiers. In the meantime the IBM is lost somewhere in the American

MAJ GEN
CHARLES A WILLOUGHBY
Washington D C.

■ ■ ■

It is the opinion of some of the officers stationed here that the Churchill report is being barked by powers in the Pentagon in order to help assure future Army appropriations. But it seems to me that it is entirely too relevant this report to have any trial official backing Yet it remains an interesting theory

PFC FRANK S FAYSSOUX, Jr
Fabricator Training Area
Inland Hawaii T H

EDITOR'S NOTE *Interesting if mature*

Tina

Mrs I congratulate you upon the intriguing and amusing to my nothing of enticing feature *The Corset History*

Hoping you discards one of the garments as a "tarnish" when in reality it is a Ferris Good Sense Corset Waist so popular about 1895 1910 I know for I used to wear one These were worth a

rather than boned and the shoulder straps were a trade mark of these affairs

I have a bunch that these captions were written by a man rather than one who had had personal knowledge of such overtime

CAROL COLBY
Donalson Ohio

EDITOR'S NOTE *Reader Colby is right that Ferris textiles was called a corset waist but Warner Brothers called theirs a camisole and the one modeled by Tina Louise came from Women's Historical Collection in Bridgeport, Conn.*

May bouquet

I received my May issue of Esquire today and I am positively convinced that it is the best magazine of its type on the newsstands.

With the recent addition of sports car features Esquire has reached perfection Personally this bird is not to understand how the publishers can afford it put out such excellent work at such a nominal price

JOHN THOMAS
Ames, Iowa

Joseph's junkets

I'm still wondered how that peerless (and I thought imaginary) person the "American Tourist Abroad" managed his Grand

Britain in Three Days Now having read Richard Joseph's vacation tour (April 1957) I know

He goes to an unlikely hotel where he eats inexplicably good food, gets up at an incredibly late and flies to Glasgow He then hires a motor car goes along a road and never left Writes an article on Norway and flies to Oslo

I happen to be English but I never the Greeks had a word for it

J B STANTON
Greenway Close London
England

■ ■ ■

May I correct a strong impression that may have been created in the minds of readers of your April Vera me Now? I refer to the statement that BOAC year to have introduced direct service from San Francisco to New York early this year

This service has indeed started Since April 3 BOAC has been using DC7C aircraft to operate twice a week San Francisco/London with a one-hour refueling stop in New York.

JOHN EARL
Station Officer BOAC
San Francisco Airport

Cherchez la femme

Having our individual animals through museum part of my early psychological training fifteen years ago prior to entering my training and internships in psychotherapy I get quite a lick out of your April cover which—after my patients have read the magazine—will be framed as a reminder of man's basic quest whether he be railway motorman or atomic scientist

HAROLD KENNETH TYNA, Ph D
New York, N Y

Late returns

About Anthony C West's story *Bitter End* in the March issue you pose a question So which do you think is the Esquire story that *Bitter End* is only less great than?

I would say *All Though the House* by Garson Kanin in the December issue 1955

MILTON A GORANOFF
Fairbanks, Alaska

■ ■ ■

You state *Bitter End* was one of the two greatest stories in Esquire twenty-three years Will you can say that again I thoroughly enjoyed it My compliments to Mr Wirt

J N SCHEXNAYDER
New Orleans La

To People Who Are Tired of Reducing

A famous doctor tells how you can lose weight "once and for all" —and STAY slim the rest of your life, without exercises, drugs, gadgets, "will power," or that "hollow" feeling

IF YOU ARE like many overweight people you may feel as if you're doomed to spend your whole life trading one form of misery for another back and forth.

Again and again you "go on a diet." You give up the joy of eating whatever you want for a dreary round of bananas and skimmed milk—or hard boiled eggs and lettuce — or whatever the latest "fad" diet may be.

You go around feeling *hungry* all the time You may also become easily *depressed* or irritated And if the diet is not based on sound nutrition which it often the case with faddist diets, your health may suffer

How long can you live on bananas and skimmed milk?

But nobody wants to live on bananas and skimmed milk forever So, eventually (whether you get down to your desired weight or not) you "go off" your diet You may even go on an eating binge gorging yourself with the forbidden delicacies you've been hungering for Soon you're right back where you started But even the joy of eating is marred by feelings of guilt about your lack of will power and shame about your unattractive physical appearance.

Every time a new "wonder" or "miracle" diet comes along you rush to try it. You go through the same let this-let that cycle all over again But each time the effort of "going on a diet" gets harder Each time you come closer to the day when you may just give up completely and resign yourself to being fat (Perhaps you've already *reached* that point.)

The more pounds you have, the fewer years left

Once you give up the idea of trying to keep your weight down to normal however you are also giving up part of your life itself Mortality studies made by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company over a period of a quarter-century show that the *insurable overweight risk* a *chances of dying in each year is 50% greater than that of the insurable non overweight male* For overweight women the increased hazard is 47% No one knows the mortality rates for overweights who are *not* insurable — but it must be higher

Not that people are often listed as dying of being too fat. The death from obesity will be found hidden in the figures on heart disease high blood pressure arteriosclerosis, kidney disease diabetes and cancer in all of which obesity is considered a factor

What a famous scientist has done

In New York City there is a famous doctor who has been achieving striking results in nutrition clinics which help patients *reduce and STAY reduced* He is Dr Norman Jolliffe, Director of the Bureau of Nutrition of the City of New York and co-author of CLINICAL NUTRITION a medical textbook which has become standard in the field

Now Dr Jolliffe has written a layman's guide to weight control REDUCE AND STAY REDUCED He wrote it at the request of prominent heart specialists who *must* keep their patients weight down to help keep them alive They knew a reducing book by Dr Jolliffe would work And it does—because it is based on the most advanced medical understanding of how our bodies work.

Why you are overweight

The key to Dr Jolliffe's reducing plan lies in what he calls the "appetostat. This is the Appetite Regulating Mechanism in the hypothalamic region of your brain. It is like the thermostat regulating the furnace in your house When the thermostat is set too high the furnace consumes more fuel than is necessary to heat the house comfortably In the same way when your appetostat is too high your body consumes more food than is needed for energy by a person of your height weight and daily activity *These extra calories are stored as fat*

Why most reducing diets fail in the long run

This explains why most reducing diets fail in the long run You may lose weight by eating less but you are not overlying the calorie demands of your appetostat You must battle constantly with yourself to keep from giving in to the demands of your body Sooner or later you are bound to grow tired of the struggle and surrender to your hunger

Obviously, then, the only permanent solution is to change the setting of your appetostat Reducing alone is not enough You must also *re-educate* your body to want less food. Then you can eat until you feel completely satisfied and still not gain weight.

3 ways this plan is different

Dr Jolliffe accomplishes this re-education of the appetostat by a simple sensible diet program. It differs from faddist diets in at least three important ways

1 It is tailored to your individual size, sex, age daily activity and desired rate of reducing

2 It does not call for bizarre menus of uncommon or unappetizing foods. Instead you eat healthful well-balanced meals with plenty of room for substitutions to prevent boredom You are not just "going on a diet." You are *changing your* eating *habits* in a pleasant way you will want to continue for the rest of your life. The plan allows for steak, desserts bread, and even potatoes.

3. Once you get well started the strain of dieting disappears as your body takes over to *help you* Your appetostat will begin to control your appetite adjusting it from meal to meal and day to day to match your energy needs.

Predict your own weight loss!

Dr. Jolliffe's scientific method of planning your weight loss is so uncannily accurate that you can predict how much you will lose each week In fact he provides you with a graph for charting both your predicted and actual weekly progress This chart shows instantly whether you have been following directions or "cheating" on your diet. Dr Jolliffe has found this self check chart greatly aids the practical overweight patient in his clinics

261 pages of weight losing life saving information

REDUCE AND STAY REDUCED is a big book of 261 pages crammed with dietary guidance which you can use all your life —and which may over save your life It gives you 11 reducing programs for adults and 7 for teenagers so that you can choose the reducing schedule that exactly right for you. Each program tells what base foods and how much of them you need every day plus an allowance for "optional foods" of your own choosing and 3 suggested daily menus There is an alphabetical list of common foods and their calorie content. There are two lists of foods of which you can eat all you want because they have little or no calorie value One of Dr Jolliffe's special interests is low-calorie cookery and he has included a whole section of his appetizing low-calorie recipes, so that you don't have to forego the joy of eating while you reduce

Guaranteed for one year!

Almost any "fad" diet could guarantee results within three or four weeks. But what reducing diet could guarantee that you would still be slim a year later? REDUCE AND STAY REDUCED is not a wonder diet, however but a basic re-educational you appetite and eating habits. Therefore the publishers can make this entirely unprecedented triple guarantee

1 Mail coupon without money and book will be sent to you for free examination. Read it over carefully If you don't care for the plan and won't want to try it—RETURN BOOK AND PAY NOTHING.

2. If you like the book try it for 3 weeks. If you don't "cheat" on your diet, yet fail to lose the weight predicted by your personal weight loss chart—RETURN BOOK AND PAY NOTHING

3. If you keep the book and follow the plan faithfully for a whole year—only to find that you have regained your lost weight or that you feel hungry all the time —YOU CAN STILL RETURN BOOK FOR REFUND

We have many letters in our files from delighted readers who found that Dr Jolliffe's reducing plan really worked where other methods failed But we have not attempted to quote them here The important thing is not what this book has done for others, but what it can do for you And that can only be determined by an actual trial.

YOU MAY LIVE LONGER TOO!
A Note on Fatty Foods and Heart Trouble

THE NEW and completely revised edition has been expanded to include the most recent and important findings about the relation of diet to heart attacks and coronary diseases It has been found that to avoid heart attack victims, the blood carries an excess of fat compounds containing cholesterol, and the necessary enzymes are usually lined with cholesterol The amount of cholesterol in the blood is directly related to the amount and type of fatty foods consumed For this reason, the diets in this book have been revised so that in every instance they derive less than 30% of their calories from fat (But include the essential fatty acids)—a food associated with tastiness, good nutrition and good health

At the same time other additions have been made—including a heart-saver diet for the *normal* weight adult, red salt free and low sodium diets to increase the book's usefulness for pregnant women and many persons with heart disease high blood pressure and certain types of liver and kidney diseases. (If you are during to plan to diet under the supervision of your personal physician the entire book has been planned for maximum usefulness if he is a patient a guide and you are urged to show it to him)

Try it free—just mail coupon

That is why we invite you to accept this unusual free trial offer by mailing the coupon below Why not take us up on it? You have nothing to lose and if Dr Jolliffe's plan works for you or if he for others you'll *never have to "go on a diet" again* Mail coupon now to SIMON AND SCHUSTER Dept. 49 630 Fifth Ave., New York 20 N Y

To your bookseller or
SIMON AND SCHUSTER Publishers Dept 49
630 Fifth Avenue New York 20, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of REDUCE AND STAY REDUCED for free trial under the following triple-guarantee 1 If I don't care to try the reducing plan I may return book immediately and pay nothing. 2 If I try the plan for 3 weeks and it doesn't work as you say I may still return book and pay nothing. 3 If I am pleased by 3 week trial and decide to keep book I will remit $3.95 plus actual postage—But may still return book for FULL REFUND within 1 year if the book doesn't enable me to STAY reduced easily and comfortably

Name

Address

City

Zone State

☐ SAVE MONEY. Check here if enclosing $3.95 with this coupon Then WE will pay postage Same triple-guarantee return privilege for refund.

ANTONINO VOTTO, who directs the new Angel recording of Verdi's *Un Ballo in Maschera*, is one of the three or four best known conductors in Italy: the maestro of La Scala's permanent staff since the onset of de Sabata's illness four years ago. He has never worked in this country, however, and the new *Ballo* is only his second recording, his first of a major opera. Votto is reputed to be a "difficult" man to work with in a recording studio, and his preconditions to signing a contract have been such that both London and Victor, who wanted his services years ago, felt unable to meet his terms. He was to have conducted at the Metropolitan in 1947, but again something happened in the negotiations and, although he was announced in the prospectus, he never appeared. Angel's *Ballo*, therefore, will give all but a handful of Americans their introduction to the talents of a sixty-one-year-old conductor whom many knowledgeable Italians regard as the outstanding current exponent of their operatic tradition.

This is not to say that Votto's conception of *Ballo* is necessarily yours or mine. On the evidence of this recording (I have never heard him do the work on stage), Votto feels that certain moments in the opera are simply too frivolous for a tragedy. He tones down the roaring cancan which ends the first scene, holds the reins tight on Oscar's two coloratura arias, and makes Riccardo react with tense rather than natural laughter to the awful prophecies of the alto witch. *Ballo* is a brilliant opera, and those who know the Leibowitz recording on Renaissance (Livingston Tape) will feel some of this brilliance missing in Votto's performance. What is gained is a constant tension. By keeping the human tragedy to the fore, Votto gives the work an unusually direct force—and he has his individual triumphs too. I had always felt that the rum-tum let's-get-out-of-here trio in the second act (the source of every fake alarum in Gilbert and Sullivan) was the one trumpery and musically disfiguring moment in the opera. Votto makes it sound urgent and exactly right in its place.

His is the autocratic and ultra-controlled method of conducting, with no gesture wasted and no sign of passion on the podium. His baton technique is almost brutally simple, and as an ordinary matter he does not let singers create their own parts. He wants what he wants when he wants it (though I did see him yield to Tebaldi and follow her phrasing of *Vissi d'arte*). The singers under his stick thus tend to become voices rather than artists: some respond well to this attitude, while others respond badly. Votto's cast in *Ballo* is built around Angel's unbeatable trio of Callas, Di Stefano and Gobbi, and Di Stefano, as usual, is the prize. Callas' Amelia is the best work she has done on records since the de Sabata *Tosca*. (This is a temperament which positively demands a strong hand at the controls.) But what has happened to the top of her voice under her mistreatment of it since the happy days of *Tosca* is an international scandal, and she can no longer be trusted above A-flat. Amelia, however, is a part which proceeds within the range for pages on end, and Callas has a good deal of natural feeling for the noble but unlucky heroine. Her singing of Amelia's appeal for a last look at her children before she dies is extremely effective and scarcely damaged by the shaky C-flat near the end. Gobbi does a rousing *Eri tu* and sings effectively throughout, but he is obviously uncomfortable with Votto's conception of *Alla vita che t'arride* in the first act. The young Oscar is not light enough for her part. The performance as a whole, though, is probably the best—and certainly the most interesting—the work has received on records.

Some of Votto's attitudes will seem reminiscent of the late Arturo Toscanini, and so they should—Votto was a protégé of The Old Man thirty years ago. In a way, his work can be considered an outrider of the Toscanini legacy, now formally concluded by two Victor albums—the complete *Aida* and a two-disc collection called *Verdi and Toscanini*. Neither presents Toscanini at his best, though there is a wonderful delicacy in his handling of the *Aida* ballet music, and the Toscanini intensity redeems the minor Verdi which makes up most of the special collection. The feature of the collection is the fourth act of *Rigoletto* from a wartime benefit in Madison Square Garden, notable as the only time Leonard Warren sang under Toscanini's baton, but very badly recorded.

Westminster has spirited in from Russia, via the Leeds Music Corporation, a Bolshoi Theatre production of Tchaikovsky's *Eugene Onegin*, the opera which will open the Metropolitan season this fall. *Onegin* is a wonderful work, full of tunes which grow out of the situations in which its characters find themselves, in every way worthy of a permanent place in the repertory—and the language in which to hear it is, of course, Pushkin's original Russian. It would be nice if we could get the Russian language without the nasal Russian tenor, but you can't have everything, and the new Westminster set, though somewhat slow-paced, is over all a fine performance.

A relatively new label to opera recording is Epic, which launched major projects with the San Carlo of Naples and the Opéra Comique of Paris about two years ago and is now reaping the rewards. The Epic *Don Pasquale*, done in Naples with Capecchi as the Pasquale and Valdengo as the Malatesta, is musically the equal of the fine old Cetra under Rossi—and technically far superior. (Don't let the fact that Molinari Pradelli is the conductor deter you: nothing in his previous recorded work compares with this set for delicacy and grace.) Also on the market is the first complete *Louise*, an Opéra Comique product with an adequate cast (which is saying a lot in *Louise*) and an almost adequate orchestra under Fourestier. *Louise* is the answer to Puccini's *La Bohème*, an attempt to describe operatically something of what it was really like to be poor in Paris *fin de siècle*, and its libretto is quality goods. The music, however, is pretty undistinguished for the first two acts, and the violent socialist romanticism of Charpentier turns out to wear far less well than the flaccid soapy romanticism of Puccini. Still another Epic release, Gluck's *Orpheus* in the French version for tenor, introduces another major European conductor little known in the United States, Hans Rosbaud. His direction seems fine and his soloists include Simoneau and Danco, but I must confess that *Orpheus* in any version bores me stiff. Lack-a-day. Those who are more interested may wish to hold their purchases until the arrival of the Italian version, which Pierre Monteux is recording for Victor in Rome this summer.

A REMARKABLE symphonic recording is Horenstein's performance of the Beethoven *Ninth*, available as a single disc with low output and some fuzziness near the label, or as a set of two records with full fidelity (both by Vox), or as a single 7" reel of prerecorded tape (Phonotapes). This performance was much neglected when it first came out some months ago, mostly because the Furtwangler appeared on Victor at about the same time—and reviewers, for reasons incomprehensible to me, were enthusiastic about the Furtwangler. To my taste, the Horenstein stands with the Karajan—and maybe an inch ahead of it—as the best modern recording of the work. Scrupulously faithful to Beethoven's score (which Furtwangler virtually ignores throughout the third movement), Horenstein builds the *Ninth* logically and powerfully to its crashing climax with never a false move. And he captures the beauty of the most moving slow movement Beethoven ever wrote. —MARTIN MAYER

BACKSTAGE WITH

Daily Drinker vs. Daily Worker

WRAPPED in the pages of this issue is a special account for an unusual work. *The Quare Fellow, Act I*, by Brendan Behan (page 24).

This is the first American presentation of a play that arrested the attention of London critics last year and realized for Dublin yet another brilliant—if unlikely—theatrical son.

Behan, at thirty-three, has been writing for ten years, having begun his career while in jail for activities with the Irish Republican Army. He was born in Dublin and, at the no-so-tender age of thirteen, left school and joined the IRA's plant-bombing campaign. At seventeen he was sentenced to three years of reform school by England, and the rest of the decade found him mainly in and out of jails of one sort or another in Ireland and England—his most deadly sentence coming from the military tribunal in Dublin for a gun battle with special police four teen years—dramatically ended after only four in the general amnesty of 1946.

My only claim to fame as a soldier," he says, "is that I was the only member of the Irish Republican Army that was in it for ten years without becoming any higher than a private (first class, of course)."

Asked for a description of himself, he replied: "My uncle wrote the Irish National Anthem. I play the mouth organ very well myself. I owe Sam Beckett 10,000 francs. I am a good swimmer, and an excellent singer, but I can't dance."

"I am a confirmed melancholic, and am assisted in putting on a jovial and gallant exterior by the company of my wife, Beatrice, and the consumption of large quantities of Guinness stout."

Mr. Behan writes in a cottage on the west coast of Ireland, rising at his 4 a.m. so that work on magazine articles, radio scripts and plays will not interfere with "valuable drinking time." He also says that he is a proletarian writer whose work will never be forgotten.

Photographer George Moffett, whose portrait of *Daily Worker* Editor John Gates accompanies Martin Maloney's article on page 113, told us a story which we pass on to you:

He made the photograph in natural light, and the sign behind the editorial desk didn't show up very clearly in the prints, so he decided to go back and shoot it over again this time with Gates closer to the sign and with the use of flash.

Arriving at the *Worker* office, he found on hand not only Editor in Chief Gates but also the Communist Party's propaganda minister Simon W. Gerson, the former official Director of Public Relations who has been given the new position of Executive Editor of the *Daily Worker* in the aftermath of the Communist national convention last February.

Photographer Moffett says: "I didn't want to broach the subject of the picture with the motto immediately, and just fiddled around with some random shots. But when Gerson left the office for a moment, I put it to John Gates, and he hesitated but said okay. So I had him against the wall and was focusing, the camera when Gerson came back. He started no question the picture. Will the Esquire readers get the irony of the motto? I'm afraid they'll take it seriously and think this represents Gates' attitude. Then, while Gates stood there and blushed, Gerson concluded, 'I don't want this picture taken. Johnny gets blood in into all kinds of situations without realizing it. I have to straighten him out.' To think the matter he nipped the motto off the wall.

Thus we will all have to be content with photographer Moffett's original shot, and in case there's any doubt about the somewhat hazy motto it reads: *My mind is made up, don't confuse me with facts.*

Ironic, to be sure, but perhaps the irony is different than the one imagined by Mr. Gerson. We recall an astonishing *Daily Worker* editorial that ran a year ago last June following publication of Khrushchev's 26,000-word account of the crimes of the Stalin era. It read in part:

"We were wrong, terribly wrong. We ... (were guilty of) stupid and arrogant condemnation of those who told the truth about the violations of justice in the Soviet Union. We did not want to believe these crimes could occur in a socialist state and so we refused to believe."

That staggering admission appeared however while Gates was undisputed top dog at the *Daily Worker*, and certainly before Simon W. Gerson arrived to straighten Johnny out. ■

mike wallace on the spot!

Five celebrities who've appeared on his show turn tables on TV's rudest interviewer

MIKE WALLACE'S *hard-hitting new program* Interview *has soared to national fame on* ABC-TV *after its brilliant debut as a local New York program. The question constantly asked about Mike has been "He can dish it out. But can he take it?" To find out,* Esquire *invited five celebrities who have been roasted by Mike to turn the tables—and to interview him at our editorial offices in New York. The celebrities were: Mary Margaret McBride, nationally loved radio star; Fannie Hurst, American novelist; Alan Barnes, Broadway producer; Al Morgan, author of* The Great Man *and* Gretchen Wyler, *leading lady of Broadway's* Damn Yankees. *The following is a tape recorded transcript of the grilling they gave Mike Wallace.*

BURNOUS: Dearly Beloved, we are gathered together to cut up Mike Wallace. To get the ritual flowing, Mary Margaret McBride, why don't you ask the first question.

MCBRIDE: Are you a naturally hostile person, Mike?

MIKE: I don't believe I'm much more hostile than anybody else.

HURST: Is your hostility a gimmick, Mr. Wallace? If your program had its large following it wouldn't lose its major asset? Tiger Joe Marsh, the wrestler, said on your show: "The public loves to see blood drawn." I think the same instinct has worked for the success of your program.

MIKE: No, I don't think so. In that sense, I'd have to confess that hostility on my show *is* a gimmick. We try to be reporters. And we do it with malice aforethought. We get to the core of a person. I try to try phrase motives and attitudes, and sometimes I have to pierce the façade. But mind you, not to embarrass—to illuminate.

MORGAN: Doesn't everybody appear on your show with some trepidation?

MIKE: Probably. But we don't subpoena anybody for Interview! They come of their own free will—knowing the kind of thing we're after.

HURST: So it's the little bit of haughtiness in all of us that makes us want to appear on your show.

MORGAN: Now that I think back—I realize that it's a *dangerous* thing to appear on your show. A professional man or a public figure could be destroyed by a bad performance on Interview. You need a complete ego to do it. God, I could have destroyed myself!

MIKE: You know, when the show was only local in New York, we interviewed more than two hundred people. They've included Admiral Halsey, Ambassador Kennan, Chester Bowles, Norman Thomas ... Yet I defy you to name three people who have hurt themselves by appearing on my show. Who here feels that an unfair or inaccurate picture had been drawn?

HURST (waving hand violently): Teacher, teacher ... I feel that I was unfairly attacked! If you found my statements about me rude that was kindly, and one that threw a pall on—you only presented the pall. And after a highly negative discussion of my work in which you called me a sob sister, I asked you if you had ever actually read any of my books. And of course you hadn't except for part of one book. You discussed me with a kind of debonairness that wasn't warranted in the light of the fact that you'd never read my writing. So I don't feel that I had a hundred per cent good time!

BURNOUS: You weren't *supposed* to have a good time! It's like in a bullfight. The bull isn't supposed to win! (Laughter.)

MIKE: I admit I did little homework for Fannie. I should have read a lot of Fannie Hurst—but I didn't have the time.

MORGAN: Mike, you have called yourself a "reporter." I think if you are a reporter you have a responsibility to quote good statements as well as bad ones. Yet you started your interview of me with a series pan from Time Magazine. Now, throughout you were trying to get the needle in early. I resented the fact that for the first five or ten minutes of the show you treated me as if I were Bob Harrison of *Confidential* Magazine! I think you are less flexible than you think you are. You come in with your preconceived notions, your preconceived questions.

MIKE: You bet your life I did! This is not an ad lib interview from my point of view.

HURST: Tell me, Mike, do you *like* to see blood flow? Is this approach pleasant for you?

WYLER: Yes. Are there any prerequisite personality traits for conducting a program like this?

BURNOUS: Sh, means were you born for the job? (Laughter.)

MIKE: No. I wasn't born just for this job. I've done all kinds of interview shows for years.

WYLER: I'm aware of all that. The question I'm asking is: What are

DIRECTED BY EDITH EFRON; PHOTOGRAPHED BY EVE ARNOLD

Wallace:
"Do I enjoy my power? I certainly do!"

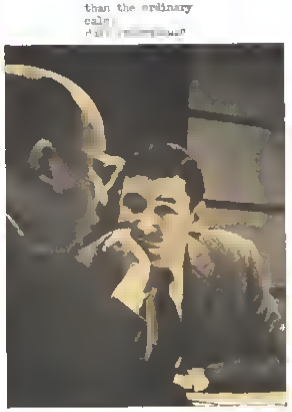
"Why [illegible] and pe[illegible]ing [illegible]ion?"

Wyler:
"Why your morbid eagerness to discuss male homosexuality?"

Wallace:
"I think homosexuality's interesting."

McBride:
"Why have you been married three times?"

Burrows:
"Your kind of a show provides less truth than the ordinary calls [illegible]"



Morgan:
"People have been led to expect your show to be a kind of 'Confidential'."

the traits you think [illegible] you able to do a show like this?

MIKE: Curiosity.

MORGAN: Hunger! [illegible]

MIKE: A certain amount.

MORGAN: A certain amount.

BURROWS: Mike, I've known you for a long time. On the show you [illegible] some of the methods [illegible] people that you use in my living room. You hurt people in response. You get your kicks that way. [illegible] The seven [illegible] your political interrogation night in front of my eyes in [illegible] from a gun. That's the [illegible] the show goes on. Click. Shoot. Masochism—those words are [illegible]. You get your kick [illegible] in the pin. I wouldn't say the knife. You don't want to *kill* in both. You want to see them jump.

MIKE: You're pointing [illegible] something about me that I wasn't completely aware of. But I suppose that I do behave this way. I'm not much on small talk. I'm interested in ideas, in what motivates people. I try to find out about people in a short time.

MORGAN: Aren't you beginning to enjoy the power this show gives you? Aren't you beginning to enjoy having a victim at your surround for a half hour? And he's all at your command. You put them in that little seat in limbo, with the lights in their eyes, and they sit and fidget and you sit with a glass of water. They don't even have a glass of water!

MIKE: Now they do—if they ask for it. (Laughter.)

MORGAN: Then it's a more benign dictatorship than it used to be!

MIKE: Do I enjoy it? I certainly do!

BURROWS: How do you feel at the *end* of a show, when you have triumphed over a guest linked one or just twisted ones now? Do you feel you've had a good show? That you've been a hit tonight?

MIKE: I feel good, Abe. I feel fulfilled when we've revealed a person.

BURROWS: Are you ever depressed after it?

MIKE: Yes—when I feel we haven't asked sufficiently probing or searching questions and haven't gotten to the essence of a man's personality.

BURROWS: Isn't that really when you run across a guest who has pretended you twice running the pleasures have gone into him?

MIKE: I guess there's a little of that.

Mike feels misinterpreted

HURST: Mike, don't you think the questions publicity on this program—it has zoomed overnight—is out of proportion to its value?

MIKE: Oh, yes—it's indeed. But you know why? The opinion makers are hungry for material to publicize. They have to fill their magazines, their papers, their columns. There's created a star that is out of proportion. Naturally, I'm not proud of the show. But I'm unhappy that some of the national magazines have described it as a sensational piece of vaguely sinful goings-on and have misinterpreted it.

MORGAN: But the show lends itself to the charge of sensationalism. I've seen the statuesque Elsa Maxwell loade no your show about her friends pouring in and out of bed and I've read other gamey quotes. People have been led to expect a kind of *Confidential* of your program.

MIKE: People who expect Interview to be a sort of *Confidential* are in for a big disappointment. We're doing a sensible show.

WYLER: How do you explain your own press release about me? The morning I was to go on your show, the papers had a release saying I was going to discuss "Sex on Broadway" on your program. I was a little shocked to read this. I don't know that I'm an authority on the subject.

MIKE: We did that to draw an audience—just as the producers of *Damn Yankees* run pictures of you in tights to draw customers!

Wallace:
"I feel fulfilled when we have revealed a person."

McBRIDE: Why have you been married three times, Mike?

MIKE: Because my first two marriages were unsuccessful.

McBRIDE: You ask that sort of question all the time. Do you find it a comfortable question to be asked? Its uncomfortable for me to ask it.

MIKE: It would have been more uncomfortable for me to have been asked this question a couple of years ago.

HURST: Does it embarrass you to ask these questions when you yourself are culpable? You asked one woman why there were so many divorces in Hollywood. She turned on you and said, "You haven't done so badly yourself." How is it that you decry this sort of life which you have lived?

MIKE: Oh, I don't *decry*! I asked a question *about*.

HURST: I think these kinds of questions—the kind we asked you just now about your own marriages—are embarrassing to the public.

MIKE: But we never go after scandal for scandal's sake. We only ask these questions when we feel they are part of a legitimate news story.

McBRIDE: How much do you weigh, Mike? (Laughter.)

MIKE: About five pounds more than I should.

McBRIDE: Do you think anybody *cares* how much you weigh? Or how much *I* weigh? Yet, you asked me that question on your show.

MIKE: No! I agree that was a kind of irresponsible question.

WYLER: What promotes your almost morbid curiosity and eagerness to discuss male homosexuality? (Laughter.)

MIKE: The curiosity is hardly morbid! It is common knowledge, for example, that the incidence of homosexuality is high in the fashion industry. I asked a fashion designer: "Are homosexual fashion czars taking out their wrath on women by clothing them in dress absurdities?"

"Why emphasize homosexuality?"

WYLER: I don't think a man's sexual practices distinguish him from other men more than his artistic accomplishments. Why did you want to get into this area at all? Do you think its interesting?

MIKE: Of course! I think its interesting! Don't you?

WYLER: I don't think its interesting. I have many friends who are homosexuals. And their sensitivity and intelligence are of the utmost importance. I don't think they should be sacrificed on the altar of commercial entertainment.

MIKE: How do you mean, "sacrifice?" We are simply exploring the fact that there is a high incidence of homosexuality among the people in the fashion industry. I had asked the same question of Oleg Cassini and it didn't cause any stir. It did cause a stir when I asked it of this other gentleman and it looked, on camera, as though he was being put in the kind of a pin.

MORGAN: I don't question the subject. But I do question asking it of that particular individual. Just as I would question asking certain well-known playwrights if homosexuality is a distinguishing characteristic of playwrights who write plays about the South!

WYLER: You asked *me* what personality traits and characteristics male dancers had in my profession. I started to tell you how great I thought they were, how hard they worked, etc. But you kept asking what distinguishes them from other people. And I refused to answer.

MIKE: Did I press you? Did I put words in your mouth?

WYLER: Well, anyone watching must have thought I was an idiot—or realized I was evading the question.

BURROWS: Gretchen, don't worry about it. You looked very kind and motherly! (Laughter.)

WYLER: Mike, has anyone declined to be on your show?

MIKE: Maurice Evans declined. Eartha Kitt, Clifton Fadiman, George Kaufman, Irene Selznick. Irene's reason most sensibly reflects, to me, the point of view of people who will not come on the show. She said, "I do not care to spend my prance in that fashion."

HURST: Apropos of invasion of privacy—I think the most flagrant invasion of privacy on your show is that you persist and persist and *persist* in asking questions about religion. By some kind of national inheritance, we just don't wear our religious affiliations on our sleeves. The question is one we don't like. But you seem to have an absolute predilection for it.

MIKE: Wouldn't you say, Miss Hurst, that religious motivations are an important part of the make-up of any human being?

HURST: Yes, if you could be articulate about it in twenty minutes. You asked if I attended a church. I thought that was an invasion of privacy.

MIKE: I don't think anyone in the world would think ill of you if you said, "I just don't want to talk about my religious beliefs."

"You bring out half truths or total lies"

BURROWS: Mike, answer this question as truthfully as you can. I think your kind of show, because it approaches private areas and problems which can really not be revealed, provides less truth than the ordinary, calm, dull interview. If somebody says to me, "What are you doing now, Abe?" I say, "I'm directing *Happy Hunting*." Okay. That's the truth, nothing but the truth. When somebody starts talking to me about my religion, my home, my private life—these are things that I can only be half truthful about. So the minute you state the subject, Mike, you are bargaining for half the truth. Sometimes a total lie.

MIKE: I don't believe necessarily that we get the truth out of anybody about anything because who knows the truth about his own religion or politics, his own emotional attitudes or motivating forces?

MORGAN: But why belabor those themes? You constantly ask questions on religion, questions on sex, questions on marriage, questions on politics. Why are these subjects so dominant in your show?

MIKE: May I quote George Bernard Shaw? "The ablest and most highly cultivated people continually discuss religion, politics and sex. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that they discuss nothing else with fully awakened interest. Commoner and less cultivated people make a rule that politics and religion are not to be mentioned and take it for granted that no decent person would attempt to discuss sex." (Prolonged laughter.)

BURROWS: Mike—is your show a *show*?

MIKE: You're dare right it's a show.

BURROWS: All right—if you're doing a show, all the blood, all the sex, homosexuality, religion and politics is designed to make a hit show. Show!

MIKE: Don't you think you're in the position of a man who is fooling the public into accepting your show as a public-service program while all the time they're watching Rin Tin Tin? (Laughter.)

HURST: *Who* has ever accused Mike Wallace of doing a public service?

MIKE: People have done so. People have said we were striking a blow for freedom on the air. But I feel the most important thing our program does is that it sets people to exchanging ideas, to thinking more seriously in areas into which they had been perhaps too lazy to go. It primes their mental pumps a little. About a month after we'd been on the air, I got a letter from a lady and she said, "I've been married for twenty five years, and for the last twenty years I haven't talked to my husband more than three words a day. Since your show, we argue all the time!" (Laughter.) All this story proves is that Interview is a provocative show.

HURST: That it is! And you handle it with rare talent.

BURROWS: Oh-oh. We've run out of vitriol! (Laughter.) Before we start flinging bouquets, let's adjourn this meeting. ##

THE QUARE FELLOW

A Play by **BRENDAN BEHAN**

Comedy is an odd word for a play set in an Irish prison during the twenty-four hours preceding the execution of the "quare fellow" (he never appears onstage). The play shows the effect of the impending hanging on the prisoners. Behan became a national figure in Britain with the play's successful production; on a TV appearance he said, "I learnt lots of funny words in prison; would you like to hear them?"

"Not on TV," was the answer.

Here, in his famous work's first act, Esquire presents their first American publication

Scene from first act, London Theatre Royal production

ACT ONE

A prisoner sings he is in one of the punishment cells.

A hungry feeling came o'er me stealing
And the mice were squealing in my prison cell,
And that old triangle
Went jingle jangle,
Along the banks of the Royal Canal.

The curtain rises.

The scene is the bottom floor or landing of a wing in a city prison, "B1". The cell doors are of metal with a card giving the name, age and religion of the occupant. Two of the cells have no cards. The left of the stage leads to the circle, the administrative heart of the prison, and on the right, in the wall and at right angles to the audience, is a window from which a view may be had of the laundry yard of the women's prison. On the wall and facing the audience is painted in large block shaded Victorian lettering the word "Silence."

PRISONER
To begin the morning
The warder bawling
Get out of bed and clean up your cell,
And that old triangle
Went jingle jangle,
Along the banks of the Royal Canal

A triangle is beaten, loudly and raucously. A WARDER *comes briskly and swinging a bunch of keys, goes to the vacant cells, looks in the spy holes, takes two white cards from his pocket, and puts one on each door. Then he goes to the other doors, looks in the spy holes and unlocks them.*
Meanwhile the singer in the base punishment cells is on his third verse—

The screw was peeping
And the lag was weeping.

But this only gets as far as the second line, for the WARDER *leans over the stairs and shouts down.*

WARDER: The screw is listening as well as peeping, and you'll be bloody well weeping if you don't give over your moaning. We might go down there and give you something to moan about. *(The singing stops and he turns and shouts up and down the landing.)* B Wings, 2, 3 and 1. Stand to your doors. Come on, clean up your cells there. *(He goes off R.)*

PRISONERS A *and* B *come out of their cells, collect buckets and brushes, and start the mornings chores. A is a man of forty, he has done two "laggings," a sentence of five years or more, and some preventive detention. B is a gentle looking man and easygoing.*

PRISONER A: Nice day for the races.
PRISONER B: Don't think I can make it today. Too much to do in the office. Did you hear the commotion last night round in D Wing? A reprieve must have come through.
PRISONER A: Aye, but there's two for a haircut and shave. I wonder which one's been chucked?
PRISONER B: Dunlavin might know, give him a call there.
PRISONER A: Dunlavin!
VOICE *(from cell)*
There are hands that will welcome you in
There are lips that I am burning to kiss
There are two eyes that shine
PRISONER A: Hey, Dunlavin, are you going to scrub that place of yours away?
VOICE:
Far away where the blue shadows fall
I will come to contentment and rest,
And the toils of the day
Will be all charmed away.
PRISONER A: Hey, Dunlavin.

DUNLAVIN *appears in the door of the cell polishing a large enamel chamber pot with a cloth. An old man, he has spent most of his life in jail. Unlike most old lags he has not become absolutely dulled from imprisonment.*

DUNLAVIN: In my little grey home in the West.
PRISONER A: What do you think that is you're polishing—the Railway Cup?
DUNLAVIN: I'm shining this up for a special visitor. Healey of the Department of Justice is coming up today to inspect the cells.
PRISONER A: Will he be round again so soon?
DUNLAVIN: He's always round the day before an execution. I think he must be in the hanging and flogging section.
PRISONER B: Dunlavin, there you are, at the corner of the wing, with the joints in the hot water pipes bringing you news from every art and part, any time you put your ear to it.
DUNLAVIN: Well? Well?
PRISONER B: Well, what was the commotion last night round in D Wing? Did the quare fellow get a reprieve?
DUNLAVIN: Just a minute till I put back me little bit of china, and I'll return and tell all. Now which quare fellow do you mean? The fellow beat his wife to death with the silver-topped cane, that was a presentation to him from the Combined Staffs, Excess and Refunds Branch of the late Great Southern Railways, was reprieved, though why him any more than the other fellow is more nor I can tell.
PRISONER A: Well, I suppose they looked at it, he only killed her and left it at that. He didn't cut the corpse up afterwards with a butcher's knife.
DUNLAVIN: Yes, and then of course the other fellow used a meat chopper. Real bog-man act. Nearly as bad as a shotgun, or getting the weed killer mixed up in the stirabout. But a man with a silver-topped cane, that's a man that's a cut above meat choppers whichever way you look at it.

PRISONER A: Well, I suppose we can expect Silver-top round soon to start his life.

PRISONER B: Aye, we've a couple of vacancies.

PRISONER A: There's a new card up here already.

DUNLAVIN: I declare to God you're right. (*Goes to read one of the cards.*) It's not him at all, it's another fellow, doing two years, for . . . oh, the dirty beast, look what the dirty man-beast is in for. 'Clare to God, putting the likes of that beside me. They must think this is the bloody sloblands.

PRISONER B: There's another fellow here.

DUNLAVIN: I hope it's not another of that persuasion. (*Reads the card.*) Ah, no, it's only the murderer, thanks be to God.

The others have a reod of the card and skip back to their own cells.

DUNLAVIN: You wouldn't mind old Silver-top. Killing your wife is a natural class of a thing could happen to the best of us. But this other dirty animal on me left. . . .

PRISONER B: Ah, well, now he's here he'll just have to do his birdlime like anyone else.

DUNLAVIN: That doesn't say that he should do it in the next flowery dell to me. Robbers, thieves and murderers I can abide, but when it comes to that class of carry-on—good night, Joe Doyle.

PRISONER A (*Indicates cell 26*): This fellow was dead lucky.

PRISONER B: Live lucky.

PRISONER A: Two fellows waiting to be topped and he's the one that gets away. As a general rule they don't like reprieving one and topping the other.

DUNLAVIN: So as to be on the safe side, and not to be making fish of one and flesh of the other, they usually top both. Then, of course, the Minister might have said, enough is as good as a feast.

They rest on their brooms.

PRISONER B: It must be a great thing to be told at the last minute that you're not going to be topped after all. To be lying there sweating and watching. The two screws for the death watch coming on at twelve o'clock and the two going off shaking hands with you, and you go to bed, and stare up at the ceiling.

DUNLAVIN: And the two screws nod to each other across the fire to make a sup of tea, but to do it easy in case they wake you, and you turn round in the bed towards the fire and you say, "I'll take a sup as you're at it," and one of the screws says, "Ah, so you're awake, Mick. We were just wetting it; isn't it a good job you spoke up in time."

PRISONER A: And after that, the tea is drunk and they offer you cigarettes, though the mouth is burned off you from smoking and anyway you've more than they have, you've got that many you'll be leaving them after you, and you lie down and get up, and get up and lie down, and the two screws not letting on to be minding you and not taking their eyes off you for one half minute and you walk up and down a little bit more. . . .

PRISONER B: And they ask you would you like another game of draughts or would you sooner write a letter, and getting on to morning you hear a bell out in the city, and you ask them the time, but they won't tell you.

DUNLAVIN: But they put a good face on it, and one says, "There's that old watch stopped again," and he says to the other screw, "Have you your watch, Jack?" and the other fellow makes a great joke of it, "I'll have to take a run up as far as the North City Pawn Shop and ask them to let me have a look at it." And then the door is unlocked and everyone sweats blood, and they come in and ask your man to stand up a minute, that's if he's able, while they read him something: I'm instructed to inform you that the Minister has, he hasn't, he has, he hasn't recommended to the President, that. . . ."

PRISONER A: And the quare fellow says, "Did you say 'has recommended or has not recommended?' I didn't quite catch that."

DUNLAVIN: My bloody oath but he catches it. Although I remember once in a case like now when there were two fellows to be topped over two different jobs, didn't the bloody fellows from the Prison Board, as it was then, in old Max Greeb's time, didn't he tell the wrong man he was reprieved? Your man was delighted for a few hours and then they had to go back and tell him. "Sorry, my mistake, but you're to be topped after all."

PRISONER B: And the fellow that was reprieved, I bet he was glad.

DUNLAVIN: Of course he was glad, anyone that says that a condemned man would be better off hung than doing life, let them leave it to his own discretion. Do you know who feels it worse going out to be topped?

PRISONER A: Corkmen and Northerners . . . they've such bloody hard necks.

DUNLAVIN: I have to do me funny half hour for Holy Healey. I'm talking serious now.

PRISONER A: All right, come on, let's have it—

DUNLAVIN: The man that feels it worst, going into that little house with the red door and the silver-painted gates at the bottom of D Wing, is a man that has been in the nick before, when some other merchant was topped; or he's heard screws or old lags in the bag shop or at exercise talking about it. A new chap that's never done anything but murder, and that only once, is usually a respectable man, such as this Silver-top here. He knows nothing about it, except the few lines that he'd see in the papers. "Condemned man entered the hang-house at seven fifty-nine. At eight three the doctor pronounced life extinct."

PRISONER B: That's a lot of mullarkey. In the first place the doctor has his back turned after the trap goes down, and doesn't turn and face it until a screw has caught the rope and stopped it wriggling. Then they go out and lock up the shop and have their breakfast and don't come back for an hour. Then they cut your man down and the doctor slits the back of his neck to see if the bones are broken. Who's to know what happens in the hour your man is swinging there, maybe wriggling to himself in the pit.

PRISONER A: You're right there. When I was in the nick in England, there was a screw doing time; he'd been smuggling out medical reports on hangings and selling them to the Sunday papers, and he told me that one bloke had lived seventeen minutes at the end of a rope.

DUNLAVIN: I don't believe that! Seventeen minutes is a bloody long time to be hanging on the end of a rope.

PRISONER A: It was their own medical report.

PRISONER B: I'll lay odds to a make that Silver-top isn't half charmed with himself he's not going with the meat chopper in the morning.

DUNLAVIN: You could sing that if you had an air to it.

PRISONER A: They'll have him down to reception, changed into Fry's and over here any time now.

DUNLAVIN: Him and this other jewel here. Bad an' all as Silver-top was to beat his wife's brains out, I'd as lief have him near to me as this article. Dirty beast! I won't have an hour's luck for the rest of me six months, and me hoping to touch Uncle Healey today for a letter to the Room-Keepers for when I'd go out.

PRISONER B: Eh, Dunlavin, is the Department trying to reform, reconstruct and rehabilitate you in your old age?

DUNLAVIN: Ah, no, it's nothing to do with the Department. Outside his job in the Department, Uncle Healey's in some holy crowd that does good be stealth. They never let the right hand know what the left hand doeth, as the man said. Of course they never put either hand in their pocket so you'd never get money off them, but they can give letters to the Prisoners' Aid and the Room-Keepers. Mind you. Healey's not here today as a holy man. He'll just be fixing up the man that's getting hung in the morning, but if I can get on the right side of him, he might mix business with pleasure and give me a letter for when I get out.

PRISONER B: Now we know the cause of all the spring cleaning.

DUNLAVIN: And a fellow in the kitchen told us they're doing a special dinner for us on account of Uncle Healey's visit.

PRISONER A: Do you mean we're getting food with our meals today?

DUNLAVIN: That's right, and I can't be standing yapping to youse. I've to hang up my holy pictures and think up a few funny remarks for him. God, what Jimmie O'Dea is getting thousands for I've to do for a pair of old socks and a ticket for the Prisoners' Aid.

DUNLAVIN *goes into his cell. Two* YOUNG PRISONERS *aged about seventeen go past with sweeping brushes in front of them, singing softly and in unison.*

YOUNG PRISONERS:
Only one more cell inspection
We go out next Saturday,
Only one more cell inspection
And we go far, far away.

PRISONER A: What brings you fellows round here this morning?

YOUNG PRISONER 1: Our screw told us to sweep all round the Juvenile Wing and then to come round here and give it a bit of a going over.

PRISONER B: And have you your own wing done?

YOUNG PRISONER 2: No, but if we did our wing first, we'd miss the mots hanging out the laundry. You can't see them from our wing.

PRISONER A: Just as well, maybe; you're bad enough as it is.

YOUNG PRISONER 1: But I tell you what you will see from our wing this morning. It's the carpenter bringing up the coffin for the quare fellow and leaving it over in the mortuary to have it handy for the morning. There's two orderlies besides us over in the Juveniles, and we were going to toss up who'd come over here, but they're country fellows and they'd said they'd sooner see the coffin. I'd sooner a pike at a good-looking mot than the best coffin in Ireland, wouldn't you, Shaybo?

YOUNG PRISONER 2: Certainly I would, and outside that, when you're over here, there's always a chance of getting a bit of education about screwing jobs, and suchlike, from experienced men. Do you think Triplex or celluloid is the best for Yale locks, sir?

YOUNG PRISONER 1: Do you carry the stick all the time, sir?

PRISONER A: If I had a stick I'd know where to put it, across your bloody. . . .

YOUNG PRISONER 2: Scholara, get sweeping, here's the screw.

They drift off sweeping and singing softly.

PRISONER B: He's bringing one of 'em. Is it Silver-top or the other fellow?

PRISONER A: Silver-top. I remember him being half-carried into the circle the night he was sentenced to death.

PRISONER B: He has a right spring to his step this morning then.

PRISONER A: He's not looking all that happy. Still, I suppose he hasn't got over the shock yet.

WARDER *and a* PRISONER *come on* L. *The* PRISONER *is in early middle age; when he speaks he has a "good accent." He is carrying a pillow slip which contains his sheets and other kit. The* WARDER *halts him.*

WARDER REGAN: Stand by the door with your name on it. Later on when you've seen the doctor these fellows will show you how to lay your kit. Stand there now, till the doctor is ready to see you. (*He goes. There is a pause, while the* PRISONERS *survey the newcomer.*)

PRISONER B: He'll bloody well cheer the place up, won't he?

LIFER: Have any of you got a cigarette?

PRISONER A: That's a good one. You're not in the condemned cell now, you know. No snout allowed here.

PRISONER B: Unless you manage to scrounge a dog-end off the remands.

PRISONER A: Or pick one up in the exercise yard after a man the like of yourself that's allowed them as a special concession. Not, by God, that we picked up much after you. What did you do with your dog-ends?

LIFER: Threw them in the fire.

PRISONER B: You what?

PRISONER A: How was it the other poor bastard—that's got no reprieve and is to be topped in the morning—how was it he was always able to leave a trail of butts behind him when he went off exercise?

LIFER: I've never been in prison before; how was I to know?

PRISONER A: You're a curse-of-God liar, my friend, you did know; for it was whispered to him by the fellows from the hospital bringing over the grub to the condemned cell. He never gave them as much as a match! And he couldn't even bring his dog-ends to the exercise yard and drop them behind for us to pick up when we came out later.

PRISONER B: I bet you're charmed with yourself that you're not going through the iron door tomorrow morning.

The LIFER *doesn't speak, but looks down at his suit.*

PRISONER A: Aye, you're better off in that old suit, bad as it is, than the wooden overcoat the quare fellow is going to get tomorrow morning.

PRISONER B: The longest you could do would be twenty years. More than likely you'll get out in half of that. Last man to finish up in the Bog, he done eleven.

LIFER: Eleven. How do you live through it?

PRISONER A: A minute at a time.

PRISONER B: You haven't got a bit of snout for him, have you? (PRISONER A *shakes his head.*) Maybe Dunlavin has. Hey, Dunlavin, have you e'er a smoke you'd give this chap? Hey, Dunlavin.

DUNLAVIN (*coming from his cell*): Yes, what is it? Anyone there the name of headache?

PRISONER B: Could you manage to give this chap something to smoke? E'er a bit of snout at all.

DUNLAVIN: There's only one brand of tobacco allowed here—"Three Nuns." None today, none tomorrow, and none the day after.

He goes back into his cell.

PRISONER B: Eh, Dunlavin, come back to hell out of that.

DUNLAVIN: Well, what?

PRISONER B: This poor chap after being smoking about sixty a day. . . .

DUNLAVIN: Where?

PRISONER B: In the condemned cell—where else?

DUNLAVIN: Now I have you. Sure I thought you were the other fellow, and you're not, you're only the murderer. God comfort you. (*Shakes hands.*) Certainly so. (*Takes off his jacket, looks up and down the wing, undoes his trousers and from the depths of his combinations he produces a cigarette end and a match and presents them to the* LIFER.) Reprieved in the small hours of this morning. Certainly so. The dead arose and appeared to many, as the man said, but you'll be getting yourself a bad name standing near that other fellow's door. This is your flowery dell, see? It has your name there on that little card. And all your particulars. Age forty-three. Religion R.C.

LIFER (*reads*): Life.

DUNLAVIN: And a bloody sight better than death any day of the week.

PRISONER B: It always says that. The Governor will explain it all to you later this morning.

DUNLAVIN: Or maybe they'll get holy Uncle Healey to do it.

PRISONER B: Go into your cell and have a smoke for yourself. Bring in your kit bag. (*Passes in kit to* LIFER.) Have a quiet burn there before the screw comes around; we'll keep nick.

LIFER *closes the door of his cell.*

DUNLAVIN: God knows I got the pick of good neighbors. Lovely people. Give me a decent murderer though, rather than the likes of this other fellow. Well, I'll go into me little place and get on with me bit of dobying so as to have it all nice for Healey when he comes round. (*He goes back to his cell.*)

PRISONER B (*to* LIFER): Don't light up yet. Here's the screw coming.

PRISONER A: With the other fellow.

WARDER REGAN *and another prisoner, "the* OTHER FELLOW," *an anxious-faced man wearing prison clothes and carrying a kit bag, come on* L.

WARDER REGAN: Yes, this is your flowery dell. Leave in your kit bag and stand at your door and wait for the doctor. These other fellows will show you where to go when he comes.

OTHER FELLOW: Right, sir. Very good, sir.

WARDER REGAN *goes, the* OTHER FELLOW *has a look round.*

PRISONER B: There's a bloke in the end cell getting himself a quiet burn. Why don't you join him before the screws get back?

The OTHER FELLOW *notices the card on* LIFER'S *cell.*

OTHER FELLOW: My God! Is this what I've come to, mixing with murderers! I'd rather not, thank you, though I could do with a smoke. I'll have to spend long months here, even if I get my remission, with murderers and thieves and God knows what! You're not all murderers, are you? You haven't killed anyone, have you?

PRISONER B: Not for a while, I haven't.

OTHER FELLOW: I cannot imagine any worse crime than taking a life, can you?

PRISONER B: It'd depend whose life.

OTHER FELLOW: Of course. I mean, a murderer would be justified in taking his own life, wouldn't he? "We send him forth," says Carlisle—you've heard of Carlisle haven't you?—"We send him forth, back to the void, back to the darkness, far out beyond the stars. Let him go from us."

DUNLAVIN (*head out of door of cell*): Oh. (*Looks at* OTHER FELLOW.) I thought it was Healey from the Department or someone giving it out of them.

PRISONER A: Looks like this man is a bit of an intellectual.

DUNLAVIN: Is that what they call it now?

LIFER: Thanks for the smoke, Mr. Dunlavin.

DUNLAVIN: Not at all, sure, you're welcome, call again when you're passing. But remember the next wife you kill and you getting forty

fags a day in the condemned cell, think of them as is not so fortunate as yourself and leave a few dog-ends round the exercise yard after you. Here's these noisy little gets again.

The two YOUNG PRISONERS *come round from the left, their sweeping brushes in front of them and singing their song. The* OTHER FELLOW *stands quite still at his door.*

YOUNG PRISONERS:
Only one more cell inspection
We go out next Saturday
Only one more cell inspection
Then we go far far away.

(*They are sweeping near the* LIFER.)

Only one more cell inspection
We go out next Saturday
Only one more cell. . . .

LIFER: For God's sake shut up that squeaking.

YOUNG PRISONER 1: We've as much right to open our mouth as what you have, and you only a wet day in the place.

PRISONER B: Leave the kids alone. You don't own the place, you know. They're doing no harm. (*To the* YOUNG PRISONERS.) You want to sweep this bit of floor away?

DUNLAVIN: What brings you round here so often? If you went over to the remand wings you might pick up a bit of snout or a look at the paper.

YOUNG PRISONER 1: We get a smoke and the *Mail* every day off a limey on our road that's on remand. He's in over the car smuggling. But round here this morning you can see the mots from the laundry over on the female side hanging out the washing in the exercise yard. Do youse look at them? I suppose when you get old, though, you don't much bother about women.

PRISONER B: I'm thirty-six, Mac.

YOUNG PRISONER 1: Ah, I thought that. Don't suppose you care if you never see a mot. There's Shaybo there and he never thinks of anything else. Do you think of anything else but women, Shaybo?

YOUNG PRISONER 2: Yes. Robbing and stealing, Scholara. You go to the window and keep an eye out for them and I'll sweep on round here till you give us a call.

YOUNG PRISONER 1: Right, Shaybo, they should be nearly out now. (*Goes up and stands by window.*)

PRISONER B: I forgot about the women.

DUNLAVIN: I didn't. It's a great bit of a treat today—that and having me leg rubbed. Neighbor and I wait in for it.

YOUNG PRISONER 1 (*from the window, in a coarse whisper*): Shaybo, you can see them now.

YOUNG PRISONER 2: The blondy one from North Crumlin?

YOUNG PRISONER 1: Yes, and there's another one with her. I don't know her.

YOUNG PRISONER 2: Must be a country mot. Scholara doesn't know her. Women.

DUNLAVIN: Women.

PRISONER A: I see the blondy one waving.

YOUNG PRISONER 1: If it's all the one to you, I'd like you to know that's my mot and it's me she's waving at.

PRISONER A: I'll wave you a thick ear.

DUNLAVIN: Hey, Neighbor! Where the hell is he this morning? Neighbor!

AN OLD MAN'S CREAKING VOICE: Here I am, Neighbor, here I am.

NEIGHBOR, *a bent old man, comes on from* L., *hobbling as quickly as he can on a stick.*

DUNLAVIN: Ah, you lost mass.

NEIGHBOR: What, are they gone in already?

DUNLAVIN: No, but they're finished hanging up the top row of clothes. There'll be no stretching or reaching off chairs.

NEIGHBOR: Still, thanks be to God for small mercies. They'll be out again this day week.

PRISONER A: If you lives to see it.

NEIGHBOR: Why wouldn't I live to see it as well as what you would? This is not the nearest I was to fine women, nor are they the first good-looking ones I saw.

PRISONER A: With that old cough of yours they could easy be the last.

NEIGHBOR: God, you're a desperate old gas bag. We remember better-looking women than ever they were, don't we, Dunlavin? Meena La Bloom, do you remember her?

DUNLAVIN: Indeed and I do; many's the seaman myself and Meena gave the hey and a do, and Mickey Finn to.

NEIGHBOR: And poor May Oblong.

DUNLAVIN: Ah, where do you leave poor May? The Lord have mercy on her, wasn't I with her one night in the digs, and there was a Member of Parliament there, and May after locking him in the back room and taking away his trousers, with him going over the north wall that morning to vote for Home Rule. "For the love of your country and mine," he shouts under the door to May, "give me back me trousers." "So I will," says May, "if you shove a fiver out under the door."

NEIGHBOR: He had the wad hid? Dirty suspicious old beast.

DUNLAVIN: That's right. He was cute enough to hide his wad somewhere, drunk and all as he was the previous night. All we got in his trousers was a locket of hair of the patriotic plumber of Dolphin's barn that swore to let his hair grow till Ireland was free.

NEIGHBOR: Ah, poor May, God help her, she was the heart of the roll.

DUNLAVIN: And when she was arrested for carrying on after the curfew, the time of the trouble, she was fined for having concealed about

her person two Thompson submachine guns, 1921 pattern, three Mills bombs, and a stick of dynamite.

NEIGHBOR: And will you ever forget poor Lottie L'Estrange that got had up for pushing the soldier into Spencer Dock?

DUNLAVIN: Ah, God be with the youth of us.

NEIGHBOR: And Cork Annie and Lady Limerick.

DUNLAVIN: And Julia Rice and the Goofy One.

NEIGHBOR (*turns towards window*): Hey, you, move out of the way there and give us a look. Dunlavin, come up here before they go, and have a look at the blondy one.

YOUNG PRISONER 1: Go 'long, you dirty old dog. That's my mot you're speaking about. (*Shoves* NEIGHBOR.) You old heap of dirt, to wave at a decent girl.

PRISONER A: Hey, snots, d'you think you own the bloody place?

YOUNG PRISONER 1: Would you like it, to have that dirty old eyebox looking at your mot?

PRISONER B: He's not going to eat her.

DUNLAVIN (*from behind*): No, but he'd like to.

YOUNG PRISONER 2: That's right, and Scholara is nearly married to her. At least she had a squealer for him and he has to pay her money every week. Any week he's outside like, to give it, or her to get it.

YOUNG PRISONER 1 (*blows a kiss*): That's right, and I have him putting his rotten old eye on her.

OTHER FELLOW (*at his doorway*): God preserve us.

PRISONER A: Well, you don't own the bloody window. (*Shoves* YOUNG PRISONER 1 *out of way and brings over* NEIGHBOR.) Come on, you, if you want to see the May procession.

NEIGHBOR: Ah, thanks, butty, your blood's worth bottling.

PRISONER A: I didn't do it on account of you, but if you let them young pups get away with too much they'd be running the place.

YOUNG PRISONER 2: Come on, Scholara, we'll mosey back. The screw will think we're lost.

They go back down the stairs, pick up their brushes, and start sweeping again and singing. . .

YOUNG PRISONER 1:
Only one more cell inspection
We go out next Saturday

YOUNG PRISONER 2:
Only one more cell inspection. . . .

LIFER: Shut your bloody row, can't you?

DUNLAVIN: Shut up yourself; you're making more noise than any of them.

YOUNG PRISONER 1: Don't tell us to shut up, you bastard.

PRISONER B: Ah, leave him alone; he started life this morning.

YOUNG PRISONER 1: Ah, we're sorry, mister, ain't we Shaybo?

YOUNG PRISONER 2: God, we are. Go over and take a pike at the female yard. They hang up the clothes now and Scholara's mot is over there. You can have a look at her. Scholara won't mind, will you, Schol?

YOUNG PRISONER 1: Certainly and I won't. Not with you going to the Bog to start life in a couple of days, where you won't see a woman.

YOUNG PRISONER 2: A child.

YOUNG PRISONER 1: A dog.

YOUNG PRISONER 2: A fire.

PRISONER A: Get to hell out of that round to your own wing. Wouldn't you think a man would know all that forbye you telling it to him?

YOUNG PRISONER 2: We were going anyway. We've seen all we wanted to see. It wasn't to look at a lot of old men we came here, but to see mots hanging out the washing.

YOUNG PRISONER 1: And eitherways, we'll be a lot nearer the women than you'll be next Saturday night. Think of us when you're sitting locked up in the old flowery, studying the Bible, Chapter 1, Verse 2, and we trucking round in chase of charver.

They samba out with their brushes for partners, humming the Wedding Samba.

PRISONER A: Them young gets have too much old gab out of them altogether. I was a Y.P. in Walton before the war and I can tell you they'd be quiet boys if they got the larrying we used to get.

OTHER FELLOW: And talking so disrespectfully about the Bible.

NEIGHBOR: Belied and they needn't; many's the time the Bible was a consolation to a fellow all alone in the old cell. The lovely thin paper with a bit of mattress coir in it, if you could get a match or a bit of tinder or any class of light, was as good a smoke as ever I tasted. Am I right, Dunlavin?

DUNLAVIN: Damn the lie, Neighbor. The first twelve months I done, I smoked my way halfway through the book of Genesis and three inches of my mattress. When the Free State came in we were afraid of our life they were going to change the mattresses for feather beds. And you couldn't smoke feathers, not, be God, if they were rolled in the Song of Solomon itself. But sure, thanks to God, the Free State didn't change anything more than the badge on the warders' caps.

OTHER FELLOW: Can I be into my cell for a while?

PRISONER B: Until the doctor calls you. (*Goes into his cell.*)

PRISONER A: Well, I'm going to have a rest. It's hard work doing a lagging.

LIFER: A lagging? That's penal servitude, isn't it?

DUNLAVIN: Three years or anything over.

LIFER: Three years is a long time.

DUNLAVIN: I wouldn't like to be that long hanging.

NEIGHBOR: Is he the. . . .

DUNLAVIN (*sotto voce*): Silver-top! (*Aloud.*) Started life this morning.

NEIGHBOR: So they're not going to top you, after all? Well, you're a lucky man. I worked one time in the hospital, helping the screw there, and the morning of the execution he gave me two bottles of stout to take the hood off the fellow was after being topped. I wouldn't have done it a second time for two glasses of malt, no, nor a bottle of it. I cut the hood away; his head was all twisted and his face black, but the two eyes

were the worst; like a rabbit's; it was fear that had done it.

LIFER: Perhaps he didn't feel anything. How do you know?

NEIGHBOR: I only seen him. I never had a chance of asking him. (NEIGHBOR *goes to the murderer's door.*) Date of expiration of sentence, life. In some ways I wouldn't mind if that was my lot. What do you say?

DUNLAVIN: I don't know; it's true we're too old and bet for lobby watching and shaking down anywhere, so that you'd fall down and sleep on the pavement of a winter's night and not know but you were lying snug and comfortable in the Shelbourne.

NEIGHBOR: Only then to wake up on some lobby and the hard floorboards under you, and a lump of hard filth for your pillow, and the cold and the drink shaking you, wishing it was morning for the market pubs to open, where if you had the price of a drink you could sit in the warm anyway. Except, God look down on you, if it was Sunday.

DUNLAVIN: Ah, there's the agony. No pub open, but the bells battering your bared nerves and all you could do with the cold and the sickness was to lean over on your side and wish that God would call you.

LIFER: If I was outside my life wouldn't be like that.

NEIGHBOR: No, but ours would.

DUNLAVIN (*quietly*): See, we're selfish, mister, like everyone else.

WARDER (*shouts off*): Medical applications and receptions. Fall in for the doctor. (LIFER *looks lost.*)

DUNLAVIN: Yes, that's you. Go up there to the top of the wing and wait there till the screw tells you to go in. Neighbor, call them other fellows.

Exit LIFER.

NEIGHBOR: Come on—the vet's here.

DUNLAVIN (*calling in to the* OTHER FELLOW): Hey, come out and get gelded.

OTHER FELLOW *and* PRISONERS A *and* B *come out of cells.*

NEIGHBOR: You're for the doctor. Go on up there with the rest of them. Me and Dunlavin don't go up. We only wait to be rubbed.

DUNLAVIN: Don't have any chat at all with that fellow. D'you see what he's in for?

NEIGHBOR *goes and looks. Exit* OTHER FELLOW *and* PRISONERS A *and* B.

NEIGHBOR: What the hell does that mean?

DUNLAVIN: A bloody sex mechanic.

NEIGHBOR: I didn't know.

DUNLAVIN: Well, you know now. I'll go in and get me chair. You can sit on it after me. It'll save you bringing yours out.

NEIGHBOR: Well, if you go first and you have a chance of a go at the spirit bottle, don't swig the bloody lot. Remember I'm for treatment too.

DUNLAVIN: Don't be such an old begrudger. He'll bring a quart bottle of it, and who could swallow that much methylated spirit in the few drops you'd get at it?

NEIGHBOR: You could, or a bucket of it, if it was lying anywhere handy. I seen you do it, bluestone and all, only buns to a bear as far as you were concerned.

DUNLAVIN: Do you remember the old doctor they had here years ago?

NEIGHBOR: The one they used to call Crippen.

DUNLAVIN: The very man. There was one day I was brought in for drinking the chat and I went to court that morning and was here in the afternoon still as drunk as Pontius Pilate. Crippen was examining me. "When I put me hand there you cough," and all to that effect. "Did you ever have V.D.?" says he. "I haven't got your habits," says I to him. These fellows weren't long.

Re-enter PRISONERS A *and* B.

NEIGHBOR: What did he give youse?

PRISONER B (*passing into cell*): Extra six ounces of bread. Says we're undernourished.

PRISONER A: Is the bar open yet?

NEIGHBOR: Never you mind the bar. I've cruel pains in my leg that I want rubbed to take out the rheumatics, not to be jeered at. And I've had them genuine since the war.

PRISONER A: What war? The economic war?

NEIGHBOR: Ah, you maggot. It's all your fault, Dunlavin, telling them fellows we do get an odd sup out of the spirit bottle. Letting everyone know our business.

PRISONERS A *and* B *go into cells and shut the doors.*

DUNLAVIN: No sign of Holy Healey yet.

NEIGHBOR: You're wasting your time chasing after old Healey. He told me here one day, and I trying to get myself an old overcoat out of him, that he was here only as a head man of the Department of Justice, and he couldn't do other business of any other sort or size whatever, good, bad or indifferent. It's my opinion that old Healey does be half-jarred a deal of the time anyway.

DUNLAVIN: The likes of Healey would take a sup all right, but being a high up civil servant, he wouldn't drink under his own name. You'd see the likes of Healey nourishing themselves with balls of malt, at eleven in the morning, in little back snugs round Merrion Row. The barman would lose his job if he so much as breathed their name. It'd be, "Mr. H. wants a drop of water but not too much." "Yes, Mr. O." "No, sir, Mr. Mac wasn't in this morning." "Yes, Mr. D. Fine morning; it will be a lovely day if it doesn't snow." Educated drinking, you know. Even a bit of chat about God at an odd time, so as you'd think God was in another department but not long off the Bog, and they was doing Him a good turn to be talking well about Him.

NEIGHBOR: Here's the other two back. The M. O. will be down to us soon.

LIFER *and* OTHER FELLOW *go into cells and shut the doors.*

DUNLAVIN: That other fellow's not looking as if this place is agreeing with him.

NEIGHBOR: You told me a minute ago that I wasn't even to speak to him.

DUNLAVIN: Ah, when all is said and done, he's someone's rearing, after all, he could be worse, he could be a screw or an official from the Department.

WARDER REGAN comes on with a bottle marked "methylated spirit."

WARDER REGAN: You're the two for rubs, for your rheumatism.

DUNLAVIN: That's right, Mr. Regan, sir, old and bet, sir, that's us. And the old pains is very bad with us these times, sir.

WARDER REGAN: Not so much lip, and sit down whoever is first for treatment.

DUNLAVIN: That's me, sir. Age before ignorance, as the man said. (*Sits in the chair.*)

WARDER REGAN: Rise the leg of your trousers. Which leg is it?

DUNLAVIN: The left, sir.

WARDER REGAN: That's the right leg you're showing me.

DUNLAVIN: That's what I was saying, sir. The left is worst one day and the right is bad the next. To be on the safe side, you'd have to do two of them. It's only the mercy of God I'm not a centipede, sir, with the weather that's in it.

WARDER REGAN: Is that where the pain is?

DUNLAVIN (*bending down slowly towards the bottle*): A little lower down, sir, if you please. (*Grabs the bottle and raises it to his mouth.*) Just a little lower down, sir, if it's all equal to you.

REGAN rubs, head well bent, and DUNLAVIN drinks long and deeply and as quickly lowers the bottle on to the floor again, wiping his mouth and making the most frightful grimaces for the stuff doesn't go down easy at first. He goes through the pantomime of being burnt inside for NEIGHBOR's benefit and rubs his mouth with the back of his hand.

DUNLAVIN: Ah, that's massive, sir. 'Tis you that has the healing hand. You must have desperate luck at the horses, I'd only love to be with you copying your dockets. (*REGAN turns and pours more spirit on his hands.*) Ah, that's it, well into me I can feel it going. (*Reaches forward towards the bottle again, drinks.*) Ah, that's it, I can feel it going right into me. And doing me all the good in the world. (*REGAN reaches and puts more spirit on his hand and sets to rubbing again.*) That's it, sir, thorough does it, if you're going to do a thing at all you might as well do it well. (*Reaches forward for the bottle again and raises it. NEIGHBOR looks across in piteous appeal to him not to drink so much, but he merely waves the bottle in elegant salute, as if to wish him good health, and takes another drink.*) May God reward you, sir, you must be the seventh son of the seventh son or one of the Lees from Limerick on your mother's side maybe. (*Drinks again.*) Ah, that's the cure for the cold of the wind and the world's neglectment.

WARDER REGAN: Right. Now you.

NEIGHBOR comes forward.

WARDER DONELLY (*offstage*): All present and correct, Mr. Healey, sir.

DUNLAVIN: Holy Healey!

Enter WARDER DONELLY.

WARDER DONELLY: This way, Mr. Healey.

WARDER REGAN: Attention! Stand by your doors.

DUNLAVIN: By the left, laugh.

WARDER DONELLY: This way.

Enter MR. HEALEY, an elegantly dressed gentleman.

HEALEY: Good morning.

WARDER DONELLY: Any complaints?

PRISONER A: No, sir.

HEALEY: Good morning!

WARDER DONELLY: Any complaints?

OTHER FELLOW / PRISONER B: No, sir.

HEALEY: Good morning, all! Well, now, I'm here representing the Department of Justice, if there are any complaints now is the time to make them.

SEVERAL PRISONERS: No complaints, sir.

WARDER REGAN: All correct, sir. Two receiving medical treatment here, sir.

DUNLAVIN: Just getting the old leg rubbed, sir, Mr. Healey.

HEALEY: Well, well, it almost smells like a bar.

DUNLAVIN: I'm near drunk myself on the smell of it, sir.

HEALEY: Don't let me interrupt the good work.

DUNLAVIN: Ah, the old legs. It's being out in all weathers that does it, sir. Of course we don't have that to contend with while we're here, sir.

HEALEY: Out in all weathers, I should think not indeed. Well, my man, I will be inspecting your cell amongst others in due course.

DUNLAVIN: Yes, sir.

HEALEY: It's always a credit to you, I must say that. (*He turns to REGAN.*) Incorrigible, some of these old fellows, but rather amusing.

WARDER REGAN: Yes, sir.

HEALEY: It's Regan, isn't it?

WARDER REGAN: Yes, sir.

HEALEY: Ah, yes, you're helping the Canon at the execution tomorrow morning, I understand.

WARDER REGAN: Well, I shall be with the condemned man, sir, seeing that he doesn't do away with himself during the night and that he goes down the hole with his neck properly broken in the morning, without making too much fuss about it.

HEALEY: A sad duty.

WARDER REGAN: Neck breaking and throttling, sir? (*HEALEY gives him a sharp look.*) You must excuse me, sir. I've seen rather a lot of it. They say familiarity breeds contempt.

HEALEY: Well, we have one consolation, Regan, the condemned man gets the priest and the sacraments, more than his victim got maybe. I venture to suggest that some of them die holier deaths than if they had finished their natural span.

WARDER REGAN: We can't advertise, "Commit a murder and die a happy death," sir. We'd have them all at it. They take religion very seriously in this country.

HEALEY: Quite, quite so! Now, I understand you have the reprieved man over here, Regan.

WARDER REGAN: No. Twenty-six, sir.

DUNLAVIN: Just beside me, sir.

HEALEY: Ah, yes! So here we are! Here's the lucky man, eh? Well, now, the Governor will explain your position to you later in the day. Your case will be examined every five years. Meanwhile I thought you might like a holy picture to hang up in your cell. Keep a cheerful countenance, my friend. God gave you back your life and the least you can do is to thank Him with every breath you draw! Right? Well, be of good heart. I will call in and see you again, that is, if duty permits. (*He moves to DUNLAVIN's cell.*)

HEALEY (*at Dunlavin's cell*): Very creditable. Hm.

DUNLAVIN: Well, to tell you the truth, sir, it's a bit extra special today. You see, we heard you was here.

HEALEY: Very nice.

DUNLAVIN: Of course I do like to keep my little place as homely as I can with the little holy pictures you gave me of Blessed Martin, sir.

HEALEY: I see you don't recognize the color bar.

DUNLAVIN: The only bar I recognize, sir, is the Bridge Bar or the Beamish House the corner of Thomas Street.

HEALEY: Well, I must be off now, and I'm glad to see you're being well looked after.

DUNLAVIN: It's neither this nor that, but if you could spare a minute, sir?

HEALEY: Yes, what is it? But hurry, remember, I've a lot to do today.

DUNLAVIN: It's like this, sir. I won't always be here, sir, having me leg rubbed and me bit of grub brought to me. As it says in the Bible, sir, have it yourself or be without it and put ye by for the rainy day, for thou knowest not the night thou mayest be sleeping in a lobby.

HEALEY: Yes, yes, but what is it you want?

DUNLAVIN: I've the chance of a little room up round Buckingham Street, sir, if you could only give me a letter to the Room-Keepers after I go out, for a bit of help with the rent.

HEALEY: Well, you know, when I visit the prison, I'm not here as a member of any outside organization of which I may be a member but simply as an official of the Department of Justice.

DUNLAVIN: Yes, but where else would I be likely to meet you, sir? I'd hardly bump into you in the Bridge Bar when I'd be outside, would I, sir?

HEALEY: No, no, certainly not. But you know the Society offices in the Square. See me there any Friday night, between eight and nine.

DUNLAVIN: Thank you, sir, and a bed in heaven to you, sir.

HEALEY: And the same to you. (*Goes to next cell.*)

DUNLAVIN: And many of them, and I hope we're all here this time next year (*venomously after Mr. Healey*) that it may choke you.

WARDER DONELLY bangs on LIFER's closed door, then looks in.

WARDER DONELLY: Jesus Christ, sir. He's put the sheet up! Quick.

REGAN and DONELLY go into LIFER's cell. He is hanging. They cut him down.

WARDER REGAN: Gently does it.

They lay him down in the passage and try to restore him.

HEALEY: What a dreadful business, and with this other coming off tomorrow.

The PRISONERS crowd out of line.

WARDER DONELLY: Get back to your cells!

HEALEY: Is he still with us?

WARDER REGAN: He'll be all right in an hour or two. Better get the M.O., Mr. Donelly.

The triangle sounds.

WARDER DONELLY: B Wing, two, three and one. Stand by your doors. Right, lead on. Now come on, come on, this is no holiday. Right, sir, over to you. Lead on, B one.

WARDER REGAN and HEALEY are left with the unconscious LIFER.

HEALEY: Dear, dear. The Canon will be very upset about this.

WARDER REGAN: There's not much harm done, thank God. They don't have to put a death certificate against the receipt for his live body.

HEALEY: That doesn't seem a very nice way of looking at it, Regan.

WARDER REGAN: A lot of people mightn't consider ours a very nice job, sir.

HEALEY: Ours?

WARDER REGAN: Yes, ours, sir. Mine, the Canon's, the hangman's, and if you don't mind my saying so, yours, sir.

HEALEY: Society cannot exist without prisons, Regan. My job is to bring what help and comfort I can to these unfortunates. Really, a man with your outlook, I cannot see why you stay in the service.

WARDER REGAN: It's a soft job, sir, between hangings.

The triangle is heard. The M.O. comes on with two stretcher bearers.

The curtain falls.

Irish playwright Brendan Behan, ex-member of the IRA, has spent eight years in prison, is described as a "jester wit, man with a glass in his hand . . . the sword of justice in his mind"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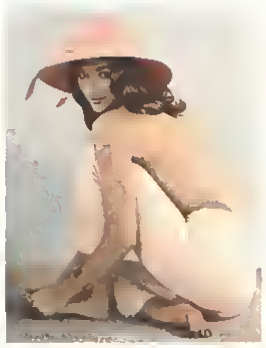
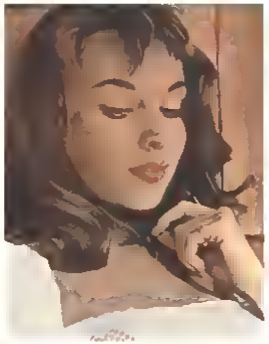
vikki
&
the
beautiful
egress





PHOTOGRAPHS BY DON HONITZ

When publicity hungry Vikki Dougan heard that comedian Victor Borge would be the center of attention of scores of photographers and reporters at the opening of his Las Vegas night-club act she saw her chance for fame and fortune. For years Vikki had posed eagerly in various alluring states (such as those on opposite page), but she was just another pretty face in the crowd. Once, desperate for newspaper space she went so far as to scratch the word "Help" on a bar of soap and toss it out the window of a New York hotel hoping for page one stories when police and press arrived. She finally landed a bit part in the movie *The Great Man*, where she made the most of the opportunity by performing the most wondrously wiggly walk-off since MM moved off the sofa and out of the room in *The Asphalt Jungle*. Aware of the impact of that scene, Vikki carried logic to its farthest point and showed up at Las Vegas with the now famous *derrière decolletage* dress. At his opening they laughed when Mr. Borge sat down to play, but when Vikki settled down next to him (inset) the resulting publicity finally got volatile Vikki in newspapers all over the country and a new movie contract, giving new meaning to that old refrain! Vem, Vidi, Vikki

The only American girl ever permitted behind its walls describes it here in detail

by **MARIA LA YACOMA**

King Saud's Harem

Next to its oil, and its desert monarchy, an aspect of the Middle Eastern Kingdom of Saudi Arabia seems to arouse more curiosity in the minds of Westerners than the harem of King Saud Ibn Abdul Aziz Al Saud. This is due to the almost complete inaccessibility of the harem to outsiders. Yet I, an American girl, have been inside it. And it came about this way: I was assigned, as a professional photographer, to provide still pictures for an expedition of American moviemakers preparing some documentary motion pictures on location near King Saud's desert palace near Riyadh, the capital. One day shortly after noon, we were preparing for a sequence outside the palace, when word was relayed to us that the King had suddenly invited members of the expedition to lunch with him.

Everybody was delighted at the news—except me. In Moslem Saudi Arabia, men do not eat with the women, and two guards of the Saudi army politely detached me from the group of twenty-two movie men as they moved off to meet the King. I was told I would lunch elsewhere.

Silently, the guards escorted me through gardens surrounding the palace to an ornamental door guarded by a Saudi soldier with rifle and fixed bayonet.

Above the door was a neon sign displaying the Saudi Arabian coat of arms—two crossed scimitars under a date palm—and surrounding the door was white grillework traced by strips of lights. At night the place must have looked like a Rexall drugstore.

My guards talked in rapid Arabic to the sentry. During their conversation, I caught the sound of the word "has-oem." Suddenly it dawned on me that I was standing at the entrance of King Saud's harem.

This was soon confirmed when a pleasant-mannered woman of forty-five—Lebanese, I learned—was introduced to me as an interpreter. We were about to lunch with the King's wives in their quarters, I was told.

Being a photographer, and burdened as I was with cameras—I had two Rolleiflexes and two Leicas around my neck, as well as a bagful of other paraphernalia—I immediately thought of the possibility of getting some pictures inside the harem. But the guards brusquely disillusioned me. They rather roughly took my equipment away, and even unceremoniously frisked me for any additional cameras I might be concealing about my person. Then they ordered me to take my shoes off.

At a motion from the sentry, I stepped through a panel in the palace door, and almost immediately it was slammed shut and bolted behind me.

I felt like Alice entering a bizarre re-creation of Wonderland. There I was in the middle of a huge courtyard filled with fantastically elaborate gardens that lay before me in the brilliant sunshine. A number of gaily robed children were playing. Suddenly I realized what an incredible situation I was in: a lone American girl firmly locked within an absolute monarch's harem in the middle of the Arabian desert.

My interpreter, with a reassuring smile, led me down a carpeted walk into one of the palace buildings, and then into a room as big as a hotel ballroom. It was resplendent with dazzlingly colored Persian rugs that covered the floor in overlapping layers inches thick. This, I learned, was the harem's audience hall where the King spent the early part of the evening chatting with his wives. A long row of ornate, gilded overstuffed chairs encircled the room, and there was a gilded settee, but no other furniture. There were no sliding doors, no floor curtains, no flagellation chambers, no eunuchs, none of the accouterments usually found in American magazine cartoons of harems or in the paintings of masters like Delacroix.

In this great hall the interpreter left me alone for a time, returning in fifteen minutes with three of the King's four official wives.

Two of them sat on the sofa side by side, while the third squatted cross-legged on the floor. The interpreter sat on a gilt chair at the other side of the room, opposite me. For a while nobody spoke. The wives just grinned and giggled. Naturally, I was a little embarrassed, but shy giggles, even among men, are something you get used to in Arabia.

Then the interpreter introduced the wives, but not by name. One of them, to whom she obviously deferred more than the others, she described very simply as "The King's Number One Wife." The other two she identified collectively as "the King's other wives," and later by gestures, as "this wife" or "the wife sitting next to you."

From the wives' curious stares it was obvious that I was to them some one whose like they had seen only once or twice in their lives. And they looked equally curious to me.

They wore brocade and priceless gems and bobby socks

Far from the veiled and scantily dressed beauties of magazine cartoons, they were dressed in high-necked, stiff-textured robes richly brocaded with gold and silver threads and encrusted with jewels. These robes, which almost muffled their figures, were in wine reds, luminous greens and purplish blues. On the wives' feet were, of all things, ordinary striped bobby socks.

I was awestruck by the amount of jewelry they wore—on their robes, about their ears, around their necks, wrists and waists. They were weighted down with the stuff. Each of them wore great gold rings from her ears, jeweled necklaces and gold and diamond bracelets.

The Number One Wife, unlike the others, also wore over her robe a very heavy gold belt studded with jewels, so wide that it resembled, symbolically, a harness. She also wore about her neck a huge pendant gold medallion.

The number of jeweled rings (I noticed nothing resembling a wedding band) on their fingers was astonishing—often two or three on one finger. The precious stones in some were almost as big as quarters.

These rings were crammed on the fingers of both hands, and I kept wondering how the wives ever managed to bend their fingers. The problem obviously bothered them a lot less than it did me. Rings, bangles, necklaces, earrings—they wore the glittering, jangling display with a delightful, almost gypsylike charm. They were unveiled, but wore around their shoulders brocaded and richly colored shawls which they later threw over their heads when they entered the open air.

Their hair was fine, fleecy and jet black, and they wore it done up behind in a sort of loose old-fashioned bun. From their faces, which

were well rounded to the point of plumpness, it was almost impossible to tell their ages, but I would say the Number One Wife was in her forties.

There were two reasons for my difficulty in guessing their ages. The first was the voluminous sweep of their robes, which all but muffled their figures; the second was the amount of their make up and lipstick. It lay on them in great layers—and the effect was highly dramatic. Indigo was smeared in great circles around their eyes so that they almost seemed to glow. Also, while American women do their best to cover up wrinkles, these wives deliberately accentuated them, tracing them in dark paint. The make up and their great dark eyes made them look like actresses on a Hollywood set in the silent movie days.

On top of all this, the wives were doused with some sort of perfume essence—specially ordered for them, I learned later, by the King. The strong, musky smell of this essence, combined with the almost intoxicating aroma of burning incense that pervaded the whole harem, made me feel, for a few anxious moments, like keeling over in my chair, but I managed to keep control of myself. Through the interpreter, whose fairly halting English I will not attempt to reproduce, we finally got the conversational ball rolling.

What the wives first wanted to know, when their giggles had subsided temporarily, was, of course, what I was doing in Saudi Arabia.

I really could not get them to comprehend my mission. They just didn't seem able to grasp my job with the movie company at all.

And they certainly couldn't understand how I, a single girl, had been picked to travel with an expedition which, as the interpreter had obviously explained to them, was otherwise composed of men.

I tried to explain that in the United States a woman could do almost any job performed by a man. When this was interpreted, they were obviously flabbergasted. A woman, they said in puzzled reply, surely has only one real job in life—to satisfy her husband and to produce children.

At this point, two of the wives suddenly began whispering among themselves. Looking at me, they burst out into a round of giggles. After a pause I smilingly asked for an explanation of all the mirth.

'Perhaps,' one of the wives suggested, 'you are traveling with a harem in reverse—one girl and twenty two men.'

I thought this was pretty funny, too, and this seemed like as good a time as any to ask the wives questions on a woman-to-woman basis.

I began by asking if they were happy—a question that made them laugh long and hard. One of them gently explained to me, as to a child, that the greatest honor for any Arab woman was to be a wife, and that the greatest honor of all in the whole Arab world was to be a wife—whether the first or the hundredth wife—of King Saud.

The wife who so addressed me was, as it happened, the Number One Wife, and the mother of the King's favorite child, the three and a half year-old Prince Mashur, whom King Saud brought on his state visit to this country in January for medical examination. She was very clearly the boss within the wives' quarters. I could see by the deference which the others accorded her, but I could also see clearly that all the wives were good friends.

Throughout my visit they constantly paid little feminine attentions to one another—fixing each other's hair, rearranging the folded sleeve of a robe, tucking in the edge of a scarf—and so on.

As we continued chatting, I asked the Number One Wife if the wives all lived together in the harem. She replied that they didn't, that each had separate quarters in the harem for herself and her own offspring, but within fairly short distance of one another.

And how do you all get along together?' I asked. The Number One Wife smiled a flashing smile. Speaking for all wives present, she replied that they all respected each other, that it was a very happy household, and that they were all treated as equals in the harem. And then she went on to say that the King, their master, treated them well, and she made it clear that equal treatment on the part of the King not only was accorded them, but also was expected by them.

If the King gave one a gift, she said, they all got gifts, and so everybody was happy. But, of course, she added calmly, there would always be instances when one wife would begin brooding about the fact that another had a bigger chandelier in her room than she did, or something of the sort, and would go to the King with a complaint about it and the expectation that he would see that she was satisfactorily treated. (To judge the King's impartiality by a comparison of the cut-crystal chandeliers I subsequently saw in the harem and in other parts of the palace, I'd say he was a veritable Solomon in the sphere of lighting fixtures: all the chandeliers were of identical design and obviously had been ordered wholesale from some decorator or other.)

I noticed that whenever I used the word "harem," pronouncing it in the English rather than the Arabic way, the wives instantly corrected my pronunciation. They also seemed rather touchy about the very use of the word.

When I asked whether I was using it in the correct sense, they replied: in something of a shrugging manner, that it seemed Westerners were always trying to make it a word of mystery. The word harem, the Number One Wife went on to remind me, in Arabic meant literally 'a man's home,' and she made it clear to me, without saying so directly, that the wives considered it naive and even a little childish that the word should stir up such excitement in Western minds. She also gave the idea, again by indirection, that she doubted very much whether Western women, with their notions of equality between the sexes, were nearly as well off as they would like to believe.

All his wives have everything they want

And as for the Western notion that women of the harem ought to be objects of sympathy, she implied that that was simply laughable. Women of Ibn Saud's harem, she pointed out proudly, didn't have to get up and work all day as American women apparently did—they had everything they wanted. "Do you have everything you want?" she asked me, with a rather arch smile. I had to admit that I couldn't swear that I had.

We chatted for a while, and they sat, heads cocked to one side, interested but vaguely puzzled, as I described my journeys as a photographer in various parts of the world.

I asked them if they'd like to come to the United States—this set them off into shrieks of laughter. When they'd finished, the Number One Wife explained to me that they never even got as far as Riyadh, the capital, a couple of miles away. To my question of just how far they could travel around, she said that they of course had the freedom of the entire harem quarters and certain other parts of the palace grounds, and that every noontime they were driven in one of the King's Cadillacs to the Saud family mosque a short distance from the palace.

At this point, sensing that the wives were taking a comfortable, friendly attitude toward me, I mentally held my breath for a moment then asked the one question that had been in my mind since I entered the harem. 'How many of you,' I asked, "are there in the harem?'

As soon as I had got the words out, I knew I had gone too far.

The interpreter repeated the question in Arabic in an ominously bland tone. The wives glanced at each other, and there was a slight, flickering interruption of their usual animation—something like the momentary slowing down of action on a motion picture screen when for a fraction of a second the film falters in the projector then, with one accord, they continued just as they had before the question was asked. They simply and politely ignored it.

Later, by talking to various Westerners whom I am not going to name, I did get a pretty fair idea of the dimensions of King Saud's harem.

Under Moslem law, of course, he is allowed only four official wives—the others in his harem are either ex-wives or concubines.

The fourth wife, whom I did not see during my visit, is by custom interchangeable. The King may marry her one night and divorce her the next morning merely by repeating "I divorce thee" three times. She thereupon becomes an ex-wife—and I have been told that there are seventeen official ex-wives living in King Saud's harem. These women, each one of whom may overnight become an official royal wife upon command, have their own suites in the harem. As ex-wives, they need not continue to live in the palace, theoretically, they are free to marry again. Indeed, a few of them have been known to do so.

However, this happens only when the King suggests it, and in effect, such ex-wives, or alternate wives, leave the harem only when expelled from it or handed out as gifts to favored desert sheiks.

Similarly, many of the King's wives, present or past, are said to have been presented to him in gift offerings of favored tribal chiefs, whose daughters they may be, or of potentates of other Middle Eastern states.

As for harems other than King Saud's, they are now most frequently stocked with fifteen year-old virgins kidnaped from French Africa and traded in Arabian bazaars for prices as high as $10,000.

The women of the harem

At present, King Saud's harem includes women from Tunis, the Sudan, Algeria, Turkey and Syria, and one was said to have been brought from an area of Soviet Georgia, bordering on Azerbaijan—where the Circassian Moslem women are famous for their beauty.

In addition to the twenty-one wives or ex-wives, the harem also has its concubines, each, again, with separate quarters.

The number of these women currently housed in the harem has been estimated at from ten to sixty. There is no reliable figure on the total number of concubines the King can have as many as he wants. Since concubines can become wives from one day to another, and vice versa, the whole situation is beyond my statistical comprehension.

The King has had trouble in sorting things out, too, from what I have heard from American technicians who had installed a complicated system of push buttons, buzzers and lights in the royal bedchamber, so that the King, instead of clapping his hands in the traditional way, could summon members of his harem instantly by modern means.

However, possibly because the Saudis are not too familiar with such gadgetry, and possibly too because the King is very short-sighted, the system didn't work out. The King tended to push the wrong buttons, and consequently the wrong wives sometimes appeared before him.

Eventually the buzzer business was abandoned, and the King went back to clapping his hands when he required the presence of his wives.

Each of the past or present wives, and possibly the concubines, has her own quarters in the harem, with her own slaves and Cadillac assigned to her. Her children (with the exception of sons over fourteen, who at that age take their own quarters in the palace) live with her.

How many progeny King Saud has is unknown. Saudi diplomatic sources say he has "about twenty-five" sons, of daughters, who don't count as assets among Saudi Arabians, there are no estimates. The young princes, dressed in their colorful Arabian headpieces, pin-striped jackets and underrobes, have their own chauffeur-driven limousines. I have seen them all driving to school in the morning, in a long herd of Cadillacs sweeping along the desert road in a great cloud of dust.

During my visit with the three wives, little harem children kept darting into the room in stockinged feet to peer at me.

After my initial embarrassment at asking that cleanly impermissible question about the size of the King's harem, my conversation with the King's wives continued cheerfully until it was time for lunch.

Before we got up to leave for the room where we were going to dine, the Number One Wife clapped her hands together, summoning a young poorly dressed slave girl. She whispered a few words into the girl's ear, and the girl disappeared and came in again shortly bearing a gold wrist watch, on the face of which was engraved the Saudi coat of arms.

The Number One Wife smilingly handed it to me as a gift, and I put it on. It was a huge man's watch, the standard royal gift for visitors, the wives probably were unaware that a woman's watch existed. Women don't wear watches in Saudi Arabian harems, where measurement of time seems senseless.

I was grateful for the gift, and especially for the warm way the wives had received me. I felt sorry that I hadn't something suitable to give in return. On an impulse, I took off the only piece of jewelry I had on—a strong of nice-looking imitation pearls I had bought in a New York five and-dime store—and handed it to the Number One Wife, telling her it was a poor little gift but that it was all I had about me. They looked at the pearls and burst into giggles. I soon realized they weren't scoffing at the gift: these women so loaded with jewels were delighted with this cheap trinket, pearls real or otherwise, were obviously new to them.

Another slave girl entered and announced lunch. We all rose and went to a small room containing a large mahogany table. It looked very much like the one in my parents' house in Mansfield, Ohio.

The royal-looking china service we sat down to was worn and chipped and the silver service consisted of spoons and forks—no knives.

The Number One Wife clapped her hands twice and soon a slave girl placed three platters of meat and vegetables on the table, and from these each diner helped herself. The food was hot and wild tasting.

The slave girl was dirty, about thirteen years old, and very pregnant.

One of the wives noticed that I glanced at the slave with curiosity, and remarked about the girl's obvious condition. The wife then asked me, in a matter-of-fact conversational tone, whether I was a virgin, to which I replied that American girls, although they had a great deal of freedom, did not discuss such matters at all freely.

The wives looked a little bewildered, but dropped the subject gracefully and quickly tackled the serious business of lunch with astonishing singlemindedness. They sat hunched down, faces close to their plates, and using spoons they pushed food into their mouths at an amazing rate, not even pausing to wipe off sauce that dribbled down their chins.

They clearly liked eating, and from the way they occasionally glanced at me, they doubted that I did. After a while the Number One Wife began telling me, in a tone of good-natured, clucking motherly reproof, that I was eating very slowly, that I ought to eat more, that I was too thin and I needed more plumpness. "How could you be any good to anybody?' she said, in a way that left no doubt as to what sex the 'anybody' referred to. When I reached over to help myself from a vegetable dish, she gave me a wide, conspiratorial smile. Then the wives continued cramming food into their mouths without a word.

Finally, as the Number One Wife, the heartiest eater of all, pushed the last food into her mouth she stood bolt upright, without the slightest comment such as 'that was an enjoyable meal,' and turned away.

We all rose immediately. the Number One Wife then spoke a few words to the interpreter, who asked me if I would like to see other parts of the palace. I said I'd be delighted, and began to follow her out of the room. When I turned around to thank the wives for the lunch, I found they had disappeared.

The King's rooms

"You will see them again,' said the interpreter calmly, when she noted my surprise, and she led me on a tour, in the building across from the harem door, of the King's state rooms. Most of these rooms were indistinguishable, I found, from those of the harem, and contained what seemed like the same Persian rugs the same gilt chairs, the same overstuffed sofas and even the same inevitable candelabra.

The only major sign of variety in the palace's scheme of interior decoration I found in a section of the royal bathroom: a huge room equipped with gleaming, solid gold fixtures, but no running water.

This—it seemed to me, was just like Saudi Arabia—while millions of barrels of oil were flowing a day through the pipelines that provide King Saud $500,000 a day in royalties, nobody had got around to piping water into the royal bathroom. The water for the palace is carried from a nearby oasis in goatskin bags on the backs of miserable-looking donkeys.

The tour over, I was escorted back to the outer harem door. There, to my surprise, I was joined by the three wives. They had fresh lipstick on, and looked very contented after their great meal. The sound of children's voices still was coming from the inner courtyard. I shook hands with each wife and thanked them all for receiving me, as well as for the gift of the watch. The Number One Wife, her jewelry glittering more than ever in the bright shade, smiled genially as she shook hands with me; then she loosened the scarf that she now wore over her head and burst into charming giggles. Around her neck she was proudly wearing, among all the great gold and jeweled chains, the imitation pearl necklace from the five and-dime.

"I had my office redecorated—I'm crazy about flowers!"

THE PACIFIC-ORIENT SPECIAL

If you're the sort of man who might be happy combing a South Pacific beach, gaffing a quarter ton black marlin off Australia's Great Barrier Reef, living in the palace of a Balinese prince, exploring the ruins of forgotten Oriental empires and taking a hot bath with a lady with a blue mustache tattooed on her upper lip then step aboard the Pacific Orient Special, a 22,000 mile tour swinging through the most bizarre region in the world

Whatever you do—however, don't plan on a budget vacation naturally it costs money to cover the enormous distances across the Pacific and up from Australia to the North Pacific, but once you're in the Far East you'll find living costs comparatively low and many of the things you'll buy represent real bargains

In Hong Kong at places like Jimmy Chen's and Tailor Chenng's you will find carefully tailored English wool or cashmere suits and overcoats for $50 or so whose stateside counterparts would set you back at least $200 I've met travelers in Hong Kong who say they pay for their trip with their savings in completely wardrobing themselves there I've heard of people who buy jade in Hong Kong and star sapphires in Bangkok, wangle them past U S Customs more or less under their $500 duty free allowance, sell them right away (illegal and unrecommended) and happily write off their travel expenses I've also known people, though, who couldn't distinguish jade and sapphires from colored glass and Coca Cola bottles and they come back from their trips holding their heads

In general you'll find plenty of legitimate bargains as you journey through the East. Items Scotch on the rocks, 15c in New Zealand 5c for a jeepney ride anywhere in Manila room and meals at the new tourist hotels in Japan $5 a ten-day tour of Viti Levu Fiji Islands, including hotels meals visits to native villages and entertainment $76; an excellent French dinner in Bora Bora Tahiti, 40g dinner drinks and a Siamese-dancing show in Bangkok (where a tical is a nickel) $1 40

For excitement, try a rickshaw roll or a sampan special

Your carriers will range all the way from DC-7Cs and luxury cruise liners to freighters feeder airlines, chugging local railroads river boats, sampans junks and rickshas but you'll begin your trip conventionally, by airline or steamship on the first leg of your trip from the West Coast to Australia

Along the way are Hawaii and the tropical islands of the South Pacific where you can don a pair of old tennis shoes, frayed white duck pants and go gently to pot or cut short your stay and proceed to Australia set right on the doorstep of the Far East Here is the land of wide-open spaces along whose 12,000 miles of coastline especially in the east and south, is some of the most fabulous fishing to be found anywhere

It's only about 750 miles from the coast of Australia to Bali but a whole world of difference lies in between What's more there's no way of traveling directly between the two You'll have to hop a BOAC or Qantas plane at Darwin and fly to Djakarta capital of Indonesia Pretty soon you'll be flying directly over Bali but you won't be able to do much more than wave as the plane doesn't land there Get out of Djakarta as quickly as you can There's not much to see and the hotel situation can be most charitably described as abominable You grab the first Garuda Indonesian Airways plane and fly back almost half the distance to Australia and you're in Bali It's worth all the trouble though The lovely island has symbolized man's escapist dreams ever since the first Dutch sailors landed there in 1597 and returned to The Netherlands to disturb the serenity of many a Holland home with their tales of the beauty of Bali and the charms of the young Balinese women

Wherever you go in Bali, it'll be off trail

It's still easily possible to go off trail in Bali and recapture the mood of its discoverers in little villages such as Ubud where many of the inhabitants make their living following the traditional Balinese arts of carving and painting The matchless Balinese scenery reflected in the rice paddies gives you the feeling of sighting the countryside along the edge of a mirror

Most of the tourists live at the Bali Hotel in Denpasar, the island's largest town, where you can get a room and bath with terrace for $10 a day, meals included at the hotel's beach house at Sanur the rate is $7

Artists and other longer term visitors, though sometimes stay in Ubud at the palace of the local prince, Tjokorda Agung who'll put you up for about $3 75 a day The food is strictly from Indonesia and there's no running water in the palace but if you're not thrown by these minor inconveniences your stay with the prince will be unforgettable

It's back to Djakarta with you if you're flying your way out of Indonesia, or you might prefer to pick up a freighter for Bangkok the next main stop along your route The American President Lines run fast comfortable twelve-passenger freighters to Bangkok from Surabaya, Java a fifty five-minute hop from Bali and from Djakarta It's a one-day run from Surabaya to Djakarta then the ship lays over a couple of days before making the three-day trip across the Java Sea and the edge of the South China Sea past Singapore and the Malay Peninsula and into the Gulf of Siam and to Bangkok at the mouth of the Gulf Or you could fly it from Djakarta to Bangkok in about six hours on a KLM direct flight BOAC and Qantas also fly from Djakarta but they stop at Singapore en route

From Bangkok go to Ayudhya (or Ayuthia), medieval capital of the ancient Thai people and Angkor, the greatest ghost town on the globe

Ayudhya, forty five miles north of Bangkok and six hours away by river boat or a couple of hours by car is a thriving city of about 365,000 people, but its main interest lies in its spectacular ruins Founded about the middle of the fourteenth century it was the capital of Thailand during the days of its medieval glory It was destroyed by the Burmese four hundred years after its founding and its ruins have lain silently alone

Taiwan (Formosa)

Hokkaido, Japan

Ubud, Bali

with its stone idols and its memories of past glories ever since.

After Thailand your next stop is Angkor, smack in the center of a jungle in the new Republic of Cambodia, in what used to be French Indo-China. Here are the ruins of a city which for more than five centuries was one of the great centers of the ancient Orient. Then the Khmer Emperors were conquered by the neighboring Thais, and their capital was abandoned. Less than a hundred years ago, Angkor was rediscovered.

Today much of Angkor and its temple still remain to be cleared of the jungle growth, but you can spend a couple of truly fabulous days poking your way through the ruins. In the dusty little village shops of nearby Siemréap you can buy French perfumes at under Paris prices, and fine brandy for about $1.75 a bottle. A mile or so from the village is the Grande Hotel, remarkably good considering its jungle setting.

The closest to China in spirit and atmosphere an American pleasure traveler can approach these days is at Taiwan (Formosa). Thanks to the constant stream of American personnel visiting the island one hundred miles off the Chinese coast, Taiwan has become a sort of mélange of American and Chinese influences. Its best hotel looks Chinese, but its dining room features Southern fried chicken and Boston baked beans.

For the real feeling of rural China, take a trip out to the Taiwan countryside. Or you might tour the countryside by canal boat, if you do you'll be back in the old Chinese Empire of the Ch ng dynasty.

It's less than a four hour flight from Taipei, the main Formosan city, to Tokyo, thence to Hokkaido, Japan's northernmost island, and as unlikely a place as you'll come across on the face of the earth. Here you'll see the last of the Ainus, a blue-eyed Caucasian people believed to have been Japan's earliest inhabitants, whose women tattoo grotesque mustaches on their upper lips, and whose language is unrelated to any tongue known on earth. Hokkaido is a strange island of snow-covered mountains and boiling hot springs, of torrid summers and cold winters.

It's a great place to enjoy the resort-custom of the hot springs. Entering such a resort, you leave your shoes at the door and don a pair of *zori* slippers, and pad your way along a mat-carpeted hall, slide open a thin panel of rice paper and bamboo, and you're in your room. *Neisan*, the maid, bands you a *kimono*, hangs up your clothes, and spreads a couple of *futon* quilts on the *tatami* mats. What you do next is up to you. You can have tea or a hot meal, stretch out on the quilts for a nap, or go to the baths. You soap, scrub and rinse yourself at a basin and stool just outside the bath proper—with or without the help of a female attendant—then go into a sort of oversized bathtub to join the Japanese ladies, gentlemen and children passing the time of day or night in the buff.

At most Japanese hot springs resorts you can arrange for a private dunk, but you'll find it so relaxing and comfortably proper in the communal bath that you'll soon learn to share the Japanese preference for meeting your friends at the third spigot from the left, down near the drain pipe.

(*To plan your own Pacific-Orient special, read Vacation Now.*)

← Spectacular ruins at Ayudhya, Thailand

Southern Ocean, Victoria, Australia

Angkor, Cambodia

"You're twins, aren't you?"

G-STRING GOMORRAH

An expert reports on Calumet City, a baby Babylon where spitbacks wait for marks and 11 a.m. is dead of night

by NELSON ALGREN

One hour south of Chicago, just this side of the Indiana line, there's a patchwork burg that looks by day like any midland patch you see from any railroad right-of-way: the same small frame houses, quietly curtained, where 20,000 squares bless their state of grace and gratefully tuck themselves in by ten. Where Daddy gets up at five a.m., bangs pots about the kitchen a while, and leaves with a black lunch bucket under his arm to be on time at the mundhouse by six.

Where crossing bells clang the whole forenoon, warning Daddy to get his work done and get back between walls again, lest some creature of the cat's twilight creep over the state line and snatch him into Indiana.

Under the patchwork a baby Babylon lies sleeping. Bar broad and booth broad, both alike, pump and puller, each the same, stripper and bartender, owner and drummer, M.C. and trumpeter, cats that have howled the whole night through, all, all lie dreaming while crossing-bells toll.

Now the jukes sleep like tired horses. In a country where eleven a.m. is the very dead of night. For even jukes need rest.

Rest till that hour that twilight falls in, and squares begin to feel tuckered, then the baby Babylon will stretch and yawn. The night's first juke will waken, neighing, *Your cheating heart will tell on you.*

From somewhere down the other side of the strip a bigger juke will neigh reply, *You ain't nothin' but a hound dog.*

By one p.m. the girls in their gowns will be playing booth and bar stool for "spitbacks"—shot glasses of tea or sherry, but never of hard liquor: her work is to get the mark loaded, not herself.

Spitback kittens get a dollar and the house six bits for a very shot. The waitress, humble child, tips herself two bits and doesn't ask for more. If you think you can get off cheaper by buying beer, give one of the hall-bully caves a play. You'll get off cheaper. But you'll drink alone.

The straight spitbacker, the girl who doesn't get a chance to undress publicly because she doesn't quite own the grace, the looks or the build, has to press the mark harder than the stripper. The stripper has a salary besides what she can hustle off drinks; the spitbacker has none.

"I could of been a stripper myself," one of these chicks assures me, "only my lips was just a mite thin. I could of been a model except my bust was just a mite low. I could of been a typist, but my fingernails was just a mite long. Once I could of been a copper's old lady, only I can't bear no copper. I could of married a airlines pilot, I think. Then all I'd have to do was just sort of fly around. I could of married lots of men, I could of been most anything. Only, a funny thing, sometimes I really don't care for men. That must be why I'm doing what I'm doing now. I just don't care for them."

And what are you doing now, my rain-colored kitten, is a question as well left unasked. And yet, in the hour of the outcast cat, that is long

"You're just in time" State Street "puller" tells prospective customer

past twelve yet far from morning, you'll see the very same chick, the girl who doesn't care for men, in an evening gown and a fur wrap over it hurrying away from the music and the lights toward the darkness at the end of the world

For the end of State Street is the end of the G-string Gomorrah, the end of Babylon, the edge of her honky tonk country. And where she goes when she goes, nobody knows nor how long she'll be gone

She may not care especially for men, but so long as juke boxes blow blues away between midnight and dawn, she'll need them to get by

Because she doesn't depend so wholly on a percentage off drinks, the stripper often gives the spitbacker first crack at a mark. Her investment is in her act, and a few have fairly elaborate productions

One uses a shower stall and a bed to help her simulate a girl showering before turning in, with all manner of soapless fantasies seizing her as she strolls about all dry. Another, under a floppy chapeau, does *Mademoiselle de Paris*, lyrics in G.I. French and lined out in good clear voice despite a trumpet blaring off key behind her

Others play it Cuban, Turkish or Hindu. The farther from home you get, it would seem, the wilder the women

Yet none so wild-seeming as the doll who comes out dancing with an effigy of a Satanic after theatre type in black and scarlet cloak, dancing out a losing struggle to keep her honor. This is sometimes done with a gorilla, though why a gorilla would be coming on with a cotton headed blonde when he could stay home and have a lady gorilla without risking a pinch is one of those things I can never quite figure

"Get off your cotton pickin' hands," the M.C. challenges his public. "the more you give out, the harder she works, the harder she works the more you see of her, the more you see of her the less you see of me." Fair enough. To judge just by his mug, he's an ex-peg who didn't do too well pugging, and he isn't doing too much better M.C.ing. Once in a while he'll trill, "Now I'm trolling for fairies," and sail away through the light with his shirt flowing behind and his pants falling till they bind his ankles and he stands in the spot in his baggy shorts, making motions like a crippled butterfly

"God give me strength," he prays as he pulls up his pants. "this is as funny as we get." Female impersonation is sure fire for laughs

Fortunately, nobody expects him to get truly funny. His trade seems to be chiefly to encourage applause for the strippers, and he works hard at it. Sometimes, to get them off their hands, he'll twirl a girl's breast like a pinwheel. If you don't have talent you work without

Sometimes he'll play a Jolson recording offstage and sing along with it, pretending it's himself doing the singing. This is called record tucking, a trade honest as most

And season of sun or season of sleet, the patient old pullers hold the big doors wide to seduce the marks that pass and repass, weather wet or weather dry. The wandering conventioneer, the Indiana preacher or the side-street solitary from Chicago's deeps, all appear to the puller to be wearing an M for Mark right in the middle of the forehead

"This is the place, buddy; this is *it*, the show where they go all the way. She's takin' 'em off right now, you're just in time." The puller never notices the M' in the middle of his own brow

Yet there's more to being a puller than grabbing the sleeve and hauling it in. These are old survivors of jungle and carnival, operators of bingo, ferris wheels and floating crap games, that own a discerning eye for the law that wears neither badge nor uniform. They are outposts as well as hanlers, guardians of the doors as well as openers. For syndicate or no syndicate, you're never sure when some captain's man in plain clothes will sneak inside, pinch a couple of girls and run the customers off and keep the heat on for as long as three days

Several years ago the mayor of Cal City got himself taken along on just such a raid. But when the girl he had pinched was brought to trial the judge ruled that the mayor, who had been the movement's rear guard, had been too far from the stage to qualify as a material witness

The following May a candidate for mayor, running on a "close the joints" platform, made a successful campaign. Not a joint was closed

Though reforming elements do succeed in pinching a stripper and fining an owner now and then, they can't board up the strip because it's the town's economic jugular. You don't fool around with jugulars

The cabarets have been running since the lighting was still by gas, and they'll still be honky tonking when the neon is lit by atomic power. The strip is forty years old and looks good for forty more

Some assume that when the St. Lawrence Waterway comes in, Calumet Harbor will become the world's greatest inland port and the joints will have to close just to lend the city a dignity worthy of its size

My own notion is that the day the first transatlantic crew disembarks forty new joints will open. There are only about a hundred and fifty now. That won't nearly meet the demand. When you see some of the chicks having to work both booths and bars to make a living, and some of the pullers having to haul for two joints, you realize that the future of Calumet City may well be imperiled by lack of chicks and pullers

Local reform groups labor for the day when the pullers and strippers, M.C.s and owners alike, all go down the darkness at the end of State and never come back. They'd rather see State Street lined with honest business enterprises, such as loan offices and used-car lots, than have a single marquee burn. They look to the day when the coming of the St. Lawrence Waterway will put a stop to the present riot

It's true that the waterway is certain to bring great changes here. Yet so long as there's a conventioneer, a sailor on the loose or a side-street solitary with his cap pulled over his eyes, somewhere, beyond the traffic's iron cry, a G-string Gomorrah will flicker off and on

And the jukes just keep trying to blow the blues away

And there one sits now, his little cap yanked forward to shade his face so close to the stage that he has to bend his neck to look up, the single-O solitary with paws wrapped tight about his dollar bottle of Budweiser, come to lose his loneliness without sacrificing his solitude

A rain-colored cat who has lived away from women so long that a spotlight on one, burning from purple to pink, weaves a mystery about her nakedness as ancient as that through which Eve once walked

Back in her gown, she comes up behind him, puts her arms about him and lets her breath run like a warm bath down his neck. Though Time and The Goat have seared her and her face is a bit lopsided with its secret load of gin, he will still see her walking naked through the rainbow-colored air. From her cheap perfume he'll catch an ancestral magic. When she captures his cap gently and says, "My name is April. What's yours?" he'll give the Budweiser full tilt to his lips, drain it and answer, "Mark. Just Mark." And beam. Just beam

Now here's one doll wise enough to know that some men can starve harder for companionship than for sex, and will pay for it where they won't pay for sex. A solitary like this may be affected more by the touch of April's hand saying, "I'm on your side, Marky dear," than by the offer of her breast

Look, Marky dear is having the buck six bits' stuff, a shot for himself and a shot for her. Well, good

For the jukes are blowing the blues away—and now is the Daddy-Can-I-Have-One-More-Hour. Now is the Of-Course-I'm-Single-Honey time. The Daddy-Let-Me-Have-Your-Little-Cap, Please-Don't-Ever-Leave-Me-hour. Now is the What-Color-Are-Your-Eyes-Little-Daddy, I-Love-With-An-Aunt-Who's-Out-Of-Town time. When single-O cats get their fur stroked just like married ones. For an hour

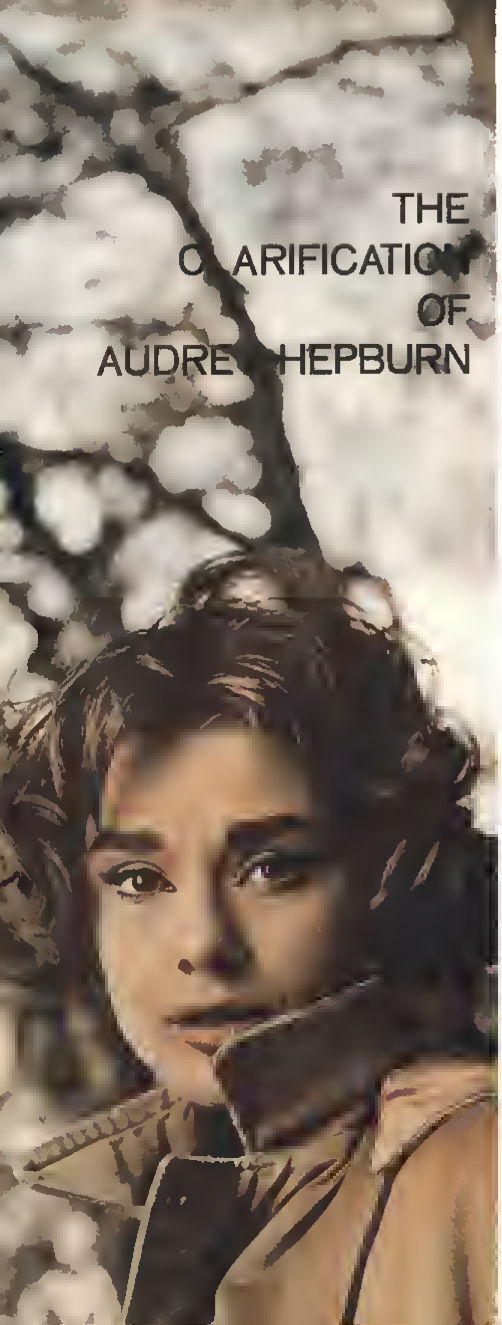
Yet the whiskey in the glass goes dry. And neon, though it burn ever so scarlet, burns less red against the ordinary day. Trumpet man and drummer grow weary. Yet the jukes keep trying to blow the blues away

Taxis will wheel back from the curbs, even the pullers will begin giving up. A bar broad will lay her head on her arms and nod off, and the bartender will just let her nod

Sooner or later someone will hear crossing bells. Someone will vow, "I'd rather be in bed than be riding a passenger train"

And the big jukes will sleep in their stables ##

"David who?"



THE CLARIFICATION OF AUDREY HEPBURN

by ROBERT W. MARKS

An unexpected glimpse into some hidden fears

MISS AUDREY HEPBURN is a prodigy. A piquant amalgam of naivete and sophistication, of propriety and daring, of reserve and effervescence, she gives you the feeling that she is a little princess who, slipping out of bed one night, pitter-pattered down the stairs in her little bare feet, thoroughly resolved to be naughty. You can imagine her making quirk, impassioned and unexpected love to a captured corporal, then, on her way back, curtsying politely to the queen and pitter-pattering up to her snug little bed.

In six swift years she has been propelled into higher reaches of stardom, and her unique, nymphish spell has been constantly linked with the adjectives "magic" and "piquant." Standing in direct opposition to the virtues which have contributed to the popularity of Marilyn Monroe, Gina Lollobrigida, Sophia Loren and Jayne Mansfield, Audrey has displayed allurements which stem from feeling rather than from physical extension and which have prompted comical director Billy Wilder to sound a melancholy prophecy. "The girl, singlehanded," he said, "may make bosoms a thing of the past."

Audrey is a bundle of tension. Abnormally thin, her body, drawn out like a Venetian liqueur glass, is topped by a small head, resplendent with a jutting, determined jaw and glowing eyes. The head sits on a long, slender neck, creating the tone you associate with Nefertiti or some queen of the Watusi nestled in the upper reaches of the African highlands. It is rumored that Audrey runs easily to fat, and that her look of splendid emaciation is a consequence of self-denial, but for this there is no documentation. And Audrey offers a courteous, unconsciously chilling variety of resistance to exploration into her personal history. She is sensitive to the extent that minuscule things distress her. The simple flame of a lighter is sufficient to contaminate a cigarette for her, saturating the tobacco with noxious fumes. All the more does she recoil from routine intrusions into her private world of fantasy.

The first meeting of Audrey and this correspondent led to a contretemps upsetting to the studio's schedules and one which made him more than anonymous and less than *persona grata* on the set near Paris where Billy Wilder was pacing Audrey and Gary Cooper through a comedy scene in Allied Artists' *Love in the Afternoon*. Wilder was not satisfied with the first takes; the comedy had not come through. He had called for a break.

In the interim Miss Hepburn and I sat in her dressing room, separated by a wall of strangeness, by the hedge behind which a girl of enormous breeding hides her intimate feelings and by the normal distance of a first interview. That day the Russians had invaded Budapest; the Paris papers were reviving the tensions of the last war.

I took the questionable course of using the day's news as a device to cut quickly through the empty protocol of the interview.

Audrey responded co-operatively, pleased, it seemed, to be spared the indignity of answering such questions as "Miss Hepburn, is it true that when you sleep you wear only the tops of your pajamas?" She sat primly on a stool in front of her dressing table. Her face tensed, her piquancy vanished. She projected herself into the Holland of her early years, and some hint emerged of the psychological events bearing on her abnormal sensitivity and combination hair trigger alertness and preparation for heavery which seems a constant part of her expression.

"The worst thing about the Occupation," she said, relating the lava stasis of Budapest to the memories of her past life, "was the matter-of-factness you had to maintain—in the midst of horror."

Audrey sketched tersely something of her background. She had been born in Brussels, the child of a Dutch mother and an Anglo-Irish father—J. A. Hepburn-Ruston. She was sent to English schools. Her parents, meanwhile separated, and when World War II broke out, she went back to Holland with her mother.

Then the invasion came. Audrey's grandfather, Baron Arnoud van Heemstra, and Audrey's mother and brothers geared themselves to resist the Germans in every way possible, legally and illegally.

Audrey's mother lived in the city of Arnhem. Audrey's grandfather lived just outside of Arnhem, in the village of Velp.

When the Allies landed on the Continent, the Germans gave orders that everybody in Arnhem was to get out—within an hour. My mother and I went to Velp and moved in with my grandfather. The house was thrown open to everybody. My mother put up thirty-seven that night.

"How did we live? We lived in a vacuum. I don't know if you realize what that means: no life, no news, no books, no soap. Imagine how your sheets look, how your underwear looks. Imagine how you feel. Yet all of that was nothing by comparison with the day-to-day horror."

Before Audrey's sixteenth birthday word came by grapevine that she was listed to be shipped to a concentration camp. The Dutch underground gave her addresses of places where she could stay. "I was to hide and move," Audrey explained, "going from one place to the next."

Then, one black night, she got caught in a surprise roundup. "I was on my way home. The Germans suddenly threw a road block across the street and started packing everybody into vans. As each van was filled it moved off into nowhere. I was too scared to say a word to anyone. I simply held out my identity card. Then I worked my way to the edge of the crowd. The Germans were so busy they didn't notice me. I got to a dark corner and eased my way around it; then I started running—and I never stopped until I was home. None of the others were ever heard from again."

At this moment a call came for Audrey to resume work on the set.

"You know what everybody is to do?" Wilder asked Audrey.

"I do," she said, looking professionally brave.

"Have you been clarified?"

"I've been clarified," said Audrey, standing straight, her eyes shining like sealed beam headlights.

"If you haven't," said Wilder, "it is only an idiosyncracy."

Audrey displays less than her iron discipline

And then the shooting began. I retired to my Paris hotel, and later I learned that Audrey could no longer go on: we had talked too much for comedy. Audrey had been "clarified," perhaps clarified too much.

Like Maude Adams, whom the late Alexander Woollcott once termed "a timeless gnome," Audrey is one of those rare personalities in show business who ever compound their successes by playing roles in which they are supremely themselves. "Audrey," said one producer, "started at the top and has climbed steadily from the top into the blue, unearthly never-never land, because every part she has had has been all Audrey."

This statement contains minor exaggerations. Audrey studied ballet in Amsterdam chiefly, she claims, because her mother thought it was an efficient approach to poise, posture and self-discipline.

One day, giving courage to a friend who was auditioning for a part in Jack Hylton's London production of *High Button Shoes*, she was talked into reading a few lines on her own. To her astonishment, she was one of ten cast from a group of some three thousand aspirants. Small stage parts followed from this, and bit movie roles.

When Audrey was on location in Monte Carlo, working in a picture later called *Monte Carlo Baby*, she was appearing in a honeymoon scene which was staged in the lobby of Monaco's Hotel de Paris. As Audrey was rehearsing her bit, the main door of the hotel swung open, and novelist Colette, ensconced regally in a wheel chair, was rolled into the lobby. She had her chair stopped, looked hard at Audrey, then, turning to her husband, she screamed: "*Voilà*, there's my Gigi!"

With an approach as direct as this, and as uncomplicated, Audrey was cast in a Broadway play of no great distinction. Critic Brooks Atkinson, in a columnar burst of enthusiasm, wrote, "Miss Hepburn ought to be interned in America and trapped into appearing in a fine play."

The play made demands on Audrey's emotional reserves; it caused her to appraise herself in hard, almost masochistic terms. "I had no real acting experience," she said, "I never thought of myself as an actress. I was terrified."

When the rehearsals began, her fears increased. "I couldn't speak up enough," she said. "The director said, 'I can't seem to make you understand what to do.' He didn't know I had never really acted before.

"I would go home at night and speak—each—word—over—and—over—again—loudly. I just worked day and night."

Her name was in lights and she was still learning to act

A week after Gigi opened in New York's Fulton Theatre, Audrey's name was set in lights over the marquee. Audrey dashed across the street to witness the signal event. And as her name suddenly blazed above the Broadway crowds, Audrey turned sadly to a friend and said: "Oh, dear, and I've still got to learn how to act."

William Wyler made an offer to engage Audrey for the picture *Roman Holiday*. A test was made. "A simply ghastly test," said Audrey. What happened, apparently, was this: Audrey was persuaded to put on pajamas and climb into bed with Gregory Peck. Some general banter developed—all on an off-camera basis. Suddenly, said Audrey, "some instinct made me ask myself, 'Why is everybody standing around looking at me so attentively and remaining so quiet?' And then I discovered why. The cameras were running."

Among the subsequent movies and plays in which Audrey was a personal and aesthetic success it seems only proper to list everything in which she has since appeared: the play, *Ondine*; the movies, *Sabrina*, *War and Peace* and *Funny Face*. (She will soon start work on *The Nun's Story*.) Each opera had added an extraordinary laurel, for in each she has been cast perfectly—"always," someone once said, "as Audrey Hepburn."

Of late she has been married to Mel Ferrer, who co-starred with her both in *Ondine* and *War and Peace*. She had met Mel some years back in London and their wedding was sudden, romantic. It took place while Audrey was supposedly resting in Burgenstock, Switzerland, in September, 1954. And since the ceremony, Audrey—her eyes still limpid with the warm thoughts of matrimony—has consistently worked in parts of the world widely separated from those to which Ferrer is assigned. She nevertheless keeps a symbolic hearth fire burning. In whatever hotel she calls home, and maintains a house in Burgenstock, which they seldom have time to visit.

The studios have thrown heavy defenses around Audrey and it is not easy, these days, to penetrate the bastions and surprise Audrey in her moments of play. Studio officials maintain that she is externally exhausted, ever under strain, and that the giving of interviews is a courtesy she extends the press, and that the press should regard interviews in the light of audiences at court: attendance at such functions is a privilege, but not a right. ###

Audrey broods after disturbing interview

St. Louis Blues

by E. SIMMS CAMPBELL

A ragtime piano with a raggedy tune
Beatin' two-four time in a back saloon
Off Chestnut and Market—the place to be
That's old St. Louis comin' back to me

Raffet flats on Lawton and Pine
Shades pulled down, everybody drinkin' wine
Hear that thump of a piano man
And dig that riff in his strong right hand

There's Mildred and Mamie and Lula Belle
Going bumpety bump—oh, the music is swell
Work for the white folks tomorrow at nine
But tonight's for livin'—ain't that music fine?

Up from the levee when their work is through
Come Pops and Louis with a great big stew
Pigs feet and chitterlin's and collard greens
And carrying it all in soup tureens

A house-rent party is somethin' to see
They're stompin' out the music in a minor key
Nobody cares for the morrow after
Just jivin' and drinkin' and plenty of laughter

Made a trip back home not long ago
Scared me to death to see it so
Union Station is all brand new
Old Market Street's gone—why, they've changed the view!

Tall white buildin's—a great big square
And fountains splashin' water everywhere
Rows of trees as neat as you please
Even street cleaners on their hands and knees

No more honky-tonks, no piano blues
No guys pattin' time with those button shoes
No more river packet boats, no nothin', it seems
Progress always gets in the way of my dreams

An analysis of fear, and how most men react to it

by CAROLINE BIRD

ARE YOU A COWARD ?

WOULD you wrench a gun from the hand of an assassin who wasn't pointing at you? Would you smash a window with your own head to free children trapped by fire? Would you risk insanity in the interests of science?

Well, would you?

You can't tell by looking in the mirror. Three who did these things have little in common.

The gun-wrencher was J. Warren Hershey, a student. He was a peacefully sweeping a sidewalk in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, when he heard a shot. Across the street, a drunk with a smoking revolver was chasing a middle-aged woman. Hershey did what you or I would have done. He took cover behind a tree. The woman whizzed by. The drunk fired and missed again. Then, when he passed by the tree, Hershey did something he didn't have to do. He jumped out, grabbed the pursuer's right arm and toppled him over on his back so that the loaded gun pointed into his face. Hershey then grasped the wrist that held the gun with his right hand, seized the barrel of the gun with his left, and flung it to a safe distance. The Carnegie Hero Fund awarded him $500 and a bronze medal.

The head basher was Marvin Gilmore, an unemployed Negro mechanic, who probably wasn't dreaming of heroism when he smelled smoke while walking on a street in Camden, New Jersey, last February. Looking up, he saw it came from a closed window. The faces of two terrified children were pressed against the glass. A crowd below was doing the "natural thing"—phoning the fire department, sticking around to see what would happen. Without thinking, Gilmore clambered up the sheer wall, supporting himself precariously by grasping telephone lead-in wires. Once level with the window, he had no hand free to work. Using his head for a ram, he shattered the glass, climbed into the blinding smoke, and lowered four children to waiting arms below.

The snake-pit volunteer was Dale Horst, a young man whose religious objection to war opens him to accusations of cowardice. He offered himself as a human guinea pig to researchers at the National Institute of Health. With instruments strapped to his body, he took a dose of LSD, a white powder which temporarily induces a schizophrenic-like state in normal persons. Schizophrenia itself is an incurable mental disease characterized by loss of contact with the environment and by disintegration of the personality. As the drug took effect, the friendly attendants and doctors began to look like sneaky executioners. Bright pinwheels of color whirled before Horst's eyes. Wave after wave of terror passed through him. The drug wore off—but the memory left him with a painful appreciation that insanity could happen to him too.

Would you do what these men did? You may not be a human fly or a religious fanatic and you may not know one end of a gun from another. Indeed, the conditions of modern life don't necessarily favor these talents. But deep down you need to know whether you could take it—for a worthy cause preferably, but, if need be, as a prize fighter or a thug takes it.

The need to prove physical courage is as old as civilization. It is for men only. Women can stand more pain, more frustration, and more discomfort than men, but they don't have to court danger. Men must have the test.

Sentiment was unpopular in World War II, but many a soldier broke into tears because he couldn't get to the front. Whether soldier or not, every man can sympathize with the recruit in *The Red Badge of Courage* who lay awake trying "to methematically prove to himself that he would not run from battle." Some need the proof more than they need life itself. A Tacoma, Washington, boy left a suicide note explaining that he did it to "prove that I'm not chicken." Many man believe that a columnist, in accusing Defense Secretary James Forrestal of abandoning his wife to burglars, contributed to the depressed state of mind which drove him into suicide.

Is there any way of telling, once and for all, and in advance? Can science sort the men from the boys? A serious attempt was made in World War II, and for very practical reasons. The Army wanted to screen out those likely to panic in battle and demoralize others before becoming expensive victims of what was called "shell shock" in World War I. The Air Force wanted to entrust its fantastically expensive aircraft to those young men least likely to crack them up through a failure of nerve. The atomic bomb called for some simple touchstone for locating potential heroes for strategic civil-defense posts.

In 1943, Army psychologists at Camp Adair, Oregon, probed the attitudes of thousands of new recruits to combat, the Army, their own health, their families, themselves. The answers, along with the results of standard Army mental-ability tests and achievement records, were put on ice until the men had seen action in France during the heavy fighting of 1944. Then, right behind the battle lines, each man was rated by his buddies on his performance in combat.

Do you have an individual predisposition to failure?

The results, plus similar tests and the impressions of Army doctors and psychiatrists, make it possible to spot those men in a group who are most likely to break under danger.

1. Those who break are more apt to report one or more of the following symptoms of anxiety: stomach trouble, nausea, vomiting, ulcers, mucous colitis, fainting spells, dizzy spells, shortness of breath, convulsions, tremors, nightmares, cold sweats, stammering, twitching muscles, tics, irregular heartbeat, sick headaches, pressure in the head, nail biting. They are also apt to think that their health is bad.

2. Those who break are more apt to report, either as children or as adults, specific fears of the dark, of airplanes, of high places, tight places, open places, water, the sight of blood. Among the Camp Adair group, those who said they worried a lot about being injured in combat didn't perform as well as those who didn't think they worried much about it.

3. Those who break, some observers think, are more sensitive to pain. Not only are they more afraid of the dentist, for instance, but the drill ing actually hurts them more than it seems to hurt other people. Psychologists confess they are mystified by pain, but agree that it cannot be explained wholly in physiological terms. Fear seems to play a role.

4. Psychiatrists who have treated men who broke down in military

service think that many of them preferred their mothers to their fathers. There are no statistics that prove mama's boys have a higher breakdown potential but there is a grain of truth in the widely publicized notion that "momism" made it harder for Americans to be good soldiers. A man who has been unable to take his father for a model is obviously going to have trouble with the masculine virtues, especially if he goes to war to "prove he's a man."

5. Those who break are more apt to report low spirits, poor treatment from others and lack of enthusiasm for what they are doing. They are "down in the mouth," "sad sacks." All soldiers beef, but these beef most.

6. Those who break are more suggestible. Doctor Joost A. M. Meerloo believes. Crisis requires a man to break with habit. His impulse is to run. He must stop, look appraise the situation, and stat. Those able to resist suggestion are less liable to fall for "trick" questions, less likely to agree with nonsense sentences solemnly offered by the interviewer.

7. Those who break have less confidence in themselves. They express a lot of doubts about their ability to handle a new job. The Camp Adair soldiers who didn't think they'd do well in combat were not apt to do as well as those who thought they'd do all right. Parachute trainees who said they were very much afraid of the first jump didn't jump as well as those who expressed less fear beforehand.

8. Those who break are apt to be older. Psychologists don't know for sure what this age difference means, if it means anything. The younger men at Camp Adair worried more but had fewer anxiety symptoms. Youngsters react faster, oldsters have more judgment.

9. Those who break are apt to have less education than those who hold. Statistically speaking, this correlation turns up on most of the studies, but psychologists are skeptical that education itself is responsible. It may be that the better educated are less likely to get themselves in physically dangerous situations, that they are better trained to control their impulses, to act a part required of them. An explorer once said he would rather have a soft Oxford undergraduate with him in a tight place in the Arctic than a physically toughened common sailor.

10. Those who broke were apt to have lower scores on tests for mental ability, the Army's discreet euphemism for intelligence.

This list of "individual predispositions" to failure in combat did not surprise psychologists for the Armed Forces and it probably does not surprise you. The wonder was, however, that they did not predict as well as psychiatrists had expected. Screaming neurotics miraculously held together on the battlefield. Dr. Meerloo, a specialist on brain washing, who is now a consultant to the Armed Forces on morale, psychoanalyzed a youth who had won one of the highest military decorations for remaining behind a machine gun after his comrades had retreated. "In his case history," Dr. Meerloo says, "it became evident that only a paralysis of fear had prevented his following the order to retire. But his lone machine gun caused the attacking enemy—as panicky as he—to retreat. He believed himself a hero."

Doctor John M. Caldwell, Chairman of the Department of Psychiatry and Neurology of the Medical College of Georgia, warns that the sources of courage are multiple and even contradictory. Sometimes men face danger in an unrecognized attempt to get themselves killed, but instead perform acts of apparent valor. Men also perform acts of apparent heroism if, when they find themselves in a threatening situation and solve the situation to save themselves, they also incidentally save others. One other drive might be mentioned. Some men have tremendous aggressions, the desire to kill and destroy, which is given social sanction by war.

The story of those who broke was mixed too. Air Force psychiatrists Lieutenant Colonel Roy R. Grinker and Major John P. Spiegel segregated flyers who crashed up upon [illegible] groups: those whose sense of duty [illegible] and those who didn't have enough [illegible] that they should expose themselves to danger at all. This last group, which could properly be called "yellow," was extremely small. One of them was a saxophone player who applied for cadet training in the Air Force because he couldn't stand the discipline of the Infantry. He openly and calmly asked to be relieved of the combat duty he had dreaded from the moment he was drafted. An example of the first group, a crusader fit within causes who had been babied by his wife, enlisted in the Air Force because his imagination was fired by the idea of becoming a hero. Both panicked and performed erratically on first missions—but for opposite reasons.

On analysis courage looked like a matter of degree. Almost every combat airman eventually experienced the symptoms which attacked those who broke down on their first missions or even before. The noise of an explosion still scares combat veterans more than it does those who have never seen what that noise can mean. Some simply break sooner than others. According to Doctor William C. Menninger, the famous psychiatrist who served as chief consultant in neuropsychiatry to the Surgeon General, war service convinced psychiatrists that they had been paying too much attention to defective personality structure and too little to the external stresses which bring on neurosis. The mistake was natural for doctors trained to treat the seriously disturbed. Psychiatrists in fact consistently underestimated human nature.

Social scientists and civilian and military authorities started looking in the opposite direction. Instead of trying to find out why men break they began trying to find out why they hold. Evidence poured in to establish a source of human strength long suspected by sergeants, parents, teachers and preachers.

Men risk their own necks for other people because they need to "belong" more than they need to live.

The bards called it "patriotism" or "loyalty." The moralists called it "altruism." Preachers might call it "faith." The social scientists who feel emotionally charged words call it "group identification."

Looking back on World War II experience, the psychologists discovered that individuals with a very poor courage expectancy performed well when they belonged to units with high morale and good leadership. Identification with buddies proved in fact more predictive than any individual predisposition measured.

The famous study of Korean veterans made by Brigadier General S. L. A. Marshall disclosed that men were more apt to shoot in battle if they had companions close at hand. The finding is being used to reorganize battle deployment so that no man is left in a foxhole alone.

Final proof comes from an experiment conducted by Army psychologists. A soldier with an electric current running through his arm is asked to turn it on as high as he can stand. Later another soldier is brought into the room and the first is invited to try again with the new man connected to the machine. The amount of current a man will take when he thinks he has company in the ordeal is usually twice as great as he will voluntarily incur alone. Competition isn't the principal reason why men can stand more when they stand together. They actually get strength from each other.

Intuitively the armed forces of all history have deliberately strengthened ties among the men which will enable them to withstand danger. Common training, uniforms and insignia reinforce "group identification" but nothing hands like common experience in danger.

Danger brings on awareness of the other fellow

Anyone who has been in a fire knows how dramatically danger makes its own group, even among strangers. In disaster, social distinction, the color line and private property go by the board. When in 1951 a crashed airplane cut through a crowd at Flagler, Colorado, killing twenty and injuring thirty others, people took whatever cars were handiest to get the injured to safety. Merchants handed out supplies free to anyone asking for them. A schoolteacher voluntarily compiled a list of the dead and brought it to the newspaper office, where an editor from another town had arrived to help the hard-pressed staff.

Disaster researchers find it difficult to learn much about the individuals who become leaders and heroes because they insist during their interviews, on talking about others who were in it with them. It isn't modesty, it's simply that they were more aware of others than of themselves.

But group identification works both ways. Soldiers closely attached to their buddies are less brave when separated from them, than those who don't belong to groups. Guilt for surviving a buddy, even when there is no responsibility for his death, is one of the commonest war neuroses. And the need for group identification, Dr. Meerloo feels, is the secret weapon of the brain-washers. Most people will co-operate with the enemy once they feel there is no other group to which they can attach themselves. The holdouts are at the opposite ends of the normal range: men who draw on an exceptionally strong identification with the home group to resist the isolation to which the brain-washers deliberately subject them, and psychotic or neurotic men who have never been able to form any group ties at all. Needless to say, neither type of holdout is much good to their captors anyway.

The new evidence inevitably raises two new questions. Can the authorities choose soldiers better by finding out which individuals are able to take best advantage of the support of companions? Can courage expectancy be improved by finding out precisely what circumstances help men face danger? The Korean War was an unprecedented laboratory for studying the first question, because it put thousands of trained and picked young men into the same situation. Civilian disasters have been used as laboratories for the second inquiry because they confront different kinds of people with different situations.

During the Korean War soldiers haggard from battle staggered into camp to face batteries of psychologists. Writing on their gunstocks, they answered thousands of parlor game-type questions. Each then submitted to searching psychiatric interviews about his personal life and answered specific questions about the behavior of the men with whom he had just faced fire. The combat research project was under the direction of the Personnel Research Branch of the Adjutant-General's Office in co-operation with civilian psychologists from George Washington University.

Fighters—those so labeled were marked trees on the score sheets—were men whom eyewitnesses reported as exposing themselves to enemy fire, volunteering for patrols, leading assaults, using their weapons, continuing the fight though wounded, and sticking to position. "Non Fighters"—labeled "sacks"—were men who literally lay low, didn't fire, wouldn't advance, wouldn't help the wounded, or who froze.

The massive evidence was flown out to the States and sorted. Scores of theories were tested by statistically determining whether more than a chance number of the fighters possessed the characteristics suggested as distinguishing them.

Many of the theories were proved duds. There were no significant differences in the ability to see the lay of the land as measured by visual perception tests, to single out the noise of a particular weapon from a medley of sounds, or in physical co-ordination of mind and muscle. Thorough training had probably given all of them about the same skills. The fighters however were a little taller and heavier, a little healthier, better educated by an average of a year's more schooling, a little higher up on the social and economic ladder.

The big differences were in mental ability and in interests, attitudes and motivations—the characteristics loosely called personality. Add up the characteristics which most distinguished the fighters and you have a profile which sounds surprisingly—even frighteningly—similar to the young man parents and teachers urge a boy to be. The fighter is intelligent but not bookish, emotionally stable but not rigidly set in his ways. He is "tougher" and more masculine in all the ways our culture defines masculinity: he likes rugged sports, outdoor activities, tinkering with machinery. He gets along easily with other people and would rather work on a team than by himself. He is outgoing rather than introspective, optimistic rather than analytical, a doer rather than a thinker. He is no odd ball. He likes his parents, got along well at school, and takes a stable home life more or less for granted.

Army psychologists are still analyzing the results and they are jumping to no conclusions. They are delighted to find questions which sort the fighters from the non-fighters even if they can't understand what they mean. If you are not a psychologist, however, you are privileged to wonder if the American fighting man is the answer to an American mother's prayer because he adjusts more readily to what others expect of him at home or at war. Would reading books make the non-fighter in England where regular guys read books? Would an interest in the ballet make it hard for a Russian to perform well in battle?

Are the brave simply the well adjusted?

It's a little disappointing to think that the brave may simply be the best adjusted. But however well adjusted you are, how you rise to an occasion depends a great deal on the occasion. Since 1950 the National Research Council's Committee on Disaster Studies has been sending trained observers to the scene of house explosions, fires, floods, tornadoes, air crashes and other accidents to find out what supports people in rising to them. In order to help civil-defense planning, they are studying miles of tape on which they have recorded interviews with all kinds of victims caught in all kinds of circumstances. Often they get to the scene in time to record what really happened during the moments every one soon forgets or distorts. They find that you will do better:

1. If the disaster is one which calls for your special skills or special responsibility.

One of the first to emerge from what the "disasterologists" call the "shock-stun" reaction at the Flagler airplane crash was a Catholic priest. "For thirty seconds," his tape runs, "I just did nothing. . . . And then, well, first thing I could think of was, well, maybe some of them will need baptism since they're dying, so I got a—so I knew some pop coolers, went in and got an empty pop bottle and filled it with water, and then I rushed over to the crowd. . . . After the disaster, at least one man in Flagler's predominantly Protestant community appeared for instruction in the Catholic faith.

Another hero was the local mortician. As soon as he found that his wife was dead, he started to work on those who had been killed in the crash. "I knew people would expect a lot of me," he explained. "It was hard on me to work with my attention divided between the hospital, the mortuary, and my family."

2. If someone takes leadership.

It doesn't have to be a constituted authority, and often it isn't. At the Flagler air crash it happened to be the announcer of a sound truck at the airfield. His first impulse was to rush to the crash area, but then he saw he had the microphone in his hands and someone ought to keep the crowd out of the danger area, so he started issuing orders. One of the first of these orders was to stop smoking—a command later credited with the prevention of fire. Many people who obeyed the orders couldn't even remember hearing them. The "wild beast" reaction to disaster is pure Hollywood. Shocked people are actually docile.

3. If you know something about the cause of the accident.

When a faulty gas reducing valve brought on a series of house explosions in Brighton, New York, a man who had experience with gas equipment turned off the gas in eight houses. "Then I realized that I was a damn fool," his tape runs. "I had taken my life in my hands going down into all those basements."

Will knowing the horror make you a coward?

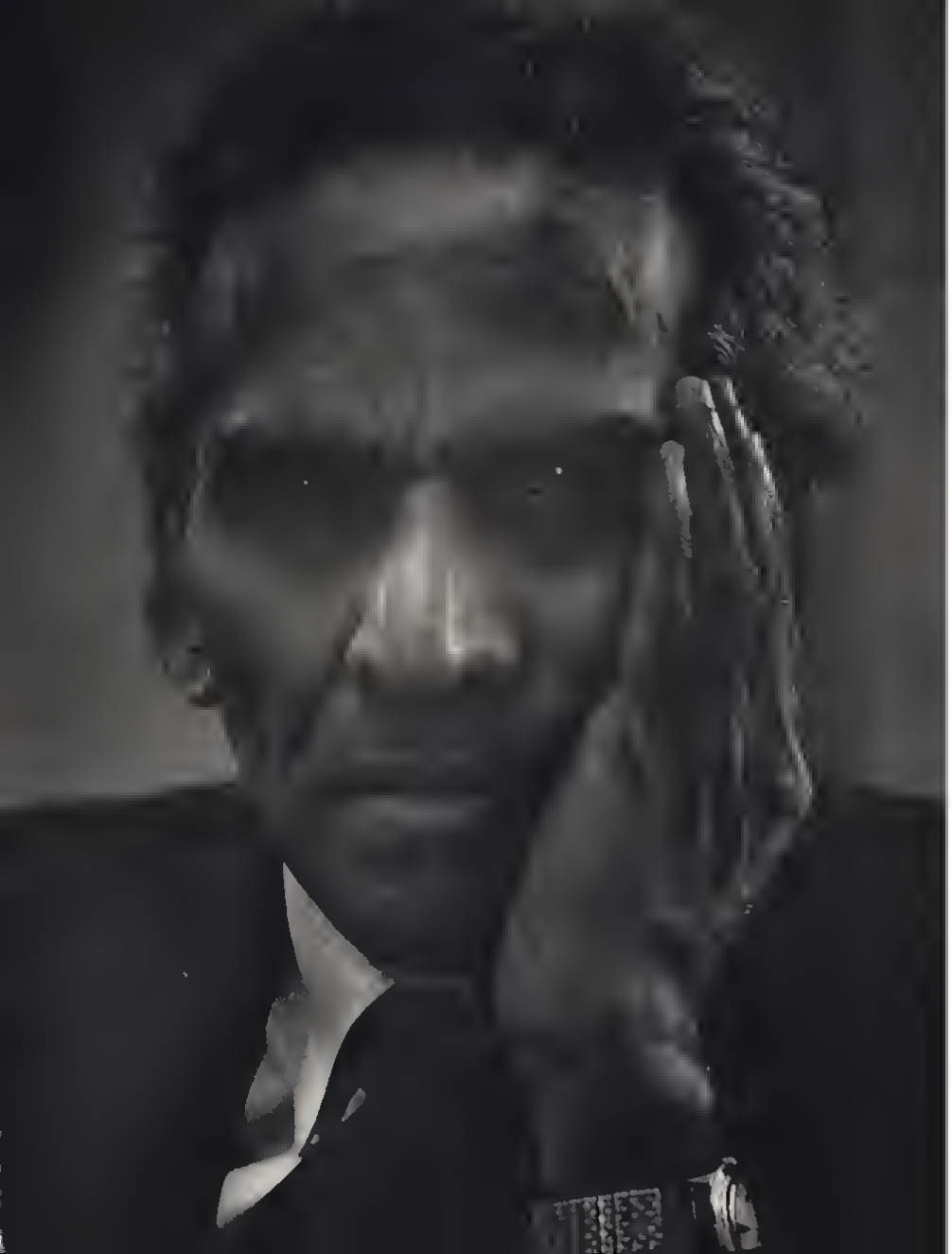
Doctor Irving L. Janis, author of *Air War and Emotional Stress*, says however, that there is such a thing as knowing the horrible possibilities of a situation too well. The sight of maimed and mutilated bodies—particularly the bodies of women and children—is more unnerving than injury to one's self. Those who know what a bomb has done to *others* can be as paralyzed as those who don't know what is hitting them.

In addition to a feeling of belonging and sufficient intelligence and training to figure out what to do, Anthropologist Anthony F. C. Wallace would add another prerequisite for good behavior in crisis: "A suitable physio-chemical make-up so that fear can generate sufficient stress to mobilize emergency forces, but not so much that the person is swamped with anxiety."

Unfortunately, the biochemists don't yet know precisely how fear affects the body, but they are sure that the thumping heart, the deepened breath, the high blood pressure, the shift of blood from intestines to muscles, the freeing of sugar for instant cell combustion, and the outpouring of hormones which step up body reactions are all designed by nature to help the body fight or flee. At one time they thought that fear and anger were physiologically the same. Now they suspect that these emotions activate different parts of the hypothalamus, the center in the brain which interprets emotion to the body. At one time they thought that the feeling of fear followed the body reactions—Lord, you are afraid because you run away. Now they think it is just as likely that you run away because you are afraid.

But one thing is sure: fear is as great a friend as pain. A good example of fear at its best is that of the athlete who was scared by a dog into jumping a fence six inches higher than his best track record. Too much fear, on the other hand, can kill you instantly, whiten your hair, root you to the danger, or cause you to rush into it like the thief who gives himself up to the police because he can't stand the suspense any longer. It can, in extreme instances, cause you to go back to childhood, like the earthquake victim who was found playing children's games in the garden.

It may be indeed that a certain amount of danger invoking the right amount of fear is good for human males. Civilization may deprive them of opportunities for using a marvelously intricate set of physiological responses which must have accounted for the survival and evolution of the animal man to his present estate. ###



by SERRELL HILLMAN

WORLD'S MOST HATED DIPLOMAT

Curse students of the dramatic arts like to argue that today's greatest actor is not Sir Laurence Olivier or Sir John Gielgud but India's chief delegate to the UN, V. K. Krishna Menon. Beyond doubt Menon has had no rival as diplomatic-dramatic villain since the death of Russia's Vishinski.

News that Menon is about to speak invariably fills the UN galleries. Even the most jaded delegates turn in their seats to stare when the gaunt Indian with curly silver hair, worn theatrically long, stalks into the Assembly chamber leaning on his ever-present silver-and-blue-tipped cane. (Menon uses the cane for more than sheer effect; for years he has suffered from arthritis in his back, legs and joints.) People whisper, nudge one another, then sit back in happy anticipation of a brilliant performance. Few delegates leave the room when Menon is speaking—not only because he is a major orator, but because India—in large part as a result of his efforts—has become a major power in the UN and one whose position on any issue is of real importance.

Nobody in the eighty-one nation UN can put on a show as ably as Menon. He can talk glibly for hours without consulting a note. (A reporter seeing him in the UN Delegates' Lounge studying a manuscript, said: "I thought you were famous for talking off the top of your head." Menon, flashing the infrequent smile that displays his big, glistening white teeth, cracked: "One should at least do a test the courtesy of looking at it before throwing it away.") He is celebrated for his snarling manners, yet he can be charming and conciliatory when he chooses. He can switch effortlessly from merciless invective to deliberately legalistic discourse. Usually, however, Menon is insistent, aggressive and notoriously fond of having the last word. Such characteristics, joined by a barely concealed belief that the other diplomats of the world are distinctly his intellectual inferiors, have made Menon the most enthusiastically disliked representative at the UN.

In the Delegates' Lounge, where much of the average day's work is accomplished over drinks and coffee, the controversial Menon is a steady subject of conversation. At one time or another, he has been described as the bad fairy of the UN, a man who eats his young, the old snake charmer, "the swami" (the phrase most often applied to him by ex-Secretary of State Dean Acheson), a combination of the three witches in *Macbeth* and a camel about to spit. One of the more charitable diplomats, desperately thinking of something nice to say about Menon, blurted out: "Well, I guess you could call him an acquired taste."

Menon's bursting rarely rudeness and superciliousness have also antagonized many of his own countrymen. Large numbers of India's top officials dislike him—some, no doubt, because of envy of what has been called Menon's "Peter and Christ relationship" with India's Prime Minister Nehru. After the Bandung conference—in which Menon played his usual significant role—an American reporter who covered it was telephoned by Gaganvihari Lalbhai Mehta, Indian ambassador to the United States: "What did you think of Menon?" asked the ambassador. "I thought he was a remarkable man," said the reporter, "easily the brightest and most impressive in the conference." After a long silence Ambassador Mehta said tersely: "Well, I see he has one friend anyway."

Members of the American delegation to the UN, who must work intimately with Menon, are inclined to take a sympathetic view of him. Menon isn't difficult just for the hell of it," says one delegate. "It takes somebody like a Menon to accept opprobrium and bully the UN into accepting India as a great power."

Millions of Americans, who know Menon only through television or an almost uniformly hostile press, think otherwise. Remembering his advocacy of the admission of Red China to the UN, his proposal to ban all hydrogen bomb tests, his readiness to attack shortcomings of the Western democracies and his reluctance to lash out against the Communist nations, they see him as a fellow traveler and a threat to U.S. aspirations. Staring on TV at his sharp, eclipse features and his glowing zealots' eyes, listening to him lash gleatingly at other UN delegates in his clipped British accent, Americans hate and fear him. He is to them a Mephistopheles in a Savile Row suit. Even his cane takes on a menacing aspect. "I'm sure he keeps a sword inside it," insists one woman who follows every Menon appearance as avidly as she does a Marlon Brando movie. Sara Ellen Sedgewick, the distinguished eighty-five-year-old ex-editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*: "Why, the man's the devil incarnate! He's got it written all over his face. If he isn't that bad, don't tell me. I have nothing left but my prejudices, and I want to keep them."

The American public, with its tendency to think of diplomacy in terms of personalities, has come to regard Krishna Menon as an object lesson of what is wrong with India—meaning India when she does not agree with us. There is a widespread feeling—intensified by Nehru's visit to Washington—that Nehru is "good" and Menon is "bad," and that, if only Nehru could be parted from Menon, India would shed its unhealthy "neutralism" and join the U.S. camp. Americans were delighted by reports from high administration sources that, in the course of Nehru's private talk with President Eisenhower at Gettysburg, the President told Nehru bluntly that Menon had proved a poor representative of his country and had soured Americans' sentiment in the U.S.

Menon insists that Eisenhower said nothing of the kind. "I certainly would have heard about it from my Prime Minister if he had," Menon claims. "On the face of it, the story is ludicrous. You don't ask a head of state to travel across the world to visit you and then denounce one of his subordinates." By the same token, the Prime Minister could have been guilty of the same discourtesy and told the President quite truthfully that a great many Indians were extremely unhappy with John Foster Dulles. But he didn't.

However unpleasant the fact may be to many Americans, Menon does speak for Nehru. Menon, who has never wavered in his loyalty to Nehru, has the Prime Minister's complete confidence. At one time he lived in Nehru's house, moving across the street in New Delhi only when he became a cabinet minister without portfolio. Menon felt he would be taking unfair advantage of his cabinet colleagues if he maintained a position of such intimacy. Incidentally, Nehru insisted when Menon set up bachelor quarters that he accept the $500-a-month cabinet minister's salary. Until then, Menon, a man of spartan tastes, had always refused to take a paycheck for his government assignments.

He draws the fire for Nehru

No less an authority than Kentucky Senator John Sherman Cooper, former U.S. Ambassador to India, believes that one valid explanation of Menon's barbed and belligerent personality is that Nehru uses him as a sounding board and as a releaser of trial balloons. "That's true of diplomacy the world over," says Senator Cooper. "Somebody has to draw the fire, and on occasions Dulles has had precisely that role in terms of U.S. policy." If something backfires, the head of state can always smooth things over.

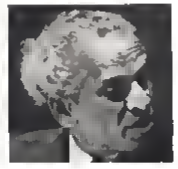
Thus, when Menon charged that the U.S. was responsible for bringing Red China into the Korean war by crossing the 38th Parallel, Nehru (who doubles as Indian Foreign Minister) urbanely responded to an informal U.S. protest by saying: "Krishna Menon does not speak for India on every occasion." (Menon still clings to the opinion that U.S. "brinkmanship" caused China to enter the war.)

By and large, however, Menon is given more leeway and authority

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTHONY TRIOLO







at the UN than any other delegate. Nehru and he think remarkably alike. In addition, Nehru is personally devoted to Menon, though he likes to tease him. Once, Menon returned from a diplomatic conference to New Delhi just when Indonesia's Sukarno had paused for an hour in the course of a long plane trip. Menon alighted from an old Dakota to find Nehru and a host of officials at another end of the field, beside Sukarno's glittering plane and a table loaded with delicacies. "What's all this?" demanded Menon, as he marched up to Nehru. "It's all for you, Krishna," said Nehru with a grin, pounding Menon on the back.

He's a member of the corporation

Much was made in the U.S. of the fact that Menon defending India's abstention on the UN resolution denouncing Russia's attack on Hungary, spoke far less critically of the Russians than Nehru himself did in addressing the Indian parliament. Yet competent U.S. observers who saw Nehru privately just before his speech and then heard his explanation to Parliament, report that he said nothing to indicate basic disagreement with Menon. Whole chunks of Nehru's speech, they add, appeared to have been lifted from Menon's dispatches home. Menon, insisting he is merely Nehru's lieutenant, demands: "Do you think I'm such a fool as to come to the UN and not represent my government? I assure you the Prime Minister is much too intelligent and strong-minded to let me do his thinking for him. I'm just a member of the corporation."

The difference between a politician's behavior at home and abroad is well pointed up by Menon himself. "In India," he says, "my task is to tell people that the U.S. doesn't want world domination. In the U.S., one of my efforts has been to save the self-respect of the U.S. by not knuckling under. It's as if the Americans were a family with a servant girl whom they kicked and abused. Then they even cast doubts on her parentage. If she cowered and cringed and did nothing, how could that family keep its self-respect? So, instead of just meekly giving in to the U.S. all the time, we're an inconvenient thorn in your flesh, always reminding you of the correct way to behave."

Despite his almost universal unpopularity in the U.S., Menon has won some strong American supporters, including Senator Cooper and Senator Hubert H. Humphrey, Jr., of Minnesota—a delegate to the most recent session of the UN. Humphrey, who likes Menon personally, said jokingly to him one day: "I hope to read something nice about you one of these days." Menon threw up his hands in mock horror. "My God!" he exclaimed. "You could lose your seat for that."

Senator Cooper and Menon developed a warm friendship during Cooper's stay in New Delhi. "Cooper did more to strengthen Indian-U.S. friendship than anybody I know," Menon says. "Cooper is equally cordial. 'You know,' he says, 'I'm fond of old Krishna—real fond.' I never had the slightest trouble with him. He's a very attractive, amusing fellow. The important thing to remember about him is that he doesn't just represent himself, as so many of us think, he speaks for India and Nehru. Just as Dulles speaks for the U.S. and Eisenhower. Now you may not agree with everything he says—I personally think he trusts the Russians too much—and you may think he's too aggressive. But then there may be some who think Dulles is too aggressive, too. In all my time in India, I never heard Menon say a single unfavorable thing about the U.S. In speeches and press conferences all over the country, he went out of his way to praise us and our drive for peace. He is a pretty sharp with Indian reporters who tried to get him to say that the U.S. was imperialistic."

Moreover, says Senator Cooper, Menon gave more than lip service to the U.S. He believes that Menon deserves far more credit than he has been given for getting the first four U.S. prisoners out of Red China. "Menon came to see me before he went to see Chou En Lai," says Cooper, "and told me what he was going to try to do. When he returned, I was the first to hear what he had done, and he was absolutely right on the time, place and number of prisoners involved in the release. I've always felt we Americans were ungenerous in not giving him more praise. He felt this keenly, too, but he was always willing to admit that Dag Hammarskjold and others were working on the same problem."

Menon's own account of the incident reveals his love of bravado and childlike zeal for associating himself with famous people. "Chou En Lai is a very decent fellow," he says. "I like him and he likes me. Whenever he gives his word, you can trust him. Our personal relationship was responsible for his letting the prisoners out."

Menon, who wants desperately to be liked but who still nurses a sense of inferiority and insecurity that prompts him to attack before he thinks anyone can attack him, is equally self revealing when he analyzes Secretary of State Dulles. "It's stupid to dismiss Dulles as a Christian fanatic. He's as astute as they come, clever and calculating. You know... Dulles tells everyone that he sees more of me than any other foreign diplomat."

His friends say that Menon is easily his own worst enemy. A mass of contradictions, he is conceited and arrogant yet genuinely dedicated in his love of peace. Nobody but Nehru himself could represent India so ably at the UN, yet Menon at times has lost important votes in UN committees simply through personal unpopularity. He can be at once cherlish and considerate, intolerant and understanding. His inconsistency is never more apparent than in his reaction to press accounts of himself. At times he professes not to care what anyone says or writes: "I am not a saint," he announces, "but ninety five per cent of the time if the press or the UN delegates insult me or insinuate anything, I don't say a word. Vishinsky attacked me—did I reply?" Yet, in other occasions Menon admits that his unpopularity bothers him: "I'm very thin-skinned," he confessed recently. "I don't like criticism. I don't go off my rocker about it, as you say in this country. I hope I have a mind, that's all that keeps me going."

His shoulder chip is riveted on

Nobody has analyzed Menon's puzzling character with more sympathetic awareness than Hubert Humphrey. "Krishna," he says, "spent so many years fighting the British he doesn't know what to do. He's like some poor guy across the tracks who was ruined by the rich town banker. He spends years and years trying to get even. At last he's in a position to do so, but he has enough moral sense so he can't quite bring himself to do it. He's left with a chip on his shoulder that he can't brush off." Senator Humphrey adds: "I think Menon quite sincerely thinks of himself as a compromiser working for world peace. He'll admit that he deals with the Russians sure, but his point is that somebody has to. Otherwise it's the U.S. on one side of the street and the Russians on the other, and what happens to everybody else?"

Menon himself impatiently pushes aside all theories of how he became what he is today. He has a passionate dislike of talking about his personal life and career. "It's really very simple," he says. "I'm not at the UN as a performing bear to please the Americans or the Russians. I'm here to represent India and work for world co-operation."

Menon's few close friends agree with Senator Humphrey that Menon's very special past, as an Indian who spent most of his adult life in London fighting a lonely battle against British rule of India, goes far toward explaining him at age sixty.

In 1924, when he was twenty-seven, he went to London for a six month stay, but didn't leave until 1952. He had been sent by a woman, Mrs. Annie Besant, who, although English, exerted a mystical influence on many young Indian leaders. Mrs. Besant's self-appointed mission in life was the spread of an eccentric philosophy called theosophy, which is a mélange of Buddhism, Hinduism, Fabian Socialism and spiritualism. Among others who came under her spell was Nehru himself.

However, unlike Nehru, who was born to wealth, Menon had to make his own way. He was also burdened with an odd psychological handicap, which was no doubt aggravated by his experiences with Mrs. Besant.



Debating on the floor of the UN General Assembly V. K. Krishna Menon's face this plays many moods and increasingly resentment. Brilliant and perverse, he has built an international reputation on his talent for having the last word, even though such an interchange often leaves him limp with exhaustion.

He grew up in the South Indian district of Malabar, in a matriarchal society known as *marumakkathayam*. Some friends attribute Krishna Menon's determined bachelorhood less to asceticism and fanatical attention to work than an abhorrence of feminine possessiveness stemming from his early experience within a social structure in which women were the focus and the power, inheriting, owning, and managing the property, and paying little heed to the men.

Once in London and free from this, Menon immersed himself in his studies, emerging five years later laden with academic honors and an impressive string of degrees: a teacher's diploma, a Bachelor of Science degree with first honors at the London School of Economics (center the influence of the ubiquitous Socialist Harold Laski) and an M.A. with honors at University College in London. The title of his scholarly thesis for the master's degree: "An Experimental Study of the Mental Processes Involved in Reasoning." He was admitted to the London bar in 1934, but devoted himself almost entirely to the causes of freedom for India and Socialism for England.

He had almost no money, lived in a miserable one room flat in Camden Town and existed largely on tea. His restless, mobile figure, cane, bushy brows, burning eyes and slightly diabolic smile became familiar to anyone who paused to listen to Hyde Park orators. When he wasn't on a soapbox, he could be found elsewhere in the midst of militant Socialist activity—marching with hunger strikers, huddling in committee rooms or spouting eloquently to earnest followers in his Camden Town flat.

Then, as now, Menon was a nonsmoker, a teetotaler and vegetarian. He had only scorn for idle gossip and chitchat and showed his displeasure by sitting moodily silent until he got the chance to launch into one of his brilliant but usually overlong monologues. (Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., U.S. Chief Delegate to the UN, who admires Menon's mind immensely, has complained: "The trouble with Krishna is that he never knows when to stop.")

In 1935, Menon met Nehru, who had come to London to seek a publisher for his polemical writings. The two men became intimate friends. Both radiated intellectual brilliance, volatility, impatience with lesser brains. Most of all, they were alike in a burning desire for Indian independence. Since that time, says one wit, the guiding star of Menon's life has been Nehru. My God to Thee."

When World War II broke out, Menon opposed it as imperialist and tried to make a comparison between British and Nazi imperialism. He appeared on platforms with fellow travelers and Communists. Frequently he was charged with being a Communist. He denies the charge hotly and points out that he fought to keep India within the British Commonwealth, whereas Indian Communists favored a total split. He says with characteristic immodesty: "It's the ingenuity of India that has created the whole modern Commonwealth attitude, and no two people have done more in this respect than Prime Minister Nehru and myself."

Nehru, after becoming Prime Minister of India, rewarded Menon by naming him India's first High Commissioner to the United Kingdom. For the first time in his life, Menon had money to spend. He personally selected with a lavish hand the china, rare silver, curtains and carpets for India House. He bought a fleet of shining cars for his staff and a house in Kensington Palace Gardens for the use of the High Commissioner. Yet typically—he refused to live in the house during his five-year tenure of office, and holed up instead in one room in India House, next to his office.

Menon's critics in the Indian Parliament hurled accusations that he had spent wildly and had even installed a gold and marble bathroom for his own use in India House. Madame Pandit, Nehru's sister and the present High Commissioner in London, with whom Menon has carried on a running feud for years, loves to show the bathroom to visitors: "Come and see Krishna's white elephant," she cries, and leads guests to an ultramodest bathroom containing a narrow little tub which would be considered rather evco on a third rate safari.

In 1952 Nehru sent Menon to the United Nations General Assembly meeting, where for the first time he won international attention by proposing a peace plan for Korea which finally was accepted after the Russians first turned it down and then grudgingly approved it.

Two years later, Menon made another major contribution when he helped bring about the Geneva agreement on cease fire in Indo-China—following this up with his successful effort to help free U.S. prisoners from China. Subsequently it was Menon who deftly arranged a formula saving France's face and allowing her to return to the UN after walking out over the Algerian question. He managed to break a UN stalemate on the admission of eighteen new members by having Japan and Outer Mongolia temporarily dropped from consideration.

At the latest UN session, when all disarmament resolutions had been tabled because of utter disagreement between the U.S. and Russia, Menon assumed his familiar role of intermediary. Finally, he persuaded the two countries to talk directly and then got them to co-sponsor a resolution which, when unanimously passed, said virtually nothing but at least smashed a deadlock.

As unofficial leader of the Arab-Asian bloc—so powerful, now that eighty-one nations belong to the UN, that of itself it can almost block a two thirds Assembly vote—Menon worked valiantly with the U.S. at the time of the Egyptian crisis. At one stage in the crisis, he handled the bloc so skillfully that he persuaded it to drop plans calling for condemnation of Britain, France and Israel. Later he worked closely with Ambassador Lodge to put through a deliberately worded resolution demanding Israel's withdrawal from Egypt but implying UN safeguards against Egyptian reprisals. One grateful U.S. delegate admitted: "We never could have done it if Menon hadn't convinced the Arabs that we weren't trying to sell them down the river."

A few weeks later, Menon collapsed after a powerful speech of one hour and forty minutes on the Kashmir question. His doctor knowing Menon was in a state of almost total exhaustion from his round-the-clock working hours, had ordered him to speak no more than half an hour, but Menon has a lofty contempt for doctors. He tottered from the Security Council chamber to the UN clinic for a rest then, with his usual sure sense of drama, returned and spoke for another hour.

Thereafter, until Menon finally flew home after another week of rigorous labor on the Israel crisis, his physician, Doctor William M. Hitzig, was with him most of the time. Menon the doctor explained, was suffering from "coronary insufficiency" and his blood pressure was fluctuating crazily "from a high of 220 down to next to nothing."

Menon squeezed the last possible drubbit of drama from his illness. At the UN, hordes of aides as well as the solicitous doctor hovered about him. Masses of reporters and photographers trailed him. Menon posed theatrically for cameramen, leaning on his cane and staring pensively through the great windows of the UN. Once he deliberately encouraged an impromptu press conference in a UN corridor, then—just as the questions were becoming provocative—cut it off abruptly, explaining that he thought the interviewers (mostly representatives of Jewish newspapers and news agencies) were U.S. Midwestern farmers. In his hotel suite at the Alrac, he received streams of visitors every evening, lying in bed, looking a vivid mahogany brown in his white pajamas and playing endlessly with a tiny children's toy—a mummy which refused to be down in its coffin.

"One stays as long as one thinks he can be of help"

For the last ten days of his stay in New York, Menon each day made and canceled plane reservations. The Israel crisis was becoming increasingly ominous as the Israeli still refused to pull out of Egypt and the Arab-Asian bloc was demanding economic and military sanctions. To reporters Menon said virtuously: "One stays as long as one thinks he can be of help." In his familiar manner, he scurried furtively from one backstage conference to another. Then the plan was taken away from

him—as Secretary Dulles began holding urgent conferences in Washington with Israeli Ambassador Abba Eban and other principals. Menon finally felt on the afternoon that Israeli Foreign Minister Mrs. Golda Meir announced to the General Assembly that Israel had agreed to pull out its forces.

That same morning Menon signaled his departure with a long, legalistic speech to the Assembly in which he expressed skepticism of Israel's actual intentions and warned delegates to "keep your powder dry." Menon sharply criticized the U.S. for trying to circumvent the UN and solve the Israel crisis by secret bilateral talks in Washington. A friend teased him for rebuking secret diplomacy when he himself had become its acknowledged master. Menon said petulantly: "I believe in secret diplomacy upon occasion."

For all his—and India's—professed dedication to UN principles, Menon should at the latest UN session that where self interest is involved India can be as narrowly nationalistic as any other country. He came in for considerable criticism when he tried to adopt his familiar holier-than-thou attitude to justify India's formal annexation of Kashmir. Three years India and Pakistan have feuded over this area. This year for the fifth time India stubbornly fought a UN Security Council directive for a free plebiscite. Says Menon: "One greatest mistake it is in even taking this matter to the UN. Unfortunately the Prime Minister took a high moral tone about it. We can handle this problem ourselves without interference. It would violate India's sovereignty to let a UN police force into India to supervise an election. And in any event, there's no doubt that Kashmir considers itself part of us." Menon adds righteously: "I can tell you that most of the Pakistanis want to join India. They're unhappy and jealous—they see us going up and themselves going down."

The Kashmir issue recalled Menon to yet another inconsistency. One day he told a reporter: "Screaming and talking is no help. When everyone shouts and passes resolutions it much freezes a situation." The very next day Menon launched an occasionally abusive five-hour speech on Kashmir which he continued for another two hours and forty-eight minutes the following day, thus setting an all-time record for UN verbosity. (Asked afterward how he was able to speak so long without sprinting to a bathroom, Menon said mischievously: "Ah, the tragedy of my life is that the more control I exhibit the less self-control they say I have.")

Although Menon's stand on Kashmir prompted sharp criticism, his failure to condemn Russia's brutality in Hungary marked the low point in his relations with the American public. Menon's weak defense: "There's no point in condemnation if you can't enforce it. Besides, what we want is a solution—not a resolution."

Krishna Menon believes that the U.S. gradually is taking a more tolerant and less rigid attitude toward the neutralist, non-committed countries best exemplified by India itself. As the most positive evidence of this change he points to Nehru's cordial visit with President Eisenhower. Few Americans, however, even while recognizing the growing importance of the Arab and Asian world and the need to understand uncommitted countries, could accept the Nehru-Menon theory of abolishing all military and defensive pacts as a sensible solution to the cold war.

"The UN," Menon argues, "is the only part we need in the world. The Russians, after all, have sufficient realism to know the condition of their intestines. There's a limit to how much they can gobble and, if they'd wanted more territory, they would have had it. Alliances can't stop subversion. You can't make black white by putting more black in it.

"My country is definitely against balance of power—the idea of the Holy Alliance versus the Unholy Alliance. The whole system of pacts fell to pieces in Egypt, and yet there's still an attempt to make the UN into a Holy Alliance. Actually the UN is only successful when it's an embodiment of democratic doctrine. I'm doing all I can within the UN framework to serve the forces of world co-operation—to promote law and order instead of fighting it out. I believe in world law, but I don't say we should have a world super-government at this time. The world isn't ready yet. It would be like having lunch right after breakfast."

Even those UN delegates who credit Menon with a completely sincere zeal to promote peace wish he would be more peaceful in attaining the objective. Prince Wan of Thailand, smiling, affable President of the latest Assembly, has told friends that Menon gave him far more trouble than any other delegate. Menon frequently objected to Prince Wan's rulings and once—on being gently rebuffed, turned to an aide and angrily muttered: "Idiot!"

Some UN delegates have found that the best way to handle Menon is to stand up to him. Once Menon got into a fierce argument with James Barrington, Burma's former UN representative. Menon's voice crackled throughout the large Delegates' Lounge as he sputtered: "You don't understand anything! Why don't you at least read the newspapers?" Describing the incident later, Barrington said: "For the first time in my life, I shouted back. And you know, it's amazing how nice he's been ever since." On another occasion a delegate made a speech in which he heaped fulsome praise on Menon and said that "his great influence spreads throughout Asia." Ambassador Lodge murmured to Menon: "Like Coca-Cola." Menon laughed delightedly and said: "One more crack like that and I'll crown you with this cane." Ever since, his relationship with Lodge has been markedly cordial.

Menon's relations with the press are unpredictable. Sometimes he is easily available, but he is just as apt to be stonily unapproachable. He can be abstracted or warm, irritating or courteous. If he is in the mood for it, he likes to joke with newsmen. When the Egyptian crisis was particularly tense, the correspondent for a semi-official Cairo paper jokingly complained that the Assembly, by meeting almost continuously, was spoiling his weekend. Menon retorted: "Well, we didn't ask you to raid the Israelis." He paused for effect, then added: "But we're perfectly willing to forgive you for being invaded."

Partly because of the hostile U.S. attitude toward him, partly because he habitually works twenty hours a day, Menon has come to know few Americans, and even those—celebrities like Tex and Jinx McCrary and Ed Murrow—are scarcely typical Americans. In England, too, he has sought the company of prominent people—Lord and Lady Mountbatten, actress Dame Sybil Thorndike—even though he professes scorn of fame and likes to complain that, his great trouble is that I can't be anonymous—people recognize me and come up to me wherever I go."

Work is Menon's all-consuming passion wherever he is. He rarely gets more than two or three hours sleep a night, thinks nothing of curtly summoning an aide to take dictation or go over a paper at 3 a.m. He has to be reminded to eat, and his usual meal consists of a cup of soup, a meager vegetable plate and endless cups of tea. Utterly impractical, he leaves all mundane details to the harassed but loyal assistants who follow him about like spaniels. Once they shipped up and sent Menon off to Canada on a speaking engagement with twenty cents in his pocket.

Menon is genuine and unaffected in his love of children and young people. His friend Louis Marx, the toy manufacturer, gives him a huge bag of toys each year which Menon jubilantly distributes to children of UN officials and janitors and other workmen. One of his great pleasures is to slip off to the house of a trusted friend and play happily for hours with his thirteen-year-old daughter. He has a childlike love of toys and magic. On one of his rare free evenings at the latest UN session he attended a meeting of the Magicians Guild of America and giggled like an adolescent at the various acts.

Menon has always liked to gather serious young students about him for long bull sessions and has seen to it that part of the salary which for so long he rejected went to help them through college. Few of Menon's friends are allowed to see this side of his nature. He guards himself jealously and resents any intrusion of his privacy. When an old friend asked him idly, "What are you doing tomorrow night?" Menon asked suspiciously, "Why are you trying to pry into my business?"

Still another description—Hopalong Chastity

At the UN Menon is often dubbed "Hopalong Chastity" because of his avoidance of women. Actually, Menon has always enjoyed the company of attractive women and is flattered by their obvious interest in him. He dislikes women who use too much lipstick, who smoke, who speak loudly. He likes to talk to women with wit and challenging minds, but he resents all women as time consumers. For fast relaxation, he is apt to see a movie—preferably a comedy or an Italian picture starring the glamorous Lollobrigida—or to read detective stories.

Menon left the last UN session before its completion to contest for the seat he won in Bombay for India's lower house—a prelude to further political advancement at home and the Minister of Defense portfolio in the Nehru cabinet. Whether Nehru would like to make Menon his successor is uncertain. Still more uncertain is whether Nehru could do this for Menon has many enemies at home and is vulnerable to the charge that he has spent little time in India and has yet to win his spurs on domestic matters.

Menon himself is cryptic when asked about his political ambitions: "I think the successor to Nehru is Nehru," he says.

Meantime one fact is unmistakably clear: as long as Nehru is in power, Menon is an enormously significant force that must be reckoned with, not rejected out of hand by the U.S. As Senator Cooper says: "We have to live with Menon, we'd better get used to that and start understanding him." ###

"Your publisher tells me you're being revived this year"

A Brief For Bastards

Including a gallery of history's most illustrious illegitimates

by RICHARD HANSER

One of the more memorable lines of dialogue in American dramatic literature occurs in Ring Lardner's *I Gaspin*. It goes like this:

First Stranger: *Where was you born?*

Second Stranger: *Out of wedlock.*

First Stranger: *That's a mighty pretty country around there.*

The country around there is also remarkable in other ways, and well worth exploring. It is densely populated for one thing, and ignoring all the time. Some of the best people who ever lived are natural sons, and Popes and United States Presidents have contributed to its territory. It even boasts a scattering of illegitimate gods in presidst over the plain garden variety bastards.

The word "bastard" has a gross, bludgeoning sound and seldom fails to register with something of a jolt when heard in polite society. Children get their mouths washed out with soap for using it, and it is never heard on radio or television or in the movies. It retains a certain shock value even on the stage, and in the modern novel.

Yet there is nothing obscene or profane about it. It is simply a straightforward designation of a common condition, and what it should invariably be regarded as a blistering insult is a puzzle.

The most awesome intellect ever produced by the human race, Leonardo da Vinci, was one, and it can hardly be unbearably offensive to be classed with him, or with the glittering assortment of kings, conquerors, musicians and statesmen who have shared his peculiarity.

John Adams expressing more contempt than is usually expected from one Founding Father for another once called Alexander Hamilton that little West Indian bastard. This was an accurate description, but the nation is currently observing the 200th anniversary of Hamilton's illegitimate birth with all due reverence, just the same. No monuments have been built to one the *Federalist* Papers burned because Hamilton's mistress, the mother, Rachel Faucette, neglected to marry his father. Besides, how could she? She was married to somebody else at the time.

The word derives from *fils de bâtard*, a bastard being a pack saddle used as a bed by muleteers, and in almost all organized societies the children of the pack saddle have been blandly discriminated against.

They have been scorned and abused for something they had no hand in, could do nothing about, and could not be blamed for. But some primitive tribes kill infant bastards, and the treatment resorted to even in more advanced civilizations has often been almost as savage.

"A bastard," thundered the ancient Hebrew law, setting the tone for centuries to come, "shall not enter into the congregation of the Lord; even to his tenth generation shall he not enter into the congregation of the Lord." And the Hindu proverb says: "Stay as far away as possible from a bastard."

Even in luminous Athens enlightenment ceased where illegitimacy began, and in Rome, too, the bastard was disdained.

Though illegitimacy has usually been condemned and despised in ordinary mortals, it has been condoned and even applauded in gods and heroes.

Great Jove himself was a prolific spawner of bastards. Mercury was his son by a mountain nymph named Maia, and Bacchus by the mortal Semele. Another son, Apollo, had his way with a king's daughter in a cave and like many a lesser lover, then slithered off and left her stranded, bewildered and pregnant. Wherever immortal amours were concerned, nobody seems to have felt that the lack of marriage was an insuperable stigma.

In fact, there have been times when bastardy was considered practically indispensable for any hero of epic proportions. Illegitimacy has been attributed to King Arthur, Gawain, Roland and the legendary Cuchulain of Ireland, not to mention such actual personages as Charlemagne, Francisco Pizarro, the discoverer and conqueror of Peru, Juan Jaures Antubon, Boucicault and Charles Martel.

And in historyers than one man far from trying to cover up men have openly and vainglorious proclaimed their illegitimacy.

William the Conqueror, the bastard child of the Duke of Normandy and a tanner's complaisant daughter named Arlette, had no qualms about calling himself William the Bastard. Henri II of Castile was known to his subjects as "El Bastardo." Jean, Count of Dunois, a chief commander of Joan of Arc and one of France's most brilliant soldiers, insisted that he be known in his contemporaries as the Bastard of Orleans. And David, the Bishop of Utrecht and the natural son of Philip the Good, would have brother clergymen call him by no other name than The Bastard of Burgundy. In fact, the designation of a bastard became so closely connected with a man's name that the prefix "Fitz" which originally meant merely "son of—" (as in Fitzgerald or Fitzherbert, etc.) came to be received as designation for the illegitimate sons of princes.

Almost in every kingdom, wrote Robert Burton, "the most ancient families have been at first princes' bastards, their worthiest captains, best wits, greatest scholars, bravest spirits in all our annals have been base born."

In the hot-blooded Renaissance, the bastard was often more highly regarded than the legitimate child. He was held to be "gotten with a keener lust" and hence of superior mettle and finer fiber, a prize, not a disgrace.

Cesare and Lucrezia Borgia were both illegitimate, the get of the lusty Pope Alexander VI. Cesare became a Cardinal at seventeen, as well as a cutthroat and military commander. Lucrezia produced a natural son named Gennaro who thereby achieved the distinction of being a bastard, the illegitimate son of an illegitimate mother.

The Medici family tree sprouted with love children, one branch easily outnumbering the others, with such abandon that all living descendants were bastards. Ippolito de Medici, an illegitimate grandson of Lorenzo the Magnificent, was made a Cardinal, and another Medici bastard became Pope Clement VII. He was not the only Pope born out of wedlock. John XI was reputed to be the son of Pope Sergius III.

It was in this period that a young Florentine painter named Ser Piero da Vinci had a brief but fertile encounter with a peasant girl named Caterina, and between them they gave the world Leonardo, listed prosaically in the tax records of Florence as *figlio di Piero non legittimo*, but imperishably inscribed in history as painter, sculptor, engineer, architect, inventor—and genius at all of them.

He gloried in "a bastard's glowing name"

Whether the poet and dramatist Richard Savage belongs in the galaxy of gleaming bastards remains debatable. He spent a good part of his life trying to prove that he was the illegitimate son of the fourth Earl Rivers and Anne, wife of the second Earl of Macclesfield. However, he did sing the proudest song of illegitimacy with a tuneful poem beginning "Blest be the Bastard's Birth! thro' wond'rous ways / He shines eccentric, like a Comet's Blaze."

Another poet, Scotsman Robert Burns, greeted the arrival of his first child with a bonny poem entitled *I Pass'd By Eleanor To His Lure Begotten Daughter*.

Unfortunately, society has seldom permitted the ordinary bastard to carry it off so jauntily. Usually it is only on the highest levels—royalty and aristocracy—on the one hand, and the lowest or Dogpatch extreme on the other, that children who happen to be born on the wrong side of the blanket are accepted as a mere matter of nature's course.

Any social system which puts a premium on chastity and monogamy, and where the rights of inheritance and succession are deeply valued, will come down harshly on the illegitimate. In English civil law the bastard still is *filius nullius*—the son of no one. He is therefore, heir to none of his reputed ancestors and has no claim on the personal property of his parents if they die intestate.

English common law held that a bastard could not be divested of his illegitimacy "unless by the supreme power of an act of Parliament." It wasn't until the Legitimacy Act of 1926 that the subsequent marriage of the parents "legitimated" the child. Ironically, any child of married parents is considered legitimate even if born as soon as one hour after the marriage ceremony of the parents.

Victorian England wasn't so Victorian in all things

Victorian England, for all its pretense of legal and moral scruples, was reported in an 1892 survey to have "every sixth child born a bastard," with the bastardy rate considerably higher in the supposedly wholesome country districts than in the wicked cities.

Whether knowingly or not, Queen Victoria herself knighted at least one bastard. This was Sir Henry Stanley, the intrepid African explorer and correspondent who located the lost missionary, Doctor ("I presume?") Livingstone. Stanley was not his legitimate name, he picked it up from a passing American who befriended him in his youth.

Somewhat later, England's first Labor Prime Minister, Ramsay MacDonald, anxious to flaunt his workingman-agrarian background, made it known that he was the illegitimate son of a plowman and a farm girl.

The American attitude toward illegitimacy, as in so many other respects, has been patterned on the English. The predominating view has always been puritanical, but the exigencies of colonial and frontier life often shunted aside morality in favor of doing what came naturally.

In the Virginia Colony free women who bore bastards were publicly whipped. Indentured maid servants were made to serve additional time to make up for the lying-in period, even if the man responsible was the master himself. Thus the master often satisfied the biological urge and the profit motive at the same time.

In some New England communities lawyers got most of their income from bastardy cases resulting from the frisky custom of bundling.

Where a shortage of women prevailed, as on the western frontier, a good many children were born out of wedlock simply because there was nobody around to perform a ceremony and nature couldn't wait. Even where religion flourished the illegitimate birth rate always went up nine months after the rousing annual camp meetings.

Eighteenth-century America, by and large, looked on bastardy with a tolerant and easygoing eye.

The natural son of Benjamin Franklin, whom he freely acknowledged, became governor of New Jersey. Lincoln's mother, Nancy Hanks, appears to have been illegitimate; he seemed to have believed so, and there is no record of her father. Stories of Lincoln's own illegitimacy were once widely circulated, but are definitely untrue.

Two later American presidents were involved in the bastardy issue in a far more resounding way and, in the case of Grover Cleveland, it came close to costing him the election.

In the campaign of 1884, Cleveland was getting on swimmingly as the Democratic candidate when the time bomb went off. He had made a solid, respectable record as a reform governor of New York and was being touted as "Grover the Good" on account of his sturdy civic rectitude. Then The Buffalo *Evening Telegram* printed a story. Grover

the Good had once "formed an illicit connection" with a racy widow named Maria Halpin who bore him an illegitimate son. The newspaper charged that the child had been packed off to an asylum and the mother bonaded into an institution.

The Republicans were naturally jubilant, and exploited the issue with rancous exuberance. Paraders took to the streets and stepped along in rank and file to the rhythm of a jingle that went:

Ma! Ma! Where's my pa? / Gone to the White House, / Ha! Ha! Ha!

The Democratic high command asked its candidate what they were supposed to do about the story. Grover the Good was equal to the occasion. His word was: "Whatever you say, tell the truth."

The Democrats thereupon admitted that their man had indeed had an affair with Maria Halpin and that a child was born and given the name Oscar Folsom Cleveland. But, the statement continued, their candidate had done a singularly honorable thing in acknowledging the child and providing liberally for its support. A good home had been found for the boy, and the mother was not in an institution. While the presidential candidate conceded his culpability in the affair, and had taken all steps to make amends, it was not an absolute certainty that he was the father. Maria wasn't sure herself, having rolled in the hay with several other men besides Grover the Good.

On election day the Democrats gathered around the polling booths and answered the Republican jingle with a defiant ditty of their own:

Hurrah for Maria! / Hurrah for the kid! / We voted for Grover / And we're glad we did!

With the providential aid of a howling bunch on the part of the Republicans—the Rum, Romanism and Rebellion slogan—Grover Cleveland squeaked through by 23,000 votes over James G. Blaine, and even went on to be elected again in a later campaign.

Warren Gamaliel Harding was elected, inaugurated and dead before it came out that he was the father of an illegitimate daughter.

In 1927 one Nan Britton published a book called *The President's Daughter* with the following dedication:

> to all unwedded Mothers and to Their Innocent Children whose Fathers are not usually known to the world.

Miss Britton, who fell in love with Harding as a fourteen year-old girl in Marion, Ohio, when he was over fifty, went to him for a job when he became Senator and that old feeling sprang up at once between them. She accompanied him on his campaign trips and, when necessary, was introduced as his niece. She bore his daughter on October 22, 1919. The liaison continued after he was elected President, and on at least one occasion they had a clandestine meeting inside the White House itself.

Miss Britton's book kicked up a national stinkus, but the Harding Memorial still stands in unshaken grandeur at Marion, Ohio.

The President's Daughter probably did some good, however, in advocating that in the future all children, whether born in wedlock or not, be recorded as legitimate. This was a pioneer move in the direction of compassion and fair play in the official handling of illegit births, the attitude being the eminently sane one of: "There are no illegitimate children, there are only illegitimate parents."

District of Columbia tops official and unofficial lists

Every year the population of the United States is being increased by about 150,000 bastards of the certified, or born, variety as distinguished from the much larger number of the self-made, or personality, type on which there are no accurate statistics.

It may come as no surprise that the locality reporting the largest number of bastards is Washington, D. C., with a rate of 137.0 per thousand births. (In view of this, it seems appropriate that one of Washington's most celebrated landmarks, the Smithsonian Institution, was the gift of James Macie Smithson, who was illegitimate.)

The District of Columbia ratio compares with 14.5 in Wyoming, 94.1 in South Carolina, 22.0 in New Jersey and 109.7 in Mississippi, to pick a few random samples. These figures do not seem excessive when set beside reports from the Latin American countries where the rate per 1000 reaches peaks of 366 and higher.

In the United States a bastard cannot inherit money or property from a father who leaves no will, but illegitimacy involves no other legal or civic disability. Bastardy does not affect the right to vote, to hold office in state or church, to sue or be sued, or equality before the law in any other way. In fact, the law sometimes exists itself, however clumsily, to spare the feelings of the illegitimate. A New York ruling provides that "in any local law, ordinance, or resolution, or in any public or judicial proceeding, or in any process, notice, order, decree, judgment, record or other public document or papers, the term *bastard* or *illegitimate child* shall not be used, but the term *child born out of wedlock* shall be substituted therefor, and with the same force and effect."

The difficulties of the illegitimate among us are not legal, but personal and psychological. The universal lament of the bastard is: "Here I stand, an accident." With the image of Mother forever blemished, with the father absent and often unknown, the bastard child is afflicted with a permanent feeling of lostness, with a sense of being cut adrift from the fundamental attachments that make for identity and place in a hostile and censorious world.

The trend now is to minimize the stigma of illegitimacy by keeping it a private affair. Where birth certificates were once blatantly stamped "Out of Wedlock" and readily available to the eye of anyone who felt like snooping, Public Health officials now tend to restrict such matters to the files by law and practice.

As a result, thousands of illegitimate infants are now adopted every year and grow up surrounded by the warmth and security of their adoptive homes, without ever becoming aware that they are illegitimate.

World War II's by-products: 400,000 illegitimates

All wars are accompanied by a proliferation of bastards, and World War II is estimated to have had as a by-product 400,000 illegitimate children. In war, nature seems intent on compensating itself for mass annihilations, and when conquerors invade a foreign land, an enormous acceleration of sexual activity inevitably results.

The German army left behind 8,000 illegitimate children in Norway, 5,500 in little Denmark, and tens of thousands more in Belgium, Holland, France and the Balkans. The Japanese fathered 75,000 bastards in southeast Asia and the Pacific islands. With the advent of the Allied armies, both East and West, the pattern was repeated on an even vaster scale and continued through the Occupation years.

An international treaty is being considered on behalf of these children by which a German or Japanese court would have legal support in the United States in compelling the absent—and always putative—father to pay for the support of his foreign-born child. The problem of attempting to establish who the father was in every case is often insoluble; blood tests are uncertain and sometimes worthless. In Japan, for instance, it is estimated that one out of two unwed mothers cannot say for sure who the father of her child was.

The sheer prevalence of illegitimacy in our time may at least have the salutary effect of making the word "bastard" less horrific. Through the ages we have come to use it lavish for whatever is hybrid, mongrel, spurious and debased—and also as a gutter curse word, thereby perpetuating the injustice of visiting the sins of the fathers on the children.

But the word in its strictest sense equally applies to scholars like Erasmus of Rotterdam, scientists like Jean d'Alembert, men of letters like the younger Dumas, musicians like Borodin, history makers like Lawrence of Arabia, performers of the stature of Ethel Waters and Billie Holiday, and contemporary writers like Anthony West.

The folly of pride in ancestry has been sufficiently exposed to make it fatuous for reasonable men. The quality and worth of a given individual never depends on a framed marriage certificate on the bedroom wall of the parents or even on who the parents were.

Isadora Duncan is said to have invited Bernard Shaw to have a baby by her by saying, "You have the greatest brain in the world and I have the most beautiful body. Between us we ought to produce the world's most perfect child." Let's. Shaw is supposed to have declined with: "Yes, but suppose the child has my body and your brain?"

Adolf Hitler, who made life a nightmare for millions with his maniacal insistence on purity of descent, was himself the son of a father born out of wedlock.

And, discomforting though it may be, if the birth records of any of us were scrutinized far enough back, few would emerge lily white.

George Gordon, Lord Byron, who had considerable firsthand experience of these matters, put it into rhyme:

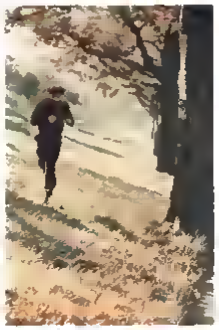
> *And if one lady's slip could leave a crime on*
> *All generations, I should like to know*
> *What pedigree the best would have to show?*

The best of us being none too good genealogically, we might at least have the grace to dampen our pointless pride in Mom's wedding ring. William Shakespeare, whose own marriage to Anne Hathaway was solemnized with unseemly haste, had no such pride. In *King Lear*, he has Edmund deliver a heartfelt appeal in which the rest of us would do well to join in with a right good will:

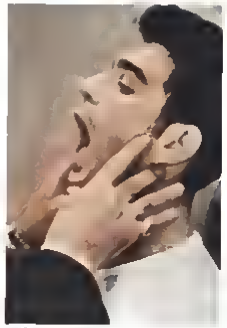
Now, gods, stand up for bastards! ■

THE LIFE OF A FIFTY-DOLLAR FIGHTER

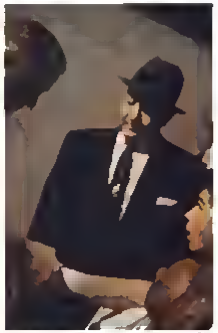
Daniel Russo is a quiet mannered Brooklyn boy whose stamina, fast reflexes and acquired skill make up his clearest chance for fame and fortune. He's won his first sixteen preliminary bouts, and if his managers match him carefully, and if he doesn't get too badly hurt on the way up, he may one day get his crack at the main card, where the pay off of boxing begins. But meantime, the ring makes no sure promises beyond the uniquely isolated experience that lurks in the heart of stress of all other sports—the archetypal and solitary venture into violence between man and man.

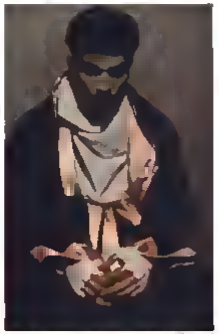


Russo trains alone or with temporary managers who handle strings of fighters.

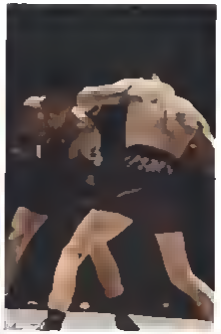


Here to kid brother — sixteen young fighters were inspected at the Boxing Commission that day. Russo was one of three — home for a short supper in the afternoon.

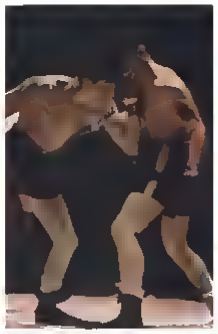




In the crowded dressing room, his wrists are taped; the waiting stretches out while other fighters come and go — then a Commissioner's short command: "Russo on!"

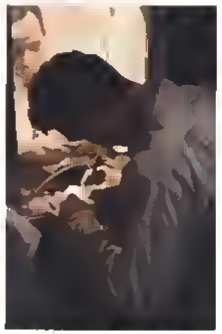


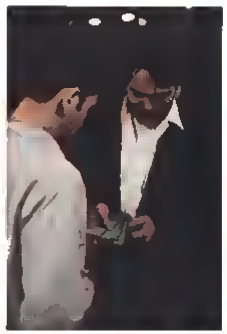
Now is the assessment: the stranger is rangy, tall, fast — the problem: confront the long reach, keep crowding him up, pile up the points, working on his wind and ribs.

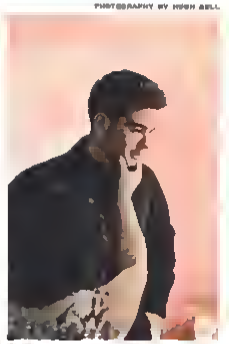


A left catches Russo's eye; he manages to mix in closer — six rounds of body slams and he earns the nod from two judges, a draw from third, his trainer's OK.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HUGH BELL







The aftermath — fifty dollars pay for a night's work — he settles with his manager — takes the subway home — submits to a neutral inspection of his changing face.

How to live the vie bohème *and like it*

A Short Story by **MANN GENCHELL**

village green

He had some trouble finding the place. Streets in Greenwich Village had a disconcerting way of ending abruptly, then starting over again around the corner. Finally Tim discovered it: an old red brick building, three stories high, weathered but solid, like the sea captain who had built it in 1854.

In the entry, he peered at the names lined up next to the bells. The names were typewritten on a sheet of paper that had been rained on and they were all blurred. He made out "Grayson" and underneath it "Rand,' and pressed the bell. A buzzer sounded and he pushed open the door.

The hall was dusky, and a steep, narrow staircase led up into semi-darkness. A door opened, lighting up the first landing, and a girl walked out. Tim stopped at the bottom of the stairs, staring. The girl wore tight, faded dungarees and a tighter black turtle neck sweater. Her glossy brown hair was cut in a bang and fell straight to her shoulders. She was the prettiest girl Tim had ever seen.

"Yes?" the girl asked.

Tim started up the steps and said shyly, "I'm looking for Bart Grayson's apartment."

The girl smiled. "This is his apartment. Come in." She stood by the door and Tim passed her into the living room. It was vivid. The rough plaster walls were painted white—the sofa was peacock blue, the slung chairs were orange and yellow, there were a blazing Klee reproduction on the wall, full bookshelves, an ostentatiously exposed hi-fi set, some sculptured pieces and exotic ceramics.

"It's perfect," Tim said. "I've always dreamed of having a Village apartment like this."

The girl looked around as if at something she hadn't noticed in a long time.

"That's what I thought when I first saw it," she said. "But now I long for a shiny, aseptic place with modern plumbing that works."

"Well, I'm delighted with it," he said happily.

The girl looked around again and tossed back her hair in what Tim thought was an enchanting gesture.

"It is perfect, rather," she admitted. "That is—for your first apartment in New York."

"That's what I mean," Tim said. "Oh, by the way, I'm Tim Grayson. I'm Bart Grayson's cousin. You see, I wrote him that when I graduated I wanted to come to New York, and he wrote he's just got a Fulbright to study in Europe, and I could have his apartment. It worked out perfectly."

"Oh, yes. Bart told me about you. I'm Lora."

"Hi, Lora. Are you waiting for Bart, too?"

She hesitated. "Yes. But Bart didn't expect you until next week."

"Well, I was going to spend a couple of weeks at home before coming on here, but I got restless and just took off."

"I can understand that. It must have been pretty grim at home."

"Oh, not at all. It was just that I was so eager to come to New York and get started."

"You like it at home?" Lora sounded surprised. "Do you have a good relationship with your parents?"

"Oh, yes. Wonderful."

"Well, that's original of you."

"What? Oh, yes." Tim looked around the room ecstatically. "I can hardly believe it's going to be mine."

Lora smiled understandingly.

"Oh," Tim went on, "there's just one thing that's been bothering me—Bart wrote he had a roommate. You don't think the roommate will want to stay on, do you? I want to live alone, at least at first."

"I'm the roommate," Lora said.

"You? You're the roommate?"

"Yes."

When Lora started to laugh, Tim realized he had been staring at her in disbelief. He felt humiliated at his gaucherie. This was Greenwich Village, New York, not Madison, Wisconsin, he told himself furiously.

"Let's have a drink," Lora said. She went to a table and poured wine from a raffia-covered bottle into green Mexican glasses. "Here," she said, and handed him a glass.

Tim took the wine and looked at it. "Nice glasses," he said bleakly.

Lora laughed again. "I'm sorry," she said, "but your face." It looked so startled. She touched his cheek. "You're really a sweet boy, in your correct grey flannels. You see, things are a bit different here. You'll have to make some adjustments. We all had to."

"Oh, I know," Tim said urgently. "I wasn't really startled. Just surprised, somehow."

"I understand," Lora assured him. "Coming to New York can be traumatic. I've only been here two years myself. I came right after I graduated from Michigan."

"Michigan." Tim nodded approvingly. "I almost went to Michigan. Bart decided on Wisconsin instead."

"Well, I almost went to Wisconsin, but decided on Michigan instead."

They both laughed. Tim felt more comfortable.

"Anyway," Lora went on, "I came to New York to study acting at the Actors Studio."

"You'll be a wonderful actress," Tim assured her fervently.

"I'm pretty good now. It's just exhibitionism, anyway. Well, about a month after I arrived I met Bart at a party. And corny as it sounds we fell in love at first sight. Then he showed me this apartment and I had the same reaction you had. It was perfect. So Villagey. You know."

"Yes, I know. I sure do."

"So I moved in. And it's been very wonderful."

I'm sure it has." Tim congratulated himself on recovering his poise so quickly.

"Bart and I have established a really warm, close relationship," Lora continued. "And I'll tell you a secret. We're going to get married. Bart wanted to get married right away, when we started living together, but I wanted to be sure we had established a really adult relationship. Now I've put it off until we get to Europe. I want to be married in Paris. Isn't that disgustingly romantic?"

"Real disgusting and real romantic."

"And now I have to finish dinner. Bart will be home soon. He's up at Columbia getting some scholastic matters straightened out. Come talk to me while I cook. You'll stay for dinner of course."

Tim stood in the doorway of the tiny kitchen and watched Lora efficiently prepare dinner, with deft touches of wine, herbs and spices.

"I can't get over how domestic you are," Tim said.

"Why? Because I'm living in sin?"

He flushed. "No, not that. But you're an actress, and all."

"I wish you'd inform Equity of that fact. But I really must stop betting you. You're probably loaded with anxiety, coming into such a strange environment." She looked up at him mischievously. "And meeting such dissolute people." The door bell rang three times. "That's Bart."

She glanced hurriedly into a mirror, tossed back her hair and ran to the door. She opened it and Bart grabbed her. They kissed for a long time. While Tim waited he finished his wine. Lora finally pushed Bart away.

"Look who's here," she said, walking over to Tim and twining her arm around him. Tim put his arm tentatively around her waist.

"Well," Bart said. "Didn't expect you until next week."

He put out his hand and Tim hurriedly took his arm from around Lora's waist and shook hands.

"Isn't Tim beautiful?" Lora asked. "Are all the men in your family beautiful?"

"Adonises all," Bart said. "How are you, Tim?"

"Fine. Great," Tim answered. He found Bart disconcerting after two years, taller than he remembered, thinner, somehow sardonic. The crew cut he had worn at Wisconsin was grown out, and his dark hair fell over his forehead. His weathered tweed sports coat and chino pants were wrinkled, and the sand-colored desert boots deeply soiled. Tim thought he looked slightly disreputable.

"You look well nourished," Bart said, and poured himself a glass of wine. He carried his glass to the hi-fi set. "Got a new record today." He unwrapped the record, put it on the turntable and carefully adjusted the controls. A blast of dissonant sound roared into the room.

"What is it?" Tim shouted.

"Berg, *Wozzeck*," Bart answered and listened intently.

"Bart built that hi-fi set himself," Lora called from the kitchen.

"Really?" said Tim, impressed.

Bart straddled a shag chair and leaned back, closing his eyes. "Isn't this the greatest, honey?" he yelled to Lora. "Cracks your guts."

"Fabulous, darling," Lora shouted back.

Tim began to feel battered by the atonal onslaught. He looked at Bart who had clasped his hands behind his head and was listening with great concentration, eyes still closed. Tim leaned back on the sofa and shut his eyes, but the music was much too loud for him to grasp. *If anything cracks,* he thought, *it will be my eardrums.* He sighed and opened his eyes. Lora was setting the table. He rose to help her, but she motioned him to sit still. Suddenly Bart spoke, without opening his eyes.

"We're not leaving until next week, you know."

"I know. I'm staying at a hotel on Washington Place until then."

"Right." Bart said. The opera thundered around the small room, the voices strident. Tim knew this was considered a contemporary masterpiece and was disturbed that it just sounded like a lot of hi-fi noise to him.

Dinner's ready," Lora shouted. "Turn down the volume, darling—so we can talk." Bart looked at her resentfully but muted the sound. He poured out more wine and they all sat down and began to eat. The food was delicious.

"You're a superlative cook," Tim told Lora.

"Thanks," she said, "it's nice to be appreciated."

"Bart," Tim said, "your mother told me to give you her love. I saw her just before I left."

"How is my sainted mother?" Bart asked indifferently.

"She's fine. She said you're to come home before going to Europe."

"Hah," said Bart with a snort.

"You're not going home before you leave?" Tim asked.

"To see that bitch? What the hell for?"

"What do you mean?" Tim asked angrily. "Your mother's a wonderful

woman How can you say that?' He turned to Lora Aunt Celia s a wonderful woman Everybody s crazy about her Everybody

Lora looked at Bart then put her hand on Tim s arm You see, Tim she said, Bart s at the stage where he's very hostile to his mother

"But why? She s done everything for him There s nothing she wouldn t do for him She s a really wonderful woman"

Bart scowled "Sure," he said That wonderful woman infantilized me until I could hardly function She's a destructive, castrating woman She ll never get me in her clutches again"

"If he hadn t gone into analysis when he did he d have flipped his wig for sure ' Lora said "Have some more stew

"Bart s in *analysis*?" Tim asked incredulously

Of course Lora said "We both are

"But why? People like you?

"People like us were just a goddam mess " Bart said "Too inadequate to love, or be loved Our relationships were all fouled up Always manic or depressed Lost, angry children crying in the dark " He walked over to the hi fi set, adjusted a knob and the volume shot up The room vibrated with dissonance and revelation

"Please, dear," Lora said to Bart Reluctantly Bart turned down the sound and returned to the table

"I ll get the dessert" Lora went into the kitchen and returned with a fluffy meringue pie "It s an experiment," Lora explained to Tim "I ve never made a lemon meringue pie before Be my guinea pig

Tim bit into the pie gloomily It was delicious

"This is calculated to titillate the palates of gourmets the world over, honey" Bart said eating happily "Say, Tim what do you intend to do in New York?"

Tim made an effort to speak civilly "I thought I'd go into Communications

"What the hell are Communications?"

"Why, TV, radio magazines publishing "

"Ah, you too The glamour jobs Everybody s got to have prestige everybody s got to have status, everybody s got to go into Communications Your values are all fouled up, sport Distorted Communications, for God s sake! Why is it that all people who can t communicate feel they have to go into Communications?"

Tim bristled Of course not all of us have the ability to become brilliant philosophers "

"True Bart said, leaning back in his chair and grinning

"Bart s an existentialist" Lora said "We're going to Paris and sit at the feet of M Sartre at the Flore The *Left* Bank, you know All on that wonderful Mr Fulbright s money

"It will probably take no time at all until M Sartre is sitting at Bart s feet ' Tim said savagely

Bart waved a finger at Tim Hostile he said "You re being hostile Look, Lora, Tim is being hostile

Lora smiled at Tim approvingly

"About time you showed some aggression," Bart went on "all that infantilizing our blessed mothers gave us

"You shut up about our mothers" Tim shouted above *Wozzeck*

Lora went over to Tim and put her arm around his shoulders "Try to understand, she said "You re both at a difficult stage It will all work out"

"Sure kid" Bart said to Tim "You ll work it all out With about three years of analysis"

Tim looked up at Lora "I just don t understand, he told her "Bart was never like this before We were such good friends Now well, now he s so bitter So *neurotic*

Lora and Bart burst out laughing She kissed Tim's cheek

"You're so right darling He s an impossible, neurotic beast. Now let s have a cousinly cup of coffee," Lora said and went into the kitchen

"Hell, I m beautifully integrated, compared to some psychos you're going to meet, sport " Bart said Tim started to reply, but Bart held up his hand, went to the hi-fi and turned up the volume 'Cel this bit, he shouted "It s absolutely the end Will peel your skin off The angst "

MARIE S arias poured into the room Tim listened sullenly, and then the music reached him He tingled to the anguish He understood Lora brought in the coffee and they drank silently Finally Lora got up and started to clear the table

"Can I help? Tim asked Lora shook her head Bart went back to the orange sling chair, and Tim returned to the sofa Lora came out of the kitchen

"We re going over to the Randalls', Tim, ' she said "You come along They re awfully nice you ll like them I've got to get dressed " She went into the bedroom

Tim watched Bart guardedly *This music suits him*, he thought It s *what he s like now*

Lora reappeared them, wearing a pink button-down shirt with the top few buttons open, and a wide, dark flannel skirt

"You look beautiful " Tim said sincerely

"Thank you darling, she replied and bent down to kiss him on the forehead A light lovely perfume rose from her and when she leaned over he saw the cleavage of her breasts "I wore this shirt especially for you See, it matches your suit

"Yes, It does," Tim said moving away, embarrassed

"I like you in that shirt," Bart said to Lora It somehow makes you look more feminine "

"Bart gave me this shirt for my birthday Significant, isn t it?" She adjusted her wide, free-form leather belt

"Very significant," Tim said, although the significance escaped him Bart turned off the hi-fi, and they started out Walking along the streets Tim looked at the Village sights He saw a burly man with a beard, leading a small white poodle girls in dungarees with dangling earrings and one dark gentleman with a turban He would have found it all fascinating except for a sense of confusion about Lora Bart and mothers

Lora and Bart were greeted by a number of Villagers Tim was impressed with how many people they knew After a few blocks they reached a square, bulky building with a store on the first floor

"This is it Lora said "Be prepared for five enervating flights But it s fabulous when you finally get there They climbed up to the top story, Lora rattled a doorknob and a dog started barking inside the apartment. The door was flung open and a Manchester terrier ran out and jumped on Tim A tall young man in a checkered sports shirt darted out and grabbed Lora.

"Lora you sweet thing you" he shouted twining his arms about her lifting her up and kissing her soundly

A girl with close-cropped blonde hair appeared Bart' she cried delightedly Bart moved around the embracing couple, hugged the blonde girl and gave her a long, kiss Tim stared The little dog barked The tall young man released Lora and patted her buttocks appreciatively

"You're a living doll, he said

"You re a lecherous bastard ' Lora replied affectionately Oh this is Bart s cousin, Tim Fresh out of Wisconsin Tim Sam Randall

"Welcome to our city, Tim," Sam said heartily, shaking hands 'All right break it up," he growled at Bart and the blonde girl who were still in a clinch 'This abandoned woman," he said to Tim, is Cindy Cindy disengaged herself from Bart and held out her hand

'Awfully good to see you Tim Any cousin of Bart s is a cousin of mine She reached up and kissed Tim lightly on the lips. He felt slightly dizzy

They walked into the apartment, which was one huge room with a a slanted skylight A brilliantly colored mobile hung from the high ceiling There was an enormous couch in one corner covered with coral felt, leather sling chairs and cabinets painted in glowing shades Tim was charmed It s *artistic* he thought, *authentically bohemian* This was the kind of place he had hoped to be invited to in New York

He looked at Cindy undoubtedly the most sophisticated woman he had ever seen Her short blonde curls were beautifully arranged and her make-up was perfectly placed She had on a clinging black jersey that clearly outlined her fine breasts, and very tight vermilion torador pants Her arms were encircled with gold bracelets and her movements were graceful and stylish Tim couldn t keep his eyes off the black jersey

"That s a fabulous outfit Cindy" Lora said

"Thanks, darling, Cindy said "I thought I'd better wear it while I still can I'm in my second month,' she explained to Tim Tim hurriedly looked at her left hand There was a wide gold band on the third finger He felt relieved Cindy served drinks, a choice of Scotch or rye The dog jumped up on Tim He patted it

'Hey, Bart," Sam said "I got a new record today "

Tim shrank back

"What is it?' Bart asked

"Just wait, Sam replied and went to a black-lacquered filing cabinet He pulled out the top drawer, where a record player was placed Dixieland blared into the room

"Jimmy Dodds!" shouted Bart

"A collector s item," Sam said solemnly "I just happened to find it in that place on Sixth Avenue Binaural sound, he said to Tim pointing to speakers placed in two corners of the room. "Built it myself " The

dog barked at one of the speakers ran to the other and barked at it.

"It's not true binaural," Bart said.

"No?" shouted Sam, and turned the volume up deafeningly.

"I like Jimmy Dodds." Tim called over the tumult. "He's the greatest."

"That he is," Sam agreed. The men settled down to listen. Cindy got up and turned down the volume.

"Aw, honey," Sam protested.

"It's too loud. Lora and I have some woman talk to do." She turned to Tim. "If there's ever a divorce in this family, he'll be the co-respondent."

"She just doesn't understand the really important things of life," Sam said walking over and kissing Cindy.

"Don't I just," said Cindy, caressing her stomach. The dog jumped up on Cindy's lap. "Down, boy," she said sternly. The dog looked at her sadly and jumped down. "It will be a problem training Oedipus not to jump on me, now. We've always been so permissive with him. I don't want him to feel rejected, but he's got to be taught not to jump on me."

Lora picked up Oedipus and patted the sleek fur. "It's a real problem," she said. "He'll just have to adjust to the baby somehow."

"Oh, I hope he does," Cindy sighed.

"Tim is taking our apartment," Bart said. "He's going into Communications."

"What the hell are Communications?" Sam asked.

Bart shrugged. "What else? TV, magazines, advertising, publicity."

"You've got the creative itch, too?" Sam inquired. "Well, we know a lot of people in those fields. Practically everyone we know, as a matter of fact. I'll make up a list of people for you to see." He walked over to the hi-fi, turned up the volume. "Get this riff."

"That's awfully nice of you," Tim shouted. "What are you in?"

"I'm in films."

"Oh, films? What kind of films?"

"TV commercials."

"Sam, turn down that damn sound," Cindy screamed. Sam shook his head but obeyed.

"Do you work?" Tim asked Cindy.

"Oh, yes," she answered. "I'm a stylist." Tim looked blank. "I work for a fashion photographer," she explained, "and am responsible for accessorizing the models when we take pictures. I've got to race around to get just the right jewelry, bags, furs and things."

"Sounds glamorous," Tim said. "All those beautiful models."

"It's dull. The models are mostly vain, self-centered or neurotic. And they're all so thin, they're about as sexy as a flagpole. Now and then you meet a nice one, but not often. And the work is so trivial, really. What difference does it make if a model wears pearls or a gold choker? I'm going to quit and study social work while I'm pregnant."

"I thought working with models would be sort of exciting."

Cindy laughed. "Sorry to disillusion you. Some of the models are really lovely, though. Come over on Saturday night. We're having a party. There will be some models here, and you can meet them."

Tim brightened. "Thanks. I'll be here."

"The place will be swarming with beautiful dolls, all ripe for the plucking, Tim," Sam promised. The doorbell rang.

"That must be Sharon," Cindy said. "She was supposed to come over after her session."

"Session?" Tim asked.

"Session with her analyst," Lora said. "Therapist, really. He's a Ph.D., not an M.D."

"Sharon's sweet," Cindy said. "You'll like her, Tim."

"They'll make a perfect couple," Sam boomed. "Tim, this is for you."

"Sharon's a real dish," Bart told Tim. "If Lora didn't have her hooks in me, I'd go after that myself. What a pair she's got. Don't let this one get away, sport."

There was a knock on the door. Sam rushed out and shouted, "Sharon, you sweet piece, you!"

Tim heard a sound of scuffling and then silence. Sharon, apparently, was getting the standard Raudall greeting. After a few minutes Sam returned with his arm around an enchantingly pretty girl. Tim stood up. Bart grabbed Sharon, planting a kiss on her lips. Tim watched enviously. Bart let her go, and she walked over and hugged Cindy.

"How are you, little mother?" she asked.

"I feel glorious," Cindy answered. "I feel like a woman."

"It must be divine to be pregnant," Sharon sighed. "Hi, Lora."

"Hi, Sharon. That's Tim, Bart's cousin."

"How do you do?" Tim said. Sharon smiled and put out her hand. They shook hands, then Sharon flopped on the couch. Tim sat beside her.

"I'm bushed," Sharon said. "Had a ghastly session. I was brutally hostile. He infuriates me. I spill my heart out and he looks benign."

"Men's like that too," Sam assured her. "You just can't win with those bastards."

"I fell madly in love with my analyst, at first," Cindy said. "Transference. Then I got hostile for a while, like you, but now everything is going swimmingly. He said I'm just about ready to graduate."

Tim suddenly sat up. "Hey," he exclaimed. "I'm the only one in this room not under analysis." They all looked at him, as if at an interesting specimen. He felt ashamed.

Sam patted him on the shoulder. "Well, get with it, boy," he said.

"Let him alone," Lora said. "It's just possible he doesn't need it. I think he's a very healthy boy."

Bart snorted. "Everyone needs it. Especially Tim."

"Well," Cindy said, "everyone can be helped by it."

"He just got to town today. Let him at least see the Statue of Liberty before you shove him on the couch," Lora said.

"You just arrived today?" Sharon asked. "What are you going to do?"

"I'm going into—"

"Communications!" Bart and Sam shouted simultaneously. Oedipus barked. Tim flushed.

"Communications," Sharon said thoughtfully. "I work for a magazine editor. I can get him to interview you, if you like."

"That would be wonderful," Tim said gratefully. "Thanks a lot."

"Be glad to do it," Sharon smiled. When she smiled, she looked very much like a girl he had gone steady with for three months in his junior year. But Sharon was infinitely better looking, more poised. Chic. A true New York girl. Sharon got up and stretched.

"I'm going," she announced. "Tomorrow's work. Depressing."

"Still living at the Studio Club?" Sam asked.

"Yes, but I'm desperately looking for an apartment."

"Small wonder," Bart said. "That genteel seminary for young ladies is a real horror. No man is allowed above the mezzanine. And he has to stay strictly vertical."

"It's not that bad," Cindy said. "Lora and I both lived there when we first came to New York. Practically every unattached girl does."

"Say, Sharon," Sam exclaimed. "Tim's taking over Bart's apartment. Why don't you move in with him?"

"It's an idea," Sharon said. "I'll give it some serious thought."

"I'd like to take you home," Tim said.

"Well, you could walk me to the subway. Good by, all."

Sam and Bart kissed Sharon. Cindy kissed Tim.

"Don't forget Saturday. You, too, Sharon."

"Come to dinner tomorrow," Lora told Tim, and kissed him fondly. Sharon and Tim left, with Oedipus barking around their legs.

"What do you think of my precious cousin?" Bart asked Sam.

"Oh, he'll be all right," Sam said. "We'll find him a job and an analyst."

Sharon and Tim walked down the steps and into the dark street.

"Are you a native New Yorker?" Tim asked.

"Oh, no. I've only been in New York several months."

"Really? I thought you were born on Park Avenue."

"As a matter of fact, I was born in Ohio. Practically everyone I know here comes from out-of-town. Cindy and Sam are from the same town in California, but they didn't meet until they came to New York."

"Well, where in Ohio do you come from?"

"Small town, name of Marietta."

"Oh, I know Marietta. Did you go to the college there?"

"No, I went to Vassar."

Tim was impressed. He had never met a Vassar girl before.

"Here is where we part," Sharon said at the subway.

"Let me take you home in a taxi."

"Don't be ridiculous. The Studio Club is way over on the East Side."

"But—"

"Tim, in New York it's perfectly proper just to escort a lady to the subway when you've met her casually at a friend's house."

"Oh! Well, all right. On our condition. You let me take you to dinner on Saturday."

"I'd love to," Sharon said warmly.

Tim felt sublimely happy. "At seven?"

"At seven. Good night." She put out her hand. Tim took it and held it a long time. They looked at each other with great pleasure. Sharon drew her hand away, smiled and walked down into the subway.

Tim strolled down the street toward his hotel, hands in his pockets, whistling, thinking ahead. He would take Sharon to the apartment. She would see how perfect it was for their first apartment in New York. They would establish a warm, close, adult relationship. She would make a wonderful roommate. ■

Done . . . in two shakes of a Waring Blendor

Hundreds of different treats for the whole family to enjoy! The gamut of goodies—from drinks to dressings, soups to sauces—all yours in jig time with the ever handy Waring Blendor. And remember that, there is only one Blendor—Waring!

Done . . . in the wink of a Durabilt

A dress can be pressed anywhere in the world with the Durabilt Continental the *only* American iron made for foreign travel. Like all Durabilt models it folds flat to two inches, fits into luggage lightly and easily—and is perfect at home, too. All yours—the 115 or 230 volt AC DC Durabilt Continental—for only $13.95.

Done . . . with the power of Waring Shavex

The tiny electronic marvel that makes any AC/DC electric shaver a full 50% better. Your shave is faster, closer, smoother than ever. Shavex converts ordinary household electricity into more powerful direct current to make your shaver give you a closer shave in half the time. Ideal gift to give or receive.

Subs. of Dynamics Corp. of America

Done . . . quick as you can say Waring Ice Jet

There are a hundred uses for crushed ice, but only one way to produce all you want in a jiffy—with the Ice Jet ice-crusher attachment for your Waring Blendor. Just think of this: the Waring Ice Jet crushes up to four trays of ice cubes in ninety seconds. Right there you have all you need for any purpose—drinks, chilled salads, buffets, hors-d'oeuvres, desserts. A remarkable device—and so easy to use for a hundred uses. Specify the Ice Jet by name. Waring!

P.S.—For the free Waring recipe booklet, the whole story of you and your Waring Ice Jet, write: Dept. E, WARING PRODUCTS CORPORATION, *25 W. 43rd St., New York City 36.*

"But you told me to bring a good-looking blond friend!"

Advertising and public-relations men are revolutionizing the vote getting habits of seasoned politicians

Madison Avenue in Politics

by SENATOR RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

Richard Neuberger, the first Democrat Oregon has sent to the Senate in forty years, is one of the few professional free-lance writers ever to have been elected to that august body. Readers of his prime will remember his byline from pre-Senatorial days.

During the 1956 campaign, as part of my electioneering in behalf of Adlai E. Stevenson, I spoke at nearly every college campus in the state of Oregon. One of the arguments against the Democrats that I encountered most often was the strong feeling among students that the Republican Party was the party of youth. Many students insisted that the GOP was far more diligent than the Democrats in advancing the aspirations of young people running for public office.

They talked about the youthfulness of Vice-President Nixon (then forty-three) and contrasted it with the age of the Democratic chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, Senator Theodore Francis Green (eighty-nine). They cited many other claims which tended to show that the Republicans were full of youth and vigor while the Democrats were senile and stagnant.

Later, when I had taken my Senate seat in Washington, for personal satisfaction I asked the Library of Congress to check the age differential between the average GOP Congressman and the average Democrat.

What did the facts show?

In both Senate and House, the poor old decrepit Democrats were younger by two years than the carefree party of youth, the Republicans! Now I realize that in and of itself this is a small and relatively insignificant fact. But this misconception as to the youthfulness of the Republicans is only part of a total image of youth, of integrity, of purposefulness, of health, of cleanliness that the Republican Party has painted of itself and sold to the American public.

Chiefly the Republicans have done this through an ingenious and ceaseless parade of advertising and public relations gimmicks: of subtle brochures, high-powered promotional mailings and one-minute radio and TV spots that have fed the public a sugar-coated "image" of the Republican Party and have "merchandised" many of its weakest candidates into office.

It is this trend toward wider use of Madison Avenue techniques in politics that I consider significant.

In fact, it is so significant that it may well revolutionize politicking in this country and would definitely turn out to be the most decisive single factor governing American politics during our generation.

Furthermore, as a Democrat, I am sorry to have to admit that the Republicans thus far have badly beaten my party in applying these techniques to practical politics. We have used them, but not nearly as effectively or widely. Relatively speaking, the Democrats today stand where the Republicans did when FDR swept into office in 1932 insofar as ability to reach the common man is concerned.

If the Democrats are to win any future contests, they must do either of two things: (1) outlaw the widespread application of public-relations techniques to American political campaigns, or else (2) emulate such techniques, at least to some degree.

Let me make it emphatic that I would prefer the first alternative.

I do not believe candidates should be sold like soap. But this is a free country, with a Constitution that forbids intrusion on free speech—even on the Madison Avenue variety of free speech. The Republicans thus cannot legally be restrained from exercising free speech in the crafty art of modern, high-pressure public relations.

This leaves the Democrats of today with only one choice: go thou and do likewise.

Not long ago I was invited to deliver a partisan speech at a famous Ohio college. A Republican orator had appeared there a week or so earlier. The Republican's speech, far from being the usual political discussion, had been a virtual religious sermon heavily studded with references to honesty, dedication, goodness, integrity and morality. Both students and faculty appeared to have been persuaded that a political party whose spokesman used these stirring terms of righteousness must itself inevitably be worthy of such descriptive designations.

By the time it was my turn to speak, I realized that my Republican rival had already placed me on the defensive by the time-tested public relations technique of associating himself and his product with a set of words and symbols which evoke an almost automatically favorable response in the mind of the average listener. His position had been "pre-sold"—as they say on Madison Avenue—to the public.

Now you can wear your party on your sleeves—or your ears

Modern Republicans—as the President calls his loyal followers—have never made any secret about their adherence to public-relations methods. Right at the start of the 1956 campaign, Leonard Hall, then National Republican Chairman, urged every Republican state committee to hire a full-time public relations man to sell the Eisenhower program.

Eisenhower band wagons were set rolling over the nation's highways from Washington. Elaborate "do-it-yourself" kits, with signs, balloons and posters, went to party workers. Columnists Joseph and Stewart Alsop, themselves Republican nutters by conviction, reported that the Republican Party had "recruited Hollywood actor George Murphy to direct the Republican National Convention much as a Hollywood director directs a motion picture."

The services of actor Robert Montgomery were employed in coaching Mr. Eisenhower during his campaign telecasts. And one of the Republicans' most effective telecasts during the 1956 campaign was the special "Ike Day" program celebrating the President's birthday. It had absolutely nothing to do with politics but showed instead scenes from the President's boyhood in Abilene and from his days at West Point. It also had children in a hospital ward singing the President's favorite songs. Helen Hayes and James Stewart shared top billing with the President.

In the old days, gimmicks were confined to such humdrum items as match books, lapel buttons and emery boards carrying the aspirant's name. But the talented promoters of Madison Avenue, as enlisted by

the Republican Party, have tapped a whole new treasure trove of devices: pencils, earrings and sugar candy labeled "Ike"; women's sheer nylons with "I Like Ike" stenciled around the gaze-attracting ankles; jeweled beverage openers with bandset stones reading "Ike"; gold-plated bobby pins, cuff links and tie clasps all heralding "Ike."

Open-end conversations with members of Ike's cabinet where "canned" dialogue was artifically dubbed into radio and TV interviews were extensively used by GOP candidates in the last election. Robert C. Albright of *The Washington Post* and Times Herald said the programs were so smooth they looked and sounded like live programs.

What could be better calculated to impress constituents than a genuine discussion of taxes or law enforcement over the local television station between the home town candidate for Congress and a high ranking Cabinet officer of the United States?

But this has been only one of many avenues by which Madison Avenue stunts have merged with American political life. Formerly when a voter and his family visited their Congressman, the only souvenir was—at most—his signature on Congressional stationery. "Operation Post Card" has changed all this. Photographers for the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee can be summoned to the office of any GOP Representative to picture him with a touring delegation of school children or clubwomen from the district. The pictures are processed immediately into post cards with the Congressman himself in the center of the card. The administrative assistant to a GOP Representative from the Northwest confided to me one day:

Maybe you think those post cards aren't a political success. The fellow who dreamed up that idea for us certainly earned his keep!

But I say that the Republicans today are in the same position as the Democrats were when Franklin D. Roosevelt and the New Deal came in and revolutionized American politics.

For at least twelve years after Mr. Roosevelt strode onto the national scene, the Republicans could barely communicate with the electorate. To a people who had suffered through a grim industrial depression, Mr. Roosevelt and his associates talked in terms of "pork-chop" issues: unemployment insurance, old age security, safeguarding of bank deposits, jobs for those willing to work, a truce on farm mortgage foreclosures.

The Republican answer to this was to warn of unconstitutionality, deficit spending and rubber stamp government. Such oratory never got through to the voters.

Communication problems

Yet today the communication problems of the two parties have been reversed. It is the Democrats who are now failing to reach a public which seems content with Republican television shows and comic books, such as *Forward with Eisenhower and Nixon!*

Madison Avenue has taught Republicans to appreciate the impact of a candidate's appearance on the TV screen in the American living room. This has resulted in GOP emphasis on the physical appearance of candidates, and on the appeal of a candidate's family.

When L. Richard Guylay resigned as public relations director of the Republican National Committee on April 1 of this year, he was heralded as the man with an autographed picture from the late Senator Robert A. Taft, inscribed to Dick Guylay "who produced my smile." At Guylay's recommendation, Taft also was said to have changed his austere rimless spectacles for horn rimmed glasses and to have substituted a soft blue shirt for starched white collars. Yet one can only wonder what might have happened to the historic political legacy of the Taft family if this GOP preoccupation with appearance had prevailed half a century earlier. The Senator's illustrious father, an able Republican President and famous Chief Justice, weighed over 300 pounds. Would the Madison Avenue counselors consider a candidate of this proportions now?

Screen tests too?

To me, there is something enormously disturbing in the present stress on what a candidate looks like. Are we approaching an era when men will be cast for President or Senator or Governor on the basis of their sex appeal or acting ability as proven by a screen test?

I am troubled by these standards in politics because they have scant relationship to a candidate's value to his country and to the world.

James Madison, principal author of the Constitution of the United States, was only five feet six inches in height. Could a man this short win two Presidential terms today?

Thomas Jefferson with his violin, quartet, the awkward Lincoln, with his beard and warts, Grover Cleveland, with his walrus mustache, Andrew Jackson with his dueling, the professorial Wilson, with his scholarly language—how far would they progress politically today?

And what about the family requirements that are played upon so heartily by public relations men in politics? George Washington died without children of his own. Would he have been disqualified as a

possible candidate because of lack of family TV or comic book material?

I am alarmed by the spreading of this emphasis on superficial aspects of a candidate's life. When I returned from the 1956 Democratic National Convention, I was asked innumerable questions about Massachusetts Senator John F. Kennedy. Most of the questions came from women who were fascinated with his good looks.

In vain did I try to tell something about Senator Kennedy's leadership in drafting retirement legislation for railroad employees, his authorship of the book which took this year's Pulitzer Prize for Biography, *Profiles in Courage*, and his outstanding overseas military record which has culminated in a position of major influence on the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Then I realized that the Madison Avenue emphasis on appearance could be unfair to a man like Senator Kennedy himself.

By subordinating his genuine political attributes, the appeal of this redoubtable young citizen of forty is narrowed to something which vanishes with age, yet Jack Kennedy's real qualities of knowledge and intellect undoubtedly will endure for virtually as long as he lives.

But, for better or for worse, we dwell in a period when public-relations techniques in politics are on the rise. Note simply the widespread use during election campaigns of the teleprompter and of theatrical make-up for television speeches. They are devices of the theatre, not of government. Make-up hides age and the teleprompter deceives an audience into believing the speaker is talking extemporaneously. Can you picture Lincoln reading the Gettysburg Address off a teleprompter with his seamed countenance smoothed over with grease paint?

The make-believe arts

These arts of make-believe have become part of our political life, and few Democratic leaders are philosophically equipped to accept them. One reason, in my opinion, is the disproportionate number of intellectuals in the top hierarchy of the Democratic Party. They instinctively quail at the thought of something which others might label "corny."

We experienced this during Senator Morse's campaign for reelection. The wife of the Senator's Republican adversary was being featured all over Oregon as the creator of a supremely marvelous angel food cake. That cake made constant headlines on women's pages. Vainly did some of us suggest that Mrs. Wayne Morse, a talented teacher of home economics, should be heralded as the baker of extra special brownies or spoon bread. Some of the Democratic Senator's counselors asked—with a good deal of logic, I must admit—what brownies or angel food cake had to do with a contest for the United States Senate!

This synthesizes the dilemma of the Democrats. Their intellectuals are instinctively hostile to the slightest taint of Madison Avenue. So-called "corn" makes them downright ill. They even shrink from approving what happens naturally if it has the designation of "corn."

I had one such experience during my 1954 campaign for the Senate.

No retouching here

While I was speaking to sawmill and lumber communities upstate, my wife participated as an amateur model in a charity tea sponsored by an important women's organization. Mrs. Neuberger, a former high school teacher of physical education, chose to model shorts and bathing suits—which made good pictorial copy for the press. When I returned home, some of my intellectual advisers had ice packs on their heads.

She's really gone and sunk you now! they wailed.

I am proud of my reply. Looking at Mrs. Neuberger's newspaper photographs I said, "Well, at least we can't claim we were misquoted."

At the polls a few weeks later, I became Oregon's first Democrat to be elected to the United States Senate in forty years. And Mrs. Neuberger, running for a seat in the Oregon House of Representatives, received more votes for this position than any other legislative candidate in the state. What those of our egghead adherents, convinced that Maurine's modeling of shorts had been a fatal political blunder, failed to see was that it served to show the voters that we were normal, conventional people and not persons in a class apart.

Madison Avenue has induced the Republicans to stress this theme heavily. Pamphlets for President Eisenhower and Vice President Nixon have described the national leaders of the GOP as "scrappers" and "regular guys." In the one-minute radio and television spots used by the Republicans, simple and almost elemental language is employed. This is a typical example from the 1952 campaign:

Announcer: "Mr. Eisenhower, what about the high cost of living?"

General Eisenhower: "My wife, Mamie, worries about the same thing. I tell her that it's our job to change that on November 4th."

Madison Avenue is nothing if not opportunistic. It knows how to make the most of political openings, including the ceremonial aspects of public life. No possibility for fanfare is overlooked.

With much heraldry, President Eisenhower has dedicated Federal dams on the Columbia River built under Democratic administrations—

"They say he's given up women and liquor, but I think it's just a phase."

even though the Republican Interior Department opposes construction of more such projects. The 1957 inaugural of President Eisenhower and Vice President Nixon was among the most elaborate and skillfully staged in history. Although the decision angered the press, Mr. James C. Hagerty knew exactly what he was doing when he banned newspaper coverage of the official swearing in on Sunday, January 20, in order not to detract from the pageantry of the next day's public show.

The Democrats' sense of timing, by comparison, leaves a good deal to be desired. Republicans have often pointed out to me the failure of my party to advertise its very genuine legislative achievement under Senator Lyndon Johnson's leadership.

Television has transformed politics

What is the solution to the Democrats' problem?

To begin with, the Democrats must realize that not all advertising and public-relations methods are necessarily bad.

The deceptive and the phony must be separated from the legitimate and the acceptable. My party is going to have to recognize that television may have transformed politics as completely as two other fundamental developments of this century: (1) women's suffrage, (2) radio.

It may not be essential to employ "corn" to hold the attention of the average voter, but it must be recognized that few folks will sit in front of their sets for thirty minutes, fascinated by standard political oratory.

I feel that it may be necessary for the Democrats, if they are to stay in the political arena at all, to acquire a full time public relations counselor and advertising agency working fifty two weeks out of each year to convince the public of the high attributes and qualities of the Democratic Party. People's attitudes are formed constantly; ideas shaped in 1957 may dictate where an "X" is to be marked on the ballot in 1960.

My principal worry is that the Democrats are not heralding their very real political merits.

For example, time and again the Democrats in the Senate have to rescue President Eisenhower's foreign policy recommendations from being emasculated by the Republicans. During the last session of Congress I supported the President on foreign policy matters far more than did most of my Republican colleagues.

I doubt if the majority of voters know this. A public relations expert could help the Democratic Senators get across to the public that if it were not for them, like's foreign policy might be in shreds.

While the Democrats probably never can achieve financial parity with their Republican opponents at election time, it is possible for some degree of equality to be attained between the two parties with a variety of proposals. Some of these I already have proposed to the Senate in the form of specific legislation.

Five propositions

1. A $10 tax credit for each Federal taxpayer who cares to contribute to the party of his choice. This would spread the burden of financing political activities among a wider, more representative group of people.
2. Free television and radio time for both major parties in every state and on national networks during political campaigns.
3. Federal encouragement of a brochure similar to Oregon's Voters' *Pamphlet* which accords each candidate equal space and opportunity to present his message and picture.
4. Contributions from the Federal Treasury of twenty cents per voter to the major parties, in order to lessen reliance on private donations and to achieve some substantial measure of financial balance.
5. Auditing of all political campaign books by the Comptroller General so that the public will know what groups and interests supported financially the men and women in charge of governmental politics.

These recommendations are no ultimate panacea for what ails the *body politic* in the United States. But they might serve to free the major parties from too great a measure of dependence on large campaign benefactions. Today the Republican Party is largely financed by the owners of business and industry while the Democrats receive a substantial share of their donations from the political-education funds of trade unions. In my opinion, both situations are inherently wrong.

A monolithic political structure is erected, with one party committed to corporations and the other anchored to organized labor.

As long as a minor bureaucrat is punished for accepting a pair of blankets or a deep freeze, can we tolerate a system which permits candidates for high elective offices to take campaign donations of almost unlimited size? Does such a double standard do justice to our great democracy?

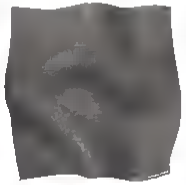
In addition, if there were less money to invest in American politics it is possible that only the most defensible of Madison Avenue's mass projects and techniques would survive. It could be the current overdose of public relations in our political system is the result of the $100,000,000 estimated to have been spent in the 1956 election. Economy in political campaigns might save our sanity as well as our dollars. ##

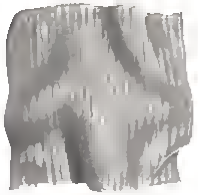
esquire's fall fashion forecast

THE ELEGANT AIR

Cargoes of ivory, opes and peacocks can't compare to the literal riches that comprise fall fashion — softened hides and polished stones, intrinsically valuable silks and opulent cashmeres like the smoke-tone blend *below Man's* ancient right to elegance returns — transcending mode to become true manner. The Elegant Air

The Elegant Air swings from a prodigal brilliance and flair that only luxury fabrics can carry off, to the hi parcn ihzed restraint of riches you see below. Notice Smoke Tones in shades of gray and brown, they are your most incendiary signal of the Elegant Air. Understated patterns make fashion history, too: in shrewd combination with formal business into evening wear. *Right*: the cashmere coat incorporates all that's best of tweed without sacrificing dignity (it's cut like a chesterfield and meant to be worn like one). *Left*: the glen shadow plaid is virtually invisible at a distance—materializes at close quarters.





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2

THE CAMEL'S BACK

The camel caravan returns laden with luxuries beyond anything you've seen since the Twenties. For versatility in traveling, here's a slip-on topcoat of pure camel's hair with a herringbone weave, featuring another big comeback—the raglan sleeve. Look for lightweight herringbones in camel's-hair sports coats and for napped surfaces in casual toppers like the car coat (note slant pockets on both). Camel's hack as a color, too, in pure wool sweaters like this rib knit.

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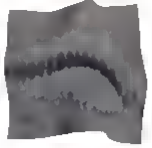
3

THE CLASSIC COVERT



The Elegant Air signals the return of a stout classic—covert cloth—made famous a century ago by English sporting gentry, and now reappearing in new brown, grey and blush shades as well as the natural tan color of the topcoat *below*. Also for the first time covert is showing its aristocratic stripe (literally) in daytime business wear.

4

WRAP COATS

The Elegant Air brings in new dash and swagger with luxurious wrap coats of natural cashmere that open up to reveal the blaze of Hot Red or brilliant green linings. Big patch pockets and cinch belts add heft to the elegance of fine cashmere. And, without the tension of a buttoned front, they make sitting comfortable and easy.

AVAILABLE AT
G. FOX & CO. HARTFORD, CONN
HALLE BROS CO CLEVELAND OHIO

5

HOT RED

Blazing across the fall horizon Hot Red for weekend togs like the wool pull over at right the basket weave and pin wale corduroy shirts the patterned sweater Next to red shawl collars are the hottest news in pull-overs sports shirt collars are changing too, with pared-down points

Look for sports convertibles that slip smartly into reverse—sweaters, raincoats and top-coats, as well as jackets such as these They're springy nylon fleece, revved up with Hot Red and made reversable with jet-black nylon taffeta linings. A new material made for airplane insulation machines the striped jacket (*front*)—Urethane foam, great in a blizzard and practically weightless. The red jacket behind it has knit cuffs, collar and waist

6

CONVERTIBLES

AVAILABLE AT:
GEORGE ALLEN, INC. (PHILADELPHIA, PA
THE GREGORY (SPOKANE, WASH.
B. FOX & CO INC (HARTFORD CONN
WALLS BOND CO. (CLEVELAND, OHIO
WILLIAM BR. (GRAND RAPIDS, MI)
HARRY S. MANCHESTER, INC (MADISON WIS
MILLER & SHEARS, INC (RICHMOND VA.
WILLAMS BROS CO (CHATTANOOGA, TENN
MILLER'S INC. (KNOXVILLE TENN.
H & H FOGUS & CO (CINCINNATI O.
BRILEY LINDSAY & CURR CO (ROCHESTER, N.Y

7

GLOSSED LEATHERS

The Elegant Air in sportswear means that hides go sleek; new tanning tricks give leather the supple easiness of wool, while new glazes dramatize its luster. High colors belong with these high polish leathers at stadium or hunt's meet—anything from the blue of the classic trench coat to the champagne car-coat beside it (lined with Orlon pile). Knitted sleeves, cuffs and collars extend logically from leather's new, soft feel. Color co-ordination of haberdashery makes a further statement of sportswear's new Elegant Air

ALL ITEMS SHOWN AVAILABLE AT: BRAGOW & STEAUB (BROOKLYN, N. Y.) C. SLATER & CO. (LOS ANGELES, CAL.) SECTION STORE (MILWAUKEE, WIS.) CORNER GIRL SCOTT & CO. (CHICAGO, ILL.) BROWN ONLY SAYLER'S (INDIANAPOLIS, IND.) GARMENT ONLY GILENE'S (BOSTON, MASS.) GILEY'S (HOUSTON, TEXAS) B. FORMAN CO. (ROCHESTER, N. Y.) GREY ONLY THE STARRE CO. (CLEVELAND, OHIO) GREY ONLY JOSEPH HORNE CO. (PITTSBURGH, PA.) THE J. L. HUDSON CO. (DETROIT, MICH.) LAZARUS (COLUMBUS, OHIO) STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER (PHILADELPHIA, PA.) THALHIMER'S (RICHMOND, VA.)

8

STRIPED FOR ACTION

The new elegance of stripes lies in their departure from summer's blazing primary hues to the sophistication of muted, subtle shades, complicated weaves and surprising usages. In the sports coat above, a broken stripe works its way through neutral tweed, giving this country and campus perennial new verve and polish. Above it, the pull over's bold stripe carries its distinction in a chain design. Notice, too, the collar opening that buttons down to the breastbone. (Shirt is washable wool and Orlon jersey.) But trousers are where stripes make their biggest fashion strides this fall: smoke grey sports slacks with woven stripe are a welcome change from ordinary grey flannels. They go with sweaters, plain sports shirts and neutral jackets for anything but city business wear. The cap is another striped tweed, replete with backstrap.

AVAILABLE AT
ABRAHAM & STRAUS (BROOKLYN) N. Y.
L. S. AYRES & CO. (INDIANAPOLIS) IND.
BOSTON & CHICIO (MILWAUKEE, WIS.)
CARSON P. GIBB SCOTT & CO. (CHICAGO) ILL. – JACKET ONLY
FILENE'S (BOSTON) MASS.
FOLEY'S (HOUSTON) TEXAS
JOSEPH HORNE CO. (PITTSBURGH, PA.)
THE L. S. AYRESH CO. (DETROIT) MICH.
LAZARUS (COLUMBUS) OHIO
M. SANDERSON & CLOTHIER (PHILADELPHIA) PA.
THALHIMERS (RICHMOND) VA.

9

PENNYTONES

Coppers add up to fashion sense this fall, colored in heather mixtures like this lofty Orlon sweater coat, or in sports patterns with neutral shades. Pennytones belong in rugged textures like the tweed sports coat with the broken stripe or bound the bold plaid of a woolly shirt. They re a force on campus, too: style the shirt with button-down collar.

OF BALDI &
HOUSEBUILD INC. MIDDLETOWN & PA.
EXCLUSIVE PORAGE WITH
HARTFORD CONN.
CO. CLEVELAND OHIO
MORE CONVENIENT
MILWAUKEE WIS.
MINNEAPOLIS MINN.
CITY TIMES CO.
CHICAGO ILL.
MONTREAL

10

CORDUROY

The old stiffness of corduroy is gone, and the newly supple, softly tailored fabric is the fast-growing favorite among TV directors, week-enders' BMOC's and anyone else to whom casual dress is an occupational boon. Leather is a natural complement to corduroy, turns up as trimming on suits and caps like the medium-wale corduroy outfit at left

Corduroy goes back to school with an Elegant Air. best of breed is the thick and thin rib obverse of the convertible raincoat. (Note double patch pockets, pipe slot, and the reversible hood.) Corduroy's new softness also lends itself to the strict tailoring you want in slacks and sports coats that pair off with tweed and flannels respectively. Top with a corduroy cap

11

LODEN

Three major strains from the Elegant Air: loden's hearty surface joins the royal plush of cashmere in fall's new nap of luxury. loden cloth saddle oxfords acquire pattern solidly defined yet outstanding in sports wear like the jacket below, and yoke's bring Continental dignity to American sports clothes and make wearing the loden cloth car coat below

12

COORDIKNITS

Co-ordination is the watchword of the Elegant Air—a put together look that is as readily achieved in sports as in casual business wear. Top honors go to co-ordinated extras like these three sweaters. They're French blue, tan or red Bau Lon, a new science fiber of exceptional springiness and warmth; mixed or matched, they constitute a set that a guy can wear in any combination. *Left*, pure wool coordiknits that come in a variety of college colors: knitted gloves and a dashing extra long muffler

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·WEATHER-ALLS

Nothing can dampen a man's Elegant Air when he's turned out in weather-alls like these. While both coats are impervious to sudden downpours, they're also good fair weather friends for city wear. The bronze-toned model is of cotton twill with a dark iridescence that travels handsomely into evening, weather or no. The shorter coat has smart slanted pockets, leather buttons and a brilliant tartan lining.

AVAILABLE AT:
ABRAHAM & STRAUS (BROOKLYN, N.Y.)
L. S. AYRES & CO. (INDIANAPOLIS, IND.)
BOSTON STORE (MILWAUKEE, WIS.)
FILENE'S (BOSTON, MASS.)
FOLEY'S (HOUSTON, TEXAS)
H. POMEROY CO. (ROCHESTER, N.Y.)
THE HIGBEE CO. (CLEVELAND, OHIO—ALSO IN COLUMBUS, OHIO)
JOSEPH HORNE CO. (PITTSBURGH, PA.)
THE J. L. HUDSON CO. (DETROIT, MICH.)
LAZARUS (COLUMBUS, OHIO)
STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER (PHILADELPHIA, PA.)
THALHIMERS (RICHMOND, VA.)

VACATION NOW

It's more of a chore to cross the Pacific than the Atlantic, but it's worth it

Let's start off by assuming that *The Pacific-Orient Special* on page 43 has so whetted your appetite for South Pacific beachcombing, Australian big-game fishing, Balinese bronzing, poking through the ruins of forgotten Oriental empires and visiting off-beat Japanese islands that you're ready really to head west to the Far East. What now? Is it just like going to Europe? Not—to quote the immortal Eliza Doolittle—bloody likely!

Flying the North Atlantic between cities in the United States and Europe are no less than thirteen airlines: Pan American, TWA and the national airlines of France, Britain, The Netherlands, Belgium, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, Spain, Israel, Iceland and the Scandinavian countries. And Trans-Canada flies out of Canadian cities.

If you go by ship you have your choice of the American Export and United States Lines flying the American flag, plus Cunard, the French Line, Holland-America, Home, Italian, Greek, Norwegian-America, Swedish American, North German Lloyd, Spanish, Furness Warren, Zim Israel and Khedivial Mail lines. Plus Canadian Pacific and the Arosa Line from Canadian ports.

Look Pacific to use and what do you see? Five airlines instead of thirteen, and one of them flying only part way across the Pacific—Plus Canadian Pacific out of Vancouver. And, instead of the fifteen transatlantic steamship lines out of American ports, there are only four steamship companies with passenger liners crossing the Pacific all the way, and of these one line has only one ship.

Suppose we look first at the steamship side. The American President Lines are your best and practically your only bet for luxury steamship service between the California coast and Japan, the Philippines and Hong Kong. APL operates two 23,507-displacement ton sister ships, the *President Wilson* and the *President Cleveland* in transpacific cruise service, sailing from San Francisco and calling at Honolulu, Yokohama, Manila, Hong Kong, and then Kobe and Yokohama and Honolulu again on the way back. The ships also call at Los Angeles on about half the voyages. The run from San Francisco or Los Angeles to Honolulu is made in five days, and the crossing from the Pacific coast to Yokohama in thirteen days, including the day spent tied up in Honolulu. From Yokohama it's four days to Manila, and another two to Hong Kong.

Minimum first-class fares from California are $145 to Honolulu, $510 to Yokohama, $625 to Manila and $650 to Hong Kong. For the complete forty or forty-two-day cruise (depending on whether the stop at Los Angeles is made) minimum rates are $1147.

The *Cleveland* and *Wilson* were joined early this year in the Pacific-Orient service by the *President Hoover*, formerly the *Panama*, which the American President Lines bought from the Panama Line and refurbished. The *Hoover* follows a similar schedule to that of the *Wilson* and *Cleveland* except that it doesn't call at Honolulu.

For a long time, American President Lines people would look slightly distressed if American tourists mentioned the possibility of third-class travel. It was pretty much dormitory style, food was Oriental, and the whole deal just plainly wasn't designed for American pleasure travelers. Recently, though, third-class accommodations on the APL Pacific ships have been thoroughly amenified. The class was renamed economy tourist class, facilities were completely air conditioned, glass-enclosed promenades and attractive public rooms were installed, and the whole setup was improved all around. And, while the accommodations still aren't comparable to the deal tourist passengers get on some of the new transatlantic ships featuring this class, it's now possible to travel tourist comfortably across the Pacific. Fares run about $90 to Honolulu, $315 to Yokohama, $355 to Manila and $365 to Hong Kong.

The line is also featuring sea-air combination fares which give the passenger a ten per cent discount on ship and plane fares to and from APL's Pacific ports beyond Honolulu.

Last time the writer crossed the Pacific by ship it was a few years ago aboard the *President Wilson*, and a fine two-week vacation it was, marred only by an ankle sprained on the deck tennis court and a crutch-borne visit to Honolulu courtesy of the ship's hospital.

In addition to its transpacific service aboard the *President Wilson*, *President Cleveland* and *President Hoover*, APL offers round the world cruise runs by its smaller *President Polk* and *President Monroe* and you

can book one-way passage on them from San Francisco to Honolulu, Yokohama, Kobe Hong Kong Singapore, Penang and ports in Ceylon, India Pakistan, the Middle East and southern Europe AFL also offers round-the-world cruise service on twelve passenger freighters at rates running from $1705 to $3750

American President Lines plans for the future include two de luxe combination passenger freight ships carrying 125 passengers, and a big ship to carry 1,200 to 1,400 passengers in three classes

The Matson Lines have been the big newsmakers in the Pacific in the past year or so, with the introduction of their two new luxury liners, the *Mariposa* and *Monterey*, to 42-day South Pacific cruise service last fall and the expected maiden voyage June 11 of the completely rebuilt *Matsonia* from Los Angeles to Honolulu

The *Mariposa* and *Monterey* opened up a whole new world for the seagoing American tourist last fall when they started their sailings to the South Pacific Their present schedule calls for sailings every three weeks from San Francisco to Los Angeles, Papeete Auckland and Sydney northbound back to Auckland, Suva, Pago Pago, Honolulu for a stopover of two days and one night and then return to San Francisco

The ships accommodate 365 passengers, all in first class and are completely air conditioned The beds are transformed into sofas during the day and each room has an adjoining bathroom and aluminum shower stall All rooms are wired for television—although what you can pick up on Channel 4 off Pago Pago is beyond my ken

The 20,600 displacement ton sister ships cost twenty million dollars apiece and have a speed of 21 knots Fares for their 42 day round trip cruise from San Francisco begin at $1050

Shortly after this is written the writer will make the two-day trial run of the *Matsonia* from Newport News Virginia, to New York after her reconstruction and complete stem-to-stern refurbishment at the Newport News shipyards A new clipper bow has been fitted to the *Matsonia*, giving her a sleek, yachtlike look

With the *Matsonia's* entry into the Hawaiian run, the Matson Lines are offering departures from California to Honolulu every five days the *Matsonia* and her sister ship, the *Lurline*, taking five days in each direction They are to be operated in triangular service, alternating sailings from San Francisco and Los Angeles One-way fares begin at $145 on both ships

The Orient Line, a British company has four passenger liners in regular service between Vancouver and San Francisco and Honolulu, Suva, Auckland and Sydney the *Orsova*, *Otonsay*, *Orcades* and *Orion* Accommodations are in first intermediate and tourist classes

The Hawaiian Steamship Company has sailings of its *Leilani* alternating from San Francisco and Los Angeles every twelve days The one-class ship makes the run in five days and rates for this line begin at $125

The N Y K Line, a Japanese company, has one ship, the *Hikawa Maru* sailing between Seattle, Vancouver, and Yokohama and Kobe, with occasional stops at Honolulu The ship makes eleven to twelve or thirteen days direct from Seattle to Yokohama Minimum rates between Seattle and Yokohama are $425 cabin class and $280 tourist

A number of lines offer 12 passenger freighter service across the Pacific but as far as passenger liner service is concerned the above does it.

On the airline side, Pan American flies from Seattle, San Francisco and Los Angeles to Honolulu Wake Island, Tokyo Hong Kong Bangkok, Guam, Manila-Saigon, Singapore, Canton Island, the Fijis, Auckland and Sydney

At the time of writing Pan American was flying Boeing Super Stratocruisers between the West Coast, Honolulu and Tokyo and Manila, DC 7Cs between the West Coast and Honolulu, and DC 6Bs between Tokyo and Manila and onward to southeast Asia and Europe From San Francisco to Honolulu the trip time is eight hours and twenty minutes by DC 7C, and about an hour and a half longer by the Stratoclippers Trip time to Tokyo is thirty hours and twenty minutes to Hong Kong forty hours and forty five minutes, to Bangkok fifty-one hours and ten minutes, Sydney thirty-six hours and fifteen minutes and Auckland thirty seven hours and forty minutes

Northwest Orient Airlines flies from Seattle-Tacoma and Portland to Honolulu, and from Seattle Tacoma via Anchorage Alaska, to Tokyo Seoul, Taipei Hong Kong Okinawa and Manila Northwest's Pacific flights connect with its domestic service from New York Detroit Chicago, Milwaukee, Minneapolis St Paul and intermediate points Using DC 7s and Super G Turbo-Constellations Northwest flies from Seattle to Honolulu in nine hours to Tokyo in twenty hours by DC 7, and about two hours longer by Turbo Constellation Trip time to Anchorage is six hours, Seoul forty-eight hours Taipei thirty hours Hong Kong thirty three hours, Okinawa thirty hours and forty minutes and Manila thirty five hours.

United Air Lines flies DC 7s from San Francisco and Los Angeles to

Honolulu, linking up with its domestic service and making the hop from San Francisco to Honolulu in eight hours and twenty minutes.

Japan Air Lines flies from San Francisco to Tokyo via Honolulu and Wake Island, and connecting with flights for Okinawa, Hong Kong and Bangkok. Using DC-6B's on all its international flights, JAL makes the trip from San Francisco to Tokyo in twenty-nine hours.

Qantas Empire Airways, Australia's overseas airline, flies Super G Constellations between Vancouver and San Francisco and Honolulu, Fiji, Auckland and Sydney. It makes the trip from San Francisco to Sydney in thirty-five hours and thirty minutes.

If you wanted to take off from Canada, you could make use of the excellent facilities of Canadian Pacific Airlines. Canadian Pacific flies DC-6B's from Vancouver to Honolulu, Fiji, Auckland and Sydney, and from Vancouver to Tokyo and Hong Kong via the Great Circle route. The trip from Vancouver to Sydney takes thirty-three hours, and from Vancouver to Tokyo it's twenty hours and fifteen minutes.

Having flown Northwest and Canadian Pacific between Tokyo and the West Coast, Pan American between San Francisco and Honolulu, Japan Air Lines in Japan and Qantas elsewhere in the Orient, I can attest to the fact that they're all outstanding lines, and which one you choose will probably depend on whichever routes and schedules best fit your travel plans.

Fares are the same on all lines, of course, and the ten per cent U.S. transportation tax doesn't apply to flights abroad. Here are some fares from San Francisco to various points in the Pacific-Orient area: Honolulu, first class, $168 one way and $319 round trip; tourist, $125 one way and $250 round trip. Tokyo, first class: $650 one way and $1170 round trip; tourist, $488 one way and $878.40 round trip. Hong Kong, first class, $1407.70 one way and $2549.70 round trip; tourist, $985.40 one way and $1793.60 round trip. Bangkok, first class, $821 one way and $1477.80 round trip; tourist, $616 one way and $1108 round trip. Manila, first class, $726 one way and $1306.80 round trip; tourist, $550 one way and $990 round trip. Fiji, first class, $548 one way and $986.40 round trip; tourist, $423 one way and $761.40 round trip. Auckland, first class, $650 one way and $1170 round trip; tourist, $500 one way and $900 round trip. Sydney, first class, $700 one way and $1260 round trip; tourist, $540 one way and $972 round trip.

Should your route take you anywhere in the South Pacific, you'll be missing one of the greatest tourist areas in the world if you don't stop off at New Zealand. Few places on earth offer such a variety of scenic attractions within a comparatively limited area.

Traveling through New Zealand, you'll find that distances are short, and traveling easy and pleasant in a land that is forever green.

Rotorua and Waitakei are centers of one of the most spectacular thermal regions on the globe. Rotorua in particular is a home of the lovely Maori people, believed to have come down to New Zealand from the Polynesian islands many centuries ago. The region is a headquarters for their music, dancing and other aspects of the rich Maori culture.

Within a hundred-mile radius is big-game fishing for black marlin running up to eight hundred and nine hundred pounds, and for striped marlin weighing four hundred or five hundred pounds, together with fresh-water fishing for rainbow trout averaging four and a half pounds. The best time for trout fishing is from early November to mid March. Also in the vicinity are the volcanoes Ruapehu, Tongariro and 7,500-foot high Ngauruhoe snow-covered in winter and providing magnificent ski slopes. And you'll be able to enjoy outdoor midwinter swimming in hot water lakes right at the ski fields. You'll be able to shoot deer unhampered by bag limits or closed seasons, and bang away at wild pig.

—RICHARD JOSEPH

(For answers to your questions about travel or help in solving your vacation problems, send stamped, addressed envelope to Travel Editor, Esquire, 488 Madison Avenue, New York 22.)

In the September Issue of Esquire

The Question Of Earn Pound by Richard Rovere

Young Man, Become A Secretary by Carl Spielvogel

Paris By Helicopter: A picture story

The Faces Of Insanity: Pictures by Helanan, Arelon Greene, Ruffing

The 85 Sheiks by Tommy Armour

Jazz String Quartet: search for a new sound: A picture story

THE GENTLEMAN'S ADVISER

Fashionable progress: With a friendly but firm hand I've guided Oscar Schoeffler, Esquire's Fashion Director, into a cab.

"Drive around Central Park," I told the hackie. This is sometimes the subterfuge of lovers who need a moment's hand holding in Manhattan's teeming tide of humans—but in our case, I wanted to separate Sheff from phones, memo pads, visitors, secretaries, and the activities of his own imagination (the man can fall asleep from concert at a hundred paces—just looking out of his office window on Madison Avenue is a challenge.)

As we passed the Plaza and rounded into the park, Sheff put his musing into words.

"Hot Red is the big new color for men," said he. "We're facing the old jokes about it squarely and going all out for it as the most masculine of them all. Wear it in ties, shirts, sportswear, robes, anything. The azalea blossoms, unhappily, last only for a few days."

"Is that the whole color story?" I asked Sheff.

"By no means," said he, leaning forward to examine the cloth on the arm of the man driving the car in the next lane.

"There's Pennytone's—rich copper color, you know, now available to others besides Lincoln or Indians. Maroon is making a great comeback—we're calling it Vintage Port to make sure it stays. The dogwood, too, obscure, retains its blossoms long after the apple tree has relinquished its. Central Park has everything."

A man and a girl cantered along beside us on the bridle path. Sheff's eyes glowed.

"The sports jacket is picking up certain horsy touches. Hacking pockets. Flaps. Welts. Bit of a flare at the bottom of jacket. Still get the natural shoulder line, though. Cherry blossoms pretty much over with now, too. Symbol of undying friendship between U.S. and Japan."

"Sports jackets still big?" I've asked, catching Sheff's mood.

"Bigger than ever," said Sheff, peering through the shrubbery at the outline of the elephant in the zoo to our right. "Biggest thing is the half raglan, named after Lord Raglan, you know, who cut corners out of potato sack to provide warm outer garment for his troops. Jacket has set in sleeve in front, raglan effect in back. Different look from different angle. Cardigan is going big, too. Named after Earl Cardigan, you know. Four-button sweater in bold stripes, a favored design. Luxury touch in alpaca. Forsythia lends a rich tone to entire landscape."

The circuit completed, we arrived back at the office. We gave the cabbie his fare and a tip.

"Knitted sleeves combined with leather or corduroy (*corde du roi*, you know, king's cloth) very good for outerjackets," Sheff told the cabbie.

"The Japanese maple has the most enduring beauty of them all," said the cabbie, and drove away.

For expectant fathers: Detroit's Sinai Hospital has finally done it. No more will the expectant father find himself in the way of nurses with superior smiles. No more will brisk doctors hustle him out from underfoot with patronizing back pats. Designs for Business, Inc., understandably elated over the chance to do something for the expendable male in a maternity hospital, have created a room to give him solace and privacy, as well as comfort.

The father's room is like a living room to begin with. Floor pacers find it long enough for anxious striding, with ash trays placed strategically en route. Cigarn smokers may watch TV from deep armchairs. Nail biters will find chairs with subtly pitched backs and richly upholstered seats—comfort while you chew. Card tables are there for chummy sufferers and for group solace. Star and space gazers are provided with fine paintings on the walls. After all, as we have so often insisted, he deserves it; he was there. —F. A. B.

"Well, don't just sit there—look it up!"

PETER GIN TR

ESQUIRE'S GIFT GALLERY

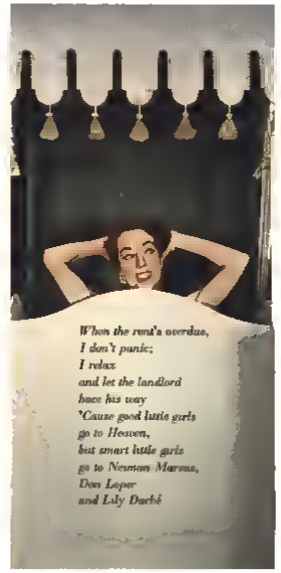
Foods for epicurean thoughts: Cheeses: domestic Provolone, imported Provolone, French Bleu, Holland Edam, Camembert smoked, Gouda, Pecorino Romano, Swedish farmer cheese with kummel, Wisconsin cheddar, imported Swiss, Fromage D'Oka made by Trappist monks. Cheeses of All Nations. 1917 vintage port, single cask unblended French cognac, Marc de Bourgogne brandy, 1858 claret, product of Bordeaux, fifty year old Armagnac brandy, Sherry Wine & Spirits. Pompano and all sea foods from Vendome. Mallard ducks and pheasant, Berkshire Farms. Canned foods: Swedish reindeer steak, German wild boar roast, Japanese octopus on skewer, from Caviarteria. French mustard and kangaroo-tail soup, Tresca. Meats: home made German salami, Dickwurst, Fleischwurst, Bierwurst, Thuringer Blutwurst, Italian salami, Westphalian ham, Bierwurst, Dieke, Cervelat, Block wurst, Schallee & Weber. Earthenware casserole, utility burner, John Wagner spices, Bazar Français. Cutting board and mortar, La Cuisinière.

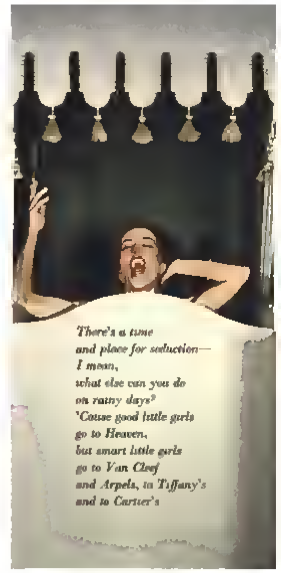
"I managed to get all their phone numbers for your next cross-country campaign tour, Senator"

Lisa's Lullaby

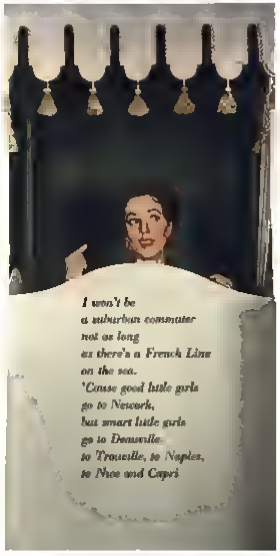
Key a flat
Tempo vivace

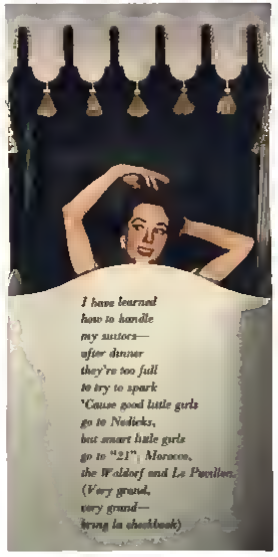
The century's most sensational shower bath falls like the gentle rain on Lisa Kirk; a girl who manages to project more charm while soaking wet and hidden by a screen than all the other, drier supper-club singers achieve with their most arresting *decolletage*. Here, at the Waldorf Astoria

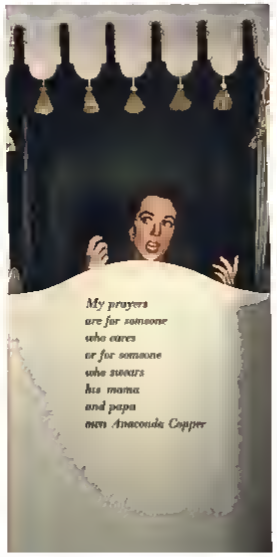


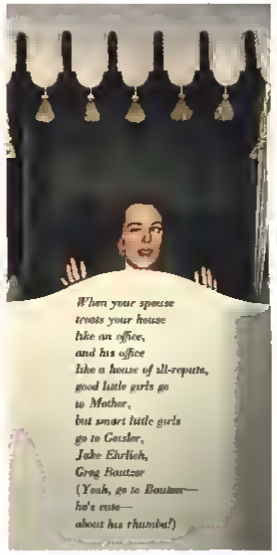


PHOTOGRAPHY BY LOUIS RENAULT

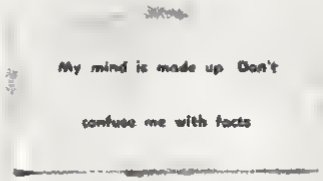








"Go back and send my husband home—you're the sick friend, stupid!"



A PROFILE OF THE DAILY WORKER

By MARTIN MAYER

It could be argued strongly that the small-circulation newspaper is a major bulwark of democracy in this country. The town daily and the county weekly tell the local citizenry the home significance of governmental decisions taken in distant chambers—and return to legislators (who read such papers carefully) a report on constituency opinion of their behavior. Subscribers trust the small newspaper in a way that nobody trusts a metropolitan daily, because even those readers who haven't met the editor know all about him. But except when a William Allen White makes a national force out of an Emporia Gazette, the small paper works unhonored and unsung, its accomplishments recognized only by its few readers.

There is, however, one daily newspaper of less than 10,000 circulation which is known throughout the United States, at least by name. It is not a small-town paper, though; it is edited, printed and published in New York. And only the most fatuous of its readers would claim that the *Daily Worker* is any kind of bulwark for political democracy; instead, it is a mouthpiece of Communism.

The daily appearance of such a mouthpiece at the present time—when Communism in America is ideologically unimportant, economically impoverished and numerically insignificant—has become a curiosity barely removed from the phenomenal. You would as soon expect to see a two-headed elephant strolling through Times Square.

An eight-page tabloid, 16¾ inches by 11¾ inches, the *Daily Worker* is published five days a week, Monday through Friday, by The Publishers Press, Inc., a dummy corporation with no other function. It carries a cover price of ten cents, but the subscription price is, of course, a good deal less—$12 a year, or slightly under a nickel a copy, including postage. About 3,500 people take advantage of the reduced rate and receive their paper in the mail. Another 3,000 pick it up at one of the 800 or so newsstands which carry it—more than 700 in New York, the rest scattered in Boston, Philadelphia, Newark, Washington and Chicago. A thousand additional copies are delivered by hand, via loyal followers who order "bundles" of papers and service friends who might be a little squeamish about receiving the paper directly. Outsiders estimate that as many as 1,500 copies, out of a total circulation of 7,500, are bought by anti-Communists keeping up with the Party Line (one of the prospective grand jurors summoned to examine the prima facie evidence in the Sobie spy

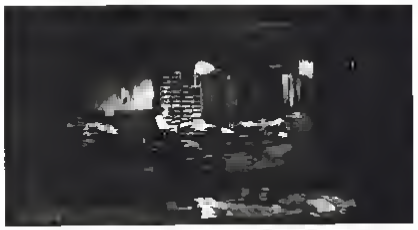
The Daily Worker's Editor-in-Chief John Gates

Save for its 10,000 readers, nobody, including Russia, likes the Daily Worker

At 10 a.m. a staff meeting on policy

— presided over by Editor-in-Chief Gates

Writer Herro confers with Alan Max



— and copyreader Levine closes shop

case caused a stir in court by announcing that he read the *Daily Worker* (it turned out he was an officer of J. P. Morgan & Co., Inc., and examining the paper was part of his job). But Acting Business Manager Max Gordon is fairly sure that capitalist interests, government bureaus and FBI agents account for no more than four or five hundred sales. The other readers, Gordon says, are "left wing workers. Some of them, probably buy it because of old attachment or intellectual interest and are not Communists."

There is also a week-end paper, *The Worker*, which carries a Sunday date line but shows up at the newsstands and on subscribers' doorsteps on Saturday. *The Worker* is sixteen pages (twice as much paper for the same price, which may be one reason why it sells twice as many copies as the weekday journal). It is also more of a national publication, appearing in several editions—one each for "New York-Harlem," New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Michigan and "Illinois DuSable," with a National edition to cover the rest of the country. The first fourteen pages are identical in all editions, but a specially printed last sheet in each paper offers two pages of local material. (The National gives the choice bits from all the local pages.) The most recent circulation figures show 7,500 sales for the New York edition, 1,600 in Illinois, 850 in Pennsylvania and 800 each in Michigan and New Jersey. The remaining 3,500 copies are scattered throughout the nation, but coverage is exceptionally low on the West Coast, where a regional publication called *People's World* delivers a similar view of the news.

All these figures have changed since the palmy days right after the war. Then the *Daily Worker* cost a nickel, ran sixteen pages, sold 20,000 copies every day, and was available at most newsstands in the Northeast quadrant. *The Worker* printed special fat issues for May Day and Labor Day, and went weekly to 75,000 readers. Both papers carried considerable advertising. "We used to have four full-time ad salesmen in this office," Max Gordon recalls, "making a good living, a hundred-a-hundred and fifty dollars a week, no commissions." The papers' ad revenue in 1947 approached $150,000; today there are no ad salesmen, and total space sales (at rates of $3.50 a column inch in the *Daily Worker*, $5.25 in *The Worker*, 15 per cent commission to recognized advertising agents and 2 per cent for cash) have sunk below $15,000. But even in their best days the *Daily Worker* and *The Worker* were losing propositions. John Gates, who came to the papers as Editor in Chief a decade ago, says that in his first year, one of the most successful in the papers' history, the deficit was about $200,000.

1956 income covered only half the cost of operation

Today, despite the enormous losses in revenue since 1947, the deficit is still "about $200,000." It has been held constant by heroic measures: doubling the cover price and halving the size of the paper, cutting the staff from more than sixty to less than thirty, dropping the late edition, all foreign correspondents and all outside features. On the present restricted basis, with a daily print run of about 10,000 copies, it costs slightly less than $40,000 a year to publish the *Daily Worker* and *The Worker*. "In 1956," says Max Gordon, "our income covered less than half our costs."

The deficit is made up mostly by fund drives, formerly annual, now twice a year. The 1956 Fall appeal for $50,000 was not fulfilled until March, 1957—guaranteeing that the paper will be substantially short of funds this year. According to John Gates, about half the money raised in the fund drives comes from individual readers, and the rest is sent in through local Communist Party units. The paper can also count on about $15,000 a year from what Max Gordon calls "sustainers—people who contribute $10 or $15 a month all year long. For emergencies, we have a group around the paper, some of them fairly well-to-do businessmen, who make loans to us or get up a kitty if the crisis is particularly sharp."

Keeping *au courant* with the *Daily Worker* does not, in present-day

America, make a man popular with his fellow citizens and Max Gordon believes that twice as many people would buy the paper if social and economic pressures against Communists were somehow removed. Every one on the staff also believes that the paper is persecuted by FBI agents who go around warning subscribers and advertisers to desist, or else (Communists see FBI agents under the bed the way some other people see Communists in the woodwork.) Whatever the role of the FBI in the *Daily Worker's* misfortunes, there can be no question that the Bureau of Internal Revenue last year cocked a snook at the paper's very existence. Led by some interesting instinct, an officer of the Bureau decided that under a vague clause in the law it might be possible to hit the deficit ridden *Daily Worker* for nonpayment of corporate profits taxes. The paper's bank accounts were impounded and its desks and typewriters seized by Treasury agents, who kept possession for a week, battered by adverse publicity, while the *Daily Worker* staff operated out of borrowed quarters. The paper did not miss an issue, and at the end of the week the Treasury Department withdrew from the premises. But the bank accounts, such as they are, will remain impounded until the courts dispose of the legal questions. Meanwhile the financial confusion in which the *Daily Worker* operates is compounded by the need to keep all funds and pay all bills in cash and money orders.

The paper has lost distinction in the past two decades

Editorially, the *Daily Worker* today is less peculiar and somewhat less distinguished than it was during Communism's high tide in the early 1930's. Then a fashionable school of "proletarian novelists" contributed to the paper, and page after page was devoted to highly skilled if incomprehensible ventures in Communist dialectic by Party theoreticians. The late Samuel Putnam, the translator of Cervantes and other classic Spanish and Portuguese authors, was a contributor to the literary section, and the last name of any literary importance in the *Daily Worker* was that of Howard Fast. His column disappeared in June, 1956, about eight months before he formally quit the Communist Party. "They wanted me to keep writing it," Fast says today, "but I couldn't. For the last year I wrote for them I'd been uncomfortable about it. I'd much rather have written for the New York *Times*, but the *Times* wouldn't print what I wrote, and the *Daily Worker* would."

During the "Popular Front" days the *Daily Worker* eliminated some of its long discussions of Communist doctrine and inserted features with more appeal for ordinary people who bought newspapers. Once during that period the week-end *Worker* appeared with a rotogravure front page devoted entirely to a picture of Shirley Temple, whose golden locks, it was felt, were selling in Communist and non-Communist housewives alike. There were then a woman's page, a gossip column, book serializations, a medical advice feature, a nonpolitical comic strip about kids, crossword puzzles, a column that picked winners at the race track, even a regular religious feature written by a sympathetic retired Episcopal clergyman. The typical news story of that period was about a protest by "a group of eminent Americans" against fascism, or to free Earl Browder from prison, or to open a second front in the war against Germany. Column after column would be devoted to listing the signers of such petitions. These lists were useful to Party members at the time, helping them to distinguish the good guys from the bad guys, and, as Nelson Frank of the Senate Internal Security Committee points out, they have been invaluable to government investigators in recent years.

From its foundation in 1924, the *Daily Worker* followed loyally at Moscow's heels: praising each day whatever Russia said or did, twisting and turning to keep up with the devious Party Line. A single hour in 1939 turned the Nazi conspiracy into peace-loving Germany; another hour in 1941 made Huns of the Germans once again. Frederick Woltman, who won a Pulitzer Prize in 1947 for his New York *World-Telegram* articles about Communist tactics, keeps a large file of howlers from the *Daily Worker*—the sudden shifts of opinion, the famous, groveling self-criticism, the romantic views of life in the Soviet Union. Wohlman's file also includes much material from *Daily Workers* published in the Korean war days, material which is not funny at all—merely treasonous.

The extent to which the *Daily Worker's* policy shifts represented literal dictation from Moscow, rather than the local Communists' urgent desire to remain snuggled in Russia's bed, has always been a matter of argument. Most outside authorities believe that the Soviet Union put up $35,000 to help start the *Daily Worker* in 1924, but thereafter (from native stinginess rather than any disapproval of the paper) made no financial contribution of any kind. Until 1939 the *Daily Worker* received, free of charge, the Russian overseas news service, Inprecorr (International Press Correspondents); but the service was free to anybody who wanted it, not just to the *Daily Worker*. It is believed that the staff did not depend on its own insights into Russian policy, but asked direction daily from high Party authorities such as Jacob Stachel and imported Communist agents like Alexander Bittleman, neither of whom actually worked on the paper. If such men were directly in touch with Moscow, however, they were getting rotten information, because the *Daily Worker* was always darting the wrong measure when the Soviet Union changed the tune. And since the Fall of 1956, when the *Daily Worker* apparently shifted its political loyalties from Khrushchev's Russia to Gomulka's Poland, there has been some question whether even the Russians like the paper. *Chacun à son goût*, of course—but it's not a Russian saying.

News is not always timely, even when it's set in type

Of the two publications *The Worker* is not a newspaper at all. It is a magazine. It goes to press Thursday for a Saturday sale, and copy for it must be in by Wednesday afternoon. The budget is by no means large enough to pay for cables from the regional correspondents (mail service being what it is in this capitalist country). *The Worker's* Illinois and Michigan correspondents must get their material out by Monday night to make the Sunday paper. Such deadlines radically inhibit the presentation of spot news, and the bulk of the paper is therefore given over to feature stories, while the local pages are devoted to editorializing about local situations.

Deadline problems affect the *Daily Worker*, too, complicating the already difficult editorial decision as to whether the paper should cover the news or present eight solid pages of Communism. Union rates for printers dictate overtime pay for work performed after six o'clock, and the *Daily's* precarious financial position (the paper's *aficionados* call it, simply, the *Daily*, to distinguish it from the week-end *Worker*) allows such extravagance only when very hot news stories are breaking. Ordinarily, the last copy must go down to the linotypers at five o'clock in the afternoon, and the next day's paper should be locked in the forms by six. At 9:30 or so the trucks from the Metropolitan News Company come around to pick up baled *Daily Workers* and deliver them to the railroad stations and the newsstands.

Under these circumstances the *Daily Worker* cannot hope to compete in timeliness with New York's four other general morning newspapers. "As a matter of fact," says City Editor Robert Friedman, "the final editions of some of the afternoon papers are open later than we are." Moreover, the *Daily's* eight pages, though largely unencumbered by advertisements, cannot offer a news coverage anywhere near so thorough as that in the city's other papers, which run thirty to a hundred pages a day. "Most of our readers," says Managing Editor Alan Max, "undoubtedly read some other paper, too. We're their *second* paper—though I'd say we're first in their affections."

The *Daily Worker's* nevertheless attempts to give a picture of the news—a Communist picture, naturally, where there is a Communist interest. On the average, it would seem to anyone not a Communist that about half the news stories are slanted in the morning, the rest are more or less straight. Position in the paper is, of course, as important as the angle of the story in influencing a reader's view of the news, and most of the time the *Daily Worker's* lead stories are obviously chosen for political value rather than for news value. A Middle East crisis, a Hungarian rebellion or a New York dock or subway strike will make the big headlines in the *Daily Worker* as in the other New York papers, but in the absence of such news the *Daily* tends to use its biggest type for stories of race troubles (4 HELD IN FLORIDA FOR BURNING CROSS), discrimination against Communists or convicted atom spies (MEXICAN LAWYER BARRED FROM DEFENDING SOBLE), plots by landlords or other capitalists (UNIONS, TENANTS BATTLE IN ALBANY TO SAVE RENT LIDS), and cheerful tidings from Russia (SOVIETS AGAIN CUT ARMS FUND). The jolly "there's good news tonight in Moscow" approach has not eliminated the top headline very often, however, since the *Daily Worker's* sudden, famed discovery last year that the Russians too—while not nearly so bad as the Americans—are less than perfect in every thought and deed.

The paper's make-up is almost always the same. The first three pages are devoted to stories about what happened yesterday (or, in any case, recently). Inside the center spread presents opinion, so labeled: an editorial set two columns wide (the approved style for tabloids), letters to the editor (under the heading SPEAK YOUR PIECE), and signed columns by staff writers. Pages 6 and 7 are given over to culture (book, play and movie reviews, excerpts from books which are approved reading for Communists), plus jumps from the news stories on the first three pages. On its last page the *Daily* presents opinion, oddities and stale news from the world of sports.

About one third of the material in the average issue comes off the *Daily's* two United Press teletypes, one for general news and one for sports. "No credit is given to the UP, however. "We'd be willing to give them credit," says Editor John Gates, "but they don't want it." Like all newspapers, the *Daily* cuts wire-service copy, rearranges paragraphs and often rewrites leads. Other newspapers, however, do not have the *Daily's* peculiar editorial slant, and the UP feels that its stories are often twisted by the *Daily Worker's* editing. The service requested about ten years ago

that the *Daily* stop crediting the UP with any item which had been in any way altered from the exact wordage sent out over the teletype. To avoid arguments, Gates established a rule that the initials UP were not to appear in the paper. The rule holds even on those occasions when a long news story fits perfectly into the *Daily's* editorial line and is run exactly as the UP wrote it.

Half a dozen reporters working out of the newsroom supplement UP coverage of the local scene, and reports from the regional editors of *The Worker* help fill out the national picture. For distant stories especially up its alley (segregation stories particularly), the *Daily* will send correspondents to the scene of action for direct reports. There is a Washington office which is accredited to the various Washington press galleries and press conferences, but at this writing—for the first time since its foundation—the *Daily* lacks a Washington correspondent. Negro Affairs Editor Abner W. Berry (who came to journalism from the stage, where he was one of Randerville's Four Berry Brothers), doubles as Washington reporter, spending two or three days a week in the capital. Since the *Daily* is primarily a New York paper, it needs Albany news, too, but here again the personnel shortage makes life difficult. While the legislature is in session, Acting Business Manager Max Gordon (who was a Communist Party organizer in upstate New York before he came to the *Daily Worker*) covers the Albany beat. The *Daily* also receives contributions from out-of-town friends, usually on a voluntary basis. Sometimes however, stringers are paid on a lineage rate for the material actually printed in the paper.

Sports news and foreign news are the worst holes in the *Daily's* coverage. The fact that the paper closes at five does not mean that all stories can be sent down at 4:55; an orderly flow of copy to the printers must be maintained, and general news stories must have priority in the previous last hour. Sports Editor Roosevelt Ward, Jr., has a three o'clock deadline for the sports page. "If anything happens after three o'clock," Ward says, "I've got to fight to get it in the paper. Not always, of course—World Series time, I'm an equal. Then," he adds with a pleasant smile, "Ward is a Negro, I've got equal rights."

Foreign Editor Joseph Clark works under even greater handicaps. The *Daily Worker* at present has no foreign correspondents. Clark himself was the last of the breed, covering Moscow from 1950 to 1953 and returning briefly to Europe for the Geneva Conference of 1955. The UP teletype is less useful to him than to other members of the staff, partly because UP's foreign service is somewhat sketchy and partly because so many of the foreign news items that interest the UP's more important subscribers have no appeal whatever for Communists. The *Daily* exchanges copies with several dozen foreign newspapers, both Communist and non-Communist (but mostly Communist), and Clark often finds items of interest to his readers by perusing the foreign press. Such items are, of course, a little old under the best circumstances (two European papers, the London *Daily Worker* and the Paris *L'Humanité*, come into the *Daily's* office via air mail, but the others take ten days to two weeks to arrive)—and the U.S. Customs Service makes matters worse by holding up delivery. There is a law against the importation of subversive literature, and much of what Clark wants to read and copy is not exactly pro-American. Clark is further hindered by the multiplicity of the world's languages: he can read the Russian papers, and he can handle German, but somebody else has to translate for him from the French. Usually he goes to copyreader Ben Levine.

Sometimes, for special events, the *Daily* will arrange to have the foreign staff of its British counterpart (a more prosperous enterprise) send their material directly to New York as well as to London. Samuel Russell, the British Moscow correspondent, covered for both *Daily Workers* the now famous Twentieth Congress of the Russian Communist Party, at which Khrushchev made his speech denouncing Stalin. "Russell's stuff wasn't much good, though," Gates says, the editor of the *Daily Worker*, like the editors of the other New York newspapers, got the text of Khrushchev's speech from the U.S. State Department. Since the paper cannot afford cable charges, reports even from direct correspondents would usually be too late to justify any expense at all. This crippling reliance on the mails was one of the reasons the *Daily* abandoned its Moscow office. "Most of what I wrote from the Soviet Union," Clark says, "was feature material. I didn't have any cable budget. The only cable I sent the whole three years I was there was for Stalin's death." To cover such contingencies, the *Daily* does have a cable address: DAILYWORK, NEW YORK.

One other news source is tapped by the *Daily*—its fellow New York newspapers. Every daily paper pays close attention to its contemporaries: the first job of the "graveyard shift" which opens an afternoon newspaper's offices is to read the morning papers and as the day wears on the staff keeps up with what is appearing in the competition's early editions. The *Daily*, being relatively unconcerned about timeliness, tends to hook feature items rather than news stories from other papers—theatre

news, gossip, sports interviews. Any nonpolitical funny story that appears in the Sunday *Times* is likely to show up in Monday's *Daily Worker*.

The editorial and executive offices of the *Daily Worker* occupy the eighth floor of a long, narrow, church loft building that runs through from 12th to 13th Streets between Union Square Place and Broadway, just north of the luxurious Washington Square district. The print shop is separately housed in an the floor below, and the presses are in the basement. Elsewhere in the building is the *Morning Freiheit*, a Yiddish language daily which is also black and white and red all over. The rest of the building is nonpolitical commercial space. National headquarters of the Communist Party is on the ninth floor in the old date, but reported to smaller space after the senior staff was restricted of Smith Act indictments and sent to jail.

The floor occupied by the *Daily Worker* is divided into three main sections—a front office overlooking 12th Street for the screen members of the clerical and business staff (including mailroom), a long center segment for the staff that puts out the paper, and a square in the rear which contains an office for Labor Editor George Morris, a bathroom with a sink in it, and a room for two small and apparently unused flat bed printing presses of the kind that handle wedding announcements and calling cards.

Worker's view of the Daily Worker

Editor in Chief John Gates works in a cramped, dingy room furnished with only two chairs, a wooden bench in an old desk and a sagging couch. There is a television set with an indoor aerial in one corner, and a few posters—plus a small framed painting of cartoonist Art Young at work—provide decoration. Tacked to the wall above Gates' chair is a printed notice: MY MIND IS MADE UP. DON'T CONFUSE ME WITH FACTS. Gates himself is a rather short, strongly built man in his middle forties but looking younger, with rough, striated skin and wiry brown hair. He smokes a black pipe in a relaxed way and speaks in a calm, low voice. His heavy tweed jacket wants only another tee or fifteen dollars in the tailoring to be perfectly acceptable on Madison Avenue, and his manner generally is that of the successful academic man.

Gates has been a professional Communist for more than a quarter of a century. He joined the Young Communist League in 1931 while at New York's City College. From college he went out to Youngstown, Ohio, as an organizer for the YCL and for the Trade Union Unity League, which the Communists were then pushing in opposition to the American Federation of Labor. In early 1937 and 1938 he fought in Spain with the International Brigade and he served four years in the American Army during World War II as a sergeant of paratroopers in the Ardennes and the European Theatre. After the war he put in a brief stint as Veterans' Director for the Communist Party, and he was appointed Editor in Chief of the *Daily Worker* and *The Worker* in 1947. His service with the paper was interrupted by a jail term. He was one of the eleven Communists convicted in the trial under Judge Medina.

Earl Browder said the other day that when he was Editor in Chief of the *Daily Worker* he didn't spend much time on it, and neither does Gates. His functions are supervisory rather than specifically editorial. Every day he holds a morning meeting of the senior editorial staff to determine what position the *Daily Worker* shall take on current issues, and sometimes he turns out an editorial himself. Generally, however, he leaves editorial writing, like the rest of the newspaper work, to his staff. Occasionally he will be consulted on the proper treatment for a story just off the UP wires, but usually, as all other papers the staff knows well enough how the boss would want a story handled. As a member of the Communist Party's Executive Committee, Gates is the official Party voice on the paper, but the paper itself is not an official organ of the CP. It was up until 1940. Gates says, but it isn't today. We are Communists, but we are not necessarily spokesman for the Party." The question of whether the *Daily Worker* spoke for the American CP in condemning the Russian military intervention in Hungary last fall was carefully left up in the air by the Party convention in February. American Communists are not accustomed to criticizing their Russian comrades, and the *Daily Worker* had never tried it before 1956.

Foreign Editor Joseph Clark, who works next door amidst an enormous litter of foreign publications stacked up from floor to bookshelves along the walls or simply resting on the floor, is a lesser version of Gates—a few years younger, more handsome in the conventional way, and with less of Gates' abiding calm. He smokes cigarettes and wears horn-rimmed glasses. Like Gates, he became a Communist while in college, and on graduation went to work for the YCL, first for the paper *The Young Worker*. "No connection with the *Daily*," Clark says, adding in the language of his philosophy, "It was a separate apparatus." As Foreign Editor Clark, like Gates, original spokesman on the Hungarian question, and because he corresponds in Communist parties abroad his thrice-weekly signed column has been the focus within the paper for the elephantine

arguments (much buttressed by quotes from Marx and Lenin) about national Communism versus Soviet domination. Some of his remarks angered the Russians so much that Clark was attacked personally by name in an issue of *Sovietskaya Rossiya* which appeared shortly before the American Party's February convention. It was not expected by outside observers or by those on the paper that Clark would survive in his job after the convention. "Hell," said Harry Raymond, the *Daily*'s city news reporter and theatre critic, "I'm surprised Gates is still here. I felt sure they were going to shoot Johnny at that convention." But when last seen Clark was still the *Daily*'s Foreign Editor.

Only the top editor speaks for the Party

As a practical matter the paper is run by Managing Editor Alan Max, who also writes a signed column three or four times a week—or whenever he gets the time. If Gates and Clark could profitably serve as inside men representing the paper, Max is distinctly the inside man. He makes what seems to be a deliberately bad appearance—he is fairly tall and stooped; his falling brown hair straggles over his scalp; his shirts are frayed in ruff and roller and his shiny blue serge suits are sometimes so dilapidated there are holes in the seat of the pants. Moreover, his initial reaction to outsiders is one of strong suspicion. I don't speak for the Party. I'm not an officer of the Party—only Gates can speak for the Party." His column contains the last feeble echoes ("Mr. Pseudo Hoover") of the scurrilous genre which makes back issues of the paper from the years when the Cold War was chilliest so disgusting to examine. Underneath the shallow front however, Max is obviously a friendly and a kindly man. His attitude toward the staff in the newsroom is that of the co-worker rather than that of the boss; and the girls on the business staff speak of him affectionately. Though his appearance is unfavorably worse than required, it can be partly explained by poverty: he has three children and, as he puts it, "Salaries around here are terrible." (The *Daily Worker* is, of course, a Newspaper Guild shop but the paper's low income as well as the unusual community of interest between the staff and the management combine to prevent effective bargaining.)

Unlike Gates and Clark, Max was not a Communist from the beginning. He was a star student at New York's DeWitt Clinton High School (the first student principal of the school in the city's first Boys' Day) and at Columbia he wrote the University Spectator of 1927. After a year's graduate work at Harvard he took a job with a Warner Brothers subsidiary making movies for commercial and advertising use. The Depression made him a Communist: he quit his job and went up to Seattle to become one of the editors of *People's Voice*, "the paper of the unemployed, the fishermen, the lumbermen." He joined the staff of the *Daily Worker* as a reporter in 1935, served in the Washington office in 1936 and 1937—then was promoted to Assistant Managing Editor in 1940 and to Managing Editor when Budenz decamped. He has general responsibility for the paper and its personnel; he determines which stories get byline credit; he hires and fires (though there hasn't been much hiring recently). (Some of these duties will be taken off Max's shoulders by Simon Gerson, recently appointed Executive Editor, who got professional newspaper training on Arthur Brisbane's New York *American*, and has worked for the *Daily* on and off since 1933.) In interviewing an applicant Max says, he does not ask for political opinions. "But most of the people who apply," he adds, "have had some prior connection with the paper: they've done volunteer work or were printed contributions from them. You understand, this isn't really the path upward in the newspaper business." This statement, incidentally, is not wholly true: Howard Rushmore, for example, after abandoning the *Daily Worker* and Communism, became editor of *Confidential* Magazine.

The staff which Max supervises works in a narrow, reasonably dirty newsroom lit by fluorescent fixtures hung on long black chains from hooks in the high ceiling. There are about a dozen old wooden desks, arranged mostly two by two across the room, with a standard L. C. Smith typewriter for each desk. A few desks are equipped with hand-set telephones, of the sort worn by switchboard girls—to leave a reporter's hands free for note taking during telephonic interviews. The "slot" the City Editor's lair has been made by placing a desk and a table at right angles with a wall for the third side; only one desk man sits beside the slot. At the far end of the room stands a long road rack, a library of standard reference books and a Recordak machine for reading microfilms.

Three members of the newsroom staff are immediately recognizable as newspaper people—general reporter Virginia Gardner, Harry Raymond, and desk man Ben Levine. Miss Gardner is the experienced feisty denizen of newspaper offices: small and neat, with a pert, pinched face, harlequin glasses and a tick-tock walk. She was with the Chicago *Tribune* before she began a career with Communist publications. She is the only divorced member of the staff. Roosevelt Ward is the only one unmarried. Harry Raymond is a large, florid man in a wide pin-stripe suit with grey crew-cut hair receding to form a pronounced widow's peak; he has been with the *Daily Worker* for twenty-six years and he is one of the best known men on the City Hall beat (also one of the best liked: the boys on the other papers will gladly fill in, taking special delight in writing with a Communist slant, if for any reason he can't do his story). Ben Levine, who has been a copyreader and headline writer for more than thirty-five years, mostly with Fairchild Publications (*Women's Wear Daily*), could have stepped right out of a movie about the newspaper business: like the classic desk man, he is stout and sloppy and slope shouldered, and he has a day's growth of grey stubble on his chin. Like so many others on the *Daily*, he doubles jobs: he writes a weekly column of television criticism for *The Worker*.

The day at the *Daily Worker* begins around ten in the morning, when the staff drifts in to prepare the copy that must go down early or to attend Gates' daily policy meeting. Most staff members know their own beats and simply start to work; special assignments are handed out by Max and City Editor Robert Friedman. Roosevelt Ward seats himself at his typewriter and tries to think up an angle for his daily column. The Pitch which he likes to have in the print shop by noon, if he can. By noon also, if all is running according to schedule, Clark's foreign affairs column, Raymond's theatre criticism, any book excerpts or cultural filler material, David Platts' movie and music column and any other signed expressions of opinion should be down in the linotype machines.

News stories begin passing through the slot shortly after noon. Friedman tears the yellow paper from the UP teletypes, scans the stories, throws some material away, impales some on the spike beside his chair, hands some to Levine with instructions for cutting and edition angling. Levine rewrites leads on his typewriter, marks the teletype sheets in pencil, scissors and pastes up, and hands the assembled story back to Friedman, who reads it quickly and drops it down a green metal chute which stands against the wall at the head of the slot. The chute is a substitute for the copy boy's and pneumatic tubes on Hollywood dollies—opens into the print shop on the seventh floor, where a linotype operator picks up the copy. A string runs down the chute to a spring clip, and when the print shop has proofs to return a pressman pushes a button which lights a light in the slot and Friedman pulls up the proofs. A button buzzer is there if Friedman feels he needs to respond to the light.

Staff members arrive with the results of their mornings work and type their stories triple spaced with wide margins on yellow paper. Friedman reads this copy carefully—and may go back to the writer for more work. "Look, give me this kind of lead. Not they said this two days ago." A fresh lead? Sometimes if Levine is busy or Friedman has pronounced ideas on the lead angle for a story, he may run a piece of copy through his own typewriter—hunt-and-peck.

At about three o'clock, Friedman makes first, tentative layouts for the next day's front page working on a pad one third the size of the paper. Usually the *Daily* features two stories with a banner headline for the column-one story. Three or four other stories will also start on Page 1, and room must almost always be saved for an appeal, either for funds for the paper or for increased circulation.

End of a day at the Daily Worker

The clatter which accompanies the assembling of the paper is little different from what might be overheard in other newsrooms. Roosevelt Ward is a frustrated playwright ("but I'm going back to it some day. I don't think this experience on the paper is a waste.") Friedman used to write poetry; Ben Levine is a graduate lawyer, admitted to the bar. Everybody is reading books he wishes he had written; talking about them, about current entertainment—about the deficiencies of the newspaper.

"That was a vulgar article we had today on the fund appeal."

"I didn't think it was so vulgar, just dull."

"Wrong words all over it."

"What are you people talking about here?"

Grammar.

"Well, it's better than talking Hungary."

You know, in Brooklyn College the catalogue lists a course in Cha Cha Cha. Then there's another course in Advanced Cha Cha Cha.

"You mean— illustrating with the hips—"when you get beyond one, two, three?"

"Did you read this—*A Passage to India*?"

"No. I read his book on the novel, though. Terrific book."

Shortly before five the office begins to empty, and by five thirty nobody is in the newsroom except Levine trying to get his side of the slot back into some semblance of order. Friedman and Max are downstairs in the print shop—making whatever final changes may be necessary—cutting the few lines of overset. By six Friedman and Max are also on their way home and Levine is alone: he will sit it out on emergency call—reading a good novel, until the forms actually hit the presses.

The teletypes are still banging. A yellowed sign over the slot reads: PUT LIGHTS OUT WHEN YOU LEAVE. ■

While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index. This inspection includes this index, includes only those advertisers using units of one eighth page or larger.

DINING IN/OUT WITH *Esquire*

Westchester has a number of good restaurants well worth the ride from New York along the new big expressways but none has seated so handsomely in quite some time as Chez Vito the new comer where the Arrowhead Inn used to dwell. The original Arrowhead helped for its wacker chairs and its Irving Cann was a hit on Riverdale in the days when that was considered a rather risqué distance north of civilization. Then it moved to a quite elegant spot on 385 Tuckahoe Road, Yonkers, between the New York State Thruway and Central Avenue. The place is a big country estate-looking spot set well back from the road with an entrance road curving up to it. It logged along quite as Arrowhead, and only last April emerged as Chez Vito.

To say that this made a difference is to understate a miracle. Vito of course, is a well-known host among the very social set for his extremely elegant and cosmopolitan Chez Vito at 36 East 60th Street in Manhattan. His touch in the Westchester manse has been nothing short of magic. The place always had rather effective proportions as you entered. Vito has transformed it now with a décor combining regal red velvet, crystal, silver and soft lights. The bar is new, everything is new—but the effect is old in this sense only that you wondered if anyone any more was ever going to run a place which suggested quality in every sense, blended with excitement and aristocracy and romance. Well, Vito has done it. Maybe they don't do things like that any more, but he has done it with a traditional elegance that matches any salon which ever flourished. Three or two dining rooms awash in fine china and a bevy of waiters and captains and ringing with what is probably the most satisfying and spectacular musical group you'll find today in any club.

There is almost continual music, but the big show consists of Vito's wandering violinists. These gents—and they're technically terrific—sometimes wandering as many as eight, spread out among the customers and when they light into your favorite Strauss waltz, you'll be hard put to stay at your table. But you will, because the food and the service are equally superb.

Will how much more can you say about a place. The prices are not in the blue-plate-special class, but Vito is not interested in bargain hunters, and to tell the truth the tab is quite merciful for the delight you'll get out of the place.

Our desk has a litter of adventurous recipes at this date and so we'll pass a couple of them along to you.

Chicken Pickle Aspic

3 tablespoons unflavored gelatin
5 cups cold chicken stock or bouillon
2 medium sized onions, chopped
2 stalks celery—chopped
¼ teaspoon thyme
½ cup chopped sweet fresh cucumber pickles
Pimento strips
Sweet pickle strips
Crisp salad greens

Soften gelatin in 1 cup stock or bouillon. Combine remaining stock or bouillon, onions, celery and thyme. Cover and cook over medium heat twenty minutes. Strain. Add gelatin to strained liquid and stir until dissolved. Chill until slightly thickened. Fold in chopped pickles. Turn into fish-cup mold and chill until firm. Unmold and garnish with pimento strips, pickle strips and salad greens. This will serve four.

Crab Meat in Skillet

James A. Hart's favorite crab-meat dish prepared with butter, tarragon vinegar and chives, for fame.

Place two ounces of butter in a medium hot skillet. When the butter is melted add one pound fresh crab meat, ½ teaspoon crushed whole black pepper and one onion, tarragon, thyme. Season to taste with salt and Lea & Perrins Sauce. Add one teaspoon of finely chopped chives. Cover skillet and yet hot to serving point.

—P. A. H.

The Sound and the Fury *Continued from page 14*

Car sense?

Herewith bouquets and brickbats. The bouquet: I am a subscriber to your relatively expensive magazine, have been for some time and expect to continue.

The brickbat is touched off by the article *Detroit Engineering Race* by Dick Reddy (June 1957). It is representative of a peculiar anti-Detroit tendency that has marked most automobile magazines and it calls for some inspection of our relationship to automobiles today.

To the American his car is simply a tool for transportation and he expects it to take him anywhere at any time with reasonable (not extreme) economy of first cost and maintenance. It must be comfortable, roomy, fast, and capable of operation with minimum effort. We no longer have the European feeling of a car as a unique and expensive plaything.

In contrast, European cars are hard-riding, usually because of their better roadability, necessary in the narrow roads and congested traffic of the Continent and Britain. Further, their cars are smaller and thus cheaper to buy and maintain.

As to styling—are you confusing the delightfully expensive one-of-a-kind products with our mass-produced vehicles? Generally speaking, European styling is a thing its origin around 1935.

Then there are the road racers and they shouldn't be compared with the family car either American or European.

These are tricky, skittish machines when used as they are intended and by no means designed to be handled by the unskilled driver. Sports cars are for people who enjoy driving per se and that is their privilege.

It appears that many writers who are competent to discuss the technical side of automobiles think that this special knowledge qualifies them to criticize the business policies of the largest and most competitive field of mass production the world has ever known. Are all these writers so naive that they don't realize the problems involved in production? Are they so childish as to think Detroit is unaware of what is going on in the automobile world both here and abroad? Do they in their innocence think that Detroit is withholding from the American public—through stupidity or bullheadedness—all these advances in design? Don't they realize the gamble involved in tooling up to build a million cars?

All of us know that any car has limitations and that no car is proof against the damfool who drives it beyond his ability to control it. But people are still being killed by horses, too, and horses have been around for a long time.

This is a plea for automobile common sense, a rare quality. If you have a family car, compare it with another family car, not a racer or a truck. Don't expect it to perform like something it is not. If you want a road racer, buy a road racer and learn how to handle it.

F. W. Zuccaro
Rockford, Ill.

HERE'S THE ADDITIONAL LIST OF NEW ESQUIRE CLUB ESTABLISHMENTS WHICH HAVE JUST JOINED THE THOUSANDS OF OTHER RESTAURANTS AND SERVICES IN EXTENDING CREDIT TO ESQUIRE CLUB MEMBERS:

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[illegible], Mobile
[illegible], Montgomery

ARIZONA
[illegible] BAG—WESTERN [illegible], Mesa
[illegible] SILVER [illegible]
[illegible], Tucson
[illegible], Tucson

ARKANSAS
[illegible], Hot Springs
[illegible] GRILL & [illegible], Hot Springs
[illegible], Hot Springs Natl. Pk.
[illegible]

CALIFORNIA
[illegible], Arcadia
[illegible]
[illegible], Beverly Hills
[illegible], Beverly Hills
[illegible], Beverly Hills
[illegible], Big Bear Lake
[illegible]
[illegible] INN
[illegible]
[illegible] KITCHEN
[illegible], Glendale

Hollywood
[illegible]
[illegible]
*HOLLYWOOD [illegible] MOTOR HOTEL
[illegible]
[illegible]
*[illegible] BILTMORE HOTEL
[illegible], Lake Tahoe

Los Angeles
[illegible] LODGE
[illegible]
*[illegible] HOTEL
[illegible] CLUB
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] STEAK HOUSE
[illegible] FRENCH CUISINE
*[illegible] HOTEL, Monterey
*[illegible] INN AT [illegible], Monterey
[illegible], Oakland
[illegible], Oakland
[illegible], Palm Springs
*[illegible] INN, Palm Springs
*[illegible] GUEST RANCH, Palm Springs
[illegible], Pasadena
[illegible], Pasadena
[illegible] STEAKHOUSE, Pasadena
[illegible], Sacramento
[illegible], San Diego
[illegible] LOUNGE & STEAK HOUSE, San Francisco
[illegible], San Francisco
[illegible], San Francisco
[illegible], San Francisco
[illegible] FIRESIDE INN, San Jose
*[illegible], San Jose
[illegible], Santa Barbara
[illegible]
[illegible], Studio City
[illegible], W. Los Angeles
*[illegible] MOTEL, West Sacramento
[illegible], Willowbrook(?)

COLORADO
[illegible], Denver
*[illegible], Denver
[illegible], Denver
*[illegible] HOTEL
[illegible], Estes Park
*[illegible]
*HOTEL [illegible], Steamboat Springs

CONNECTICUT
[illegible], Bridgeport
[illegible] GRILL, Bridgeport
EL [illegible], Danbury
[illegible], Lakeville
[illegible] POST CORNER [illegible], Hartford
[illegible], Hartford
[illegible] TOWN [illegible], Milford
*[illegible] TAVERN, Norwalk
[illegible], Westport

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
[illegible] HOUSE OF BEEF
[illegible]
[illegible] HOTEL
[illegible]
HOTEL [illegible]

FLORIDA
[illegible] DRIFTWOOD CLUB, Boca Raton
*[illegible] SANDS, Cocoa
[illegible] DINING RM., Cocoa Beach
*[illegible]
[illegible], Daytona Beach
*[illegible] MONTICELLO [illegible], Daytona Beach
[illegible], Daytona Beach
[illegible] HOTEL, Fort Lauderdale
[illegible], Fort Lauderdale
[illegible], Fort Lauderdale
[illegible] FAMOUS [illegible] MAN, Fort Lauderdale
*[illegible] HOTEL, Fort Lauderdale
[illegible], Islamorada
[illegible], Jacksonville
[illegible] CLUB, Jacksonville
[illegible] GREEN [illegible], Jacksonville
[illegible], Lake Worth
[illegible], Miami
[illegible] INN & ENGLISH PUB, Miami
*[illegible] HOTEL, Miami

Miami Beach
[illegible] HOTEL
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
*NEW [illegible] HOTEL
[illegible]
[illegible]
*MIAMI SPRINGS VILLAS, Miami Springs
[illegible], N. Miami
[illegible], N. Miami
[illegible], Orlando
[illegible], St. Augustine
[illegible], St. Petersburg
[illegible] RAINBOW RM., St. Petersburg
[illegible], St. Petersburg
[illegible], St. Petersburg Beach
[illegible], Sanford
AZURE TIDES DINING RM., Sarasota
[illegible], Sarasota
[illegible], Sarasota
[illegible], Tampa
*[illegible] MOTOR LODGE, W. Palm Beach

GEORGIA
[illegible] ALLEY, Atlanta
[illegible] STEAK [illegible]
GREEN [illegible]

ILLINOIS
[illegible], Berwyn
[illegible], Bourbonnais(?)

Chicago
[illegible] STEAK RM.
*[illegible] (Hotels Windermere)
[illegible]
[illegible] MARKET CLUB
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] HOUSE
[illegible]
LA [illegible]
OLD HICKORY INN
*[illegible] MOTEL
TRADE WINDS
[illegible] OF [illegible], Elgin
[illegible], Elmhurst(?)
[illegible], Morton Grove
[illegible]
[illegible], Park Forest
ORIGINAL [illegible], Peoria
[illegible] JUNCTION, Peoria
[illegible], Peru

INDIANA
[illegible] SMORGASBORD, Gary(?)
[illegible], Highland
[illegible], Indianapolis
[illegible], Indianapolis
TOWN HOUSE, Lafayette

IOWA
OLD [illegible] INN, Cedar Rapids
[illegible] CLUB, Cedar Rapids
[illegible] STEAK HOUSE, Sioux City
[illegible] CLUB, Waterloo

KANSAS
[illegible], Wichita

KENTUCKY
[illegible] COLONIAL TAVERN, Lexington
GOLDEN HORSESHOE, Lexington
LITTLE INN, Lexington
[illegible] GARDENS, Louisville
[illegible] GRILL, Louisville
*[illegible] MOTOR [illegible], Winchester

LOUISIANA
[illegible], Baton Rouge
[illegible], Baton Rouge
[illegible], Lake Charles
[illegible] LOUNGE, [illegible]
[illegible], New Orleans
[illegible] INN, Shreveport

MAINE
*[illegible] HOUSE, Bangor
*[illegible] BAY HOTEL, Bar Harbor
*[illegible] HOUSE, Litchfield

MARYLAND
[illegible], Baltimore
*[illegible], Baltimore
[illegible], Baltimore
[illegible] HOTEL, Baltimore
[illegible] KINGSVILLE INN, Kingsville
*CHARLES [illegible] HOUSE, La Plata
*[illegible] RM., Ocean City
[illegible], Ocean City
[illegible] SEAFOOD INN, [illegible]
*[illegible], Waldorf

MASSACHUSETTS
[illegible], Boston
*[illegible], Buzzards Bay (Cape Cod)
CHRISTOPHER [illegible] HOUSE, (Cape Cod)
[illegible] HOUSE, Framingham
*CURTIS HOTEL, Lenox
*[illegible], Mattapoisett (Cape Cod)
[illegible], New Bedford
[illegible], Plymouth
[illegible], Plainfield
[illegible], Plymouth
*WINFIELD [illegible], Quincy
*[illegible] MOTEL, Westminster
OLNE(?) Woods Hole (Cape Cod)

MICHIGAN
GRAND [illegible] DINING RM., Detroit
[illegible], Detroit
[illegible] STEAK HOUSE, Detroit
[illegible], Detroit
[illegible], Sand Lake

MINNESOTA
*HOTEL [illegible], Montevideo
[illegible], N. Mankato

MISSISSIPPI
[illegible], Biloxi
[illegible] SEAFOOD, Biloxi
[illegible], Corinth
[illegible] SEAFOOD HOUSE, Gulfport(?)
[illegible], Jackson
[illegible], Natchez
OLD SOUTHERN TEA RM., Vicksburg
[illegible], Vicksburg

MISSOURI
[illegible], Los Perry(?)
[illegible] STEAK HOUSE, Kansas City
[illegible], Kansas City
[illegible] & LOUNGE, Kansas City
[illegible], Kansas City
[illegible] DINING RM, Osage Beach
[illegible] HOUSE, St. Louis
[illegible], St. Louis
[illegible] LOS TOROS, St. Louis
[illegible] ORLEANS [illegible], St. Louis
[illegible], St. Louis
[illegible], St. Louis

MONTANA
[illegible], Billings
[illegible], Great Falls
[illegible] TOWNHOUSE, Great Falls

NEVADA
*[illegible] BILTMORE HOTEL, Crystal Bay, Lake Tahoe
[illegible], Reno

NEW HAMPSHIRE
[illegible], Keene
*[illegible], Manchester
*[illegible], New Ipswich

NEW JERSEY
[illegible], Absecon
[illegible], Asbury Park

Atlantic City
[illegible]
*[illegible] GOLDEN GATE MOTEL
LIDO [illegible]
[illegible] INN
*[illegible]
*[illegible] HOTEL
[illegible], Forked River
[illegible], Edgewood
[illegible], Longport
[illegible], Manasquan
MARLTON MANOR, Merchantville
[illegible], Lavallette(?)
[illegible], Pennsauken
SWISS TAVERN, Pompton Lakes
WAYNE COUNTRY CLUB, Preakness
WALTER [illegible], Roselle
[illegible] INN, Somers Point
[illegible], Somers Point
[illegible] INN, Trenton
[illegible], Trenton

NEW MEXICO
*[illegible] GRILL, Albuquerque
*[illegible], Lordsburg
[illegible], Santa Fe
[illegible], Santa Fe

NEW YORK

Manhattan
[illegible]
[illegible]
AUBERGE DE FRANCE
[illegible]
[illegible] ROOM
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] LOUNGE
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] HOUSE OF [illegible]
[illegible]
EL BORRACHO(?)
EL [illegible]
[illegible] & [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
GALLAGHER'S STEAK HOUSE
GOLDEN THREAD CAFE (Chez Yvette Hotel)
[illegible], 1 [illegible] 2600(?)
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] INN

Bronx
[illegible] (Riverdale)
[illegible]
[illegible] (City Island)
[illegible]
[illegible]

Brooklyn
*[illegible]
[illegible]

Queens
[illegible], Forest Hills
[illegible], Kew Gardens
[illegible], Astoria

Long Island
[illegible] ROOM, [illegible] Beach
LAKEWOOD LODGE, Bayport
[illegible], Brookhaven(?)
[illegible], [illegible]
[illegible], Franklin Sq.
[illegible], Freeport
[illegible], Garden City
[illegible], Hollis
[illegible], [illegible]
[illegible], Island Park
[illegible] STEAK HOUSE, Long Beach
[illegible], Lynbrook
[illegible], Massapequa
*[illegible] HOTEL, Patchogue
[illegible], Rockville Centre
[illegible] MANOR, Roslyn

Westchester County
[illegible], Larchmont(?)
[illegible], Larchmont
[illegible]
[illegible]
*[illegible] INN, Scarsdale
[illegible], White Plains
[illegible], White Plains
[illegible], Yonkers
FANSHAW, Yonkers

New York State
[illegible], Albany
*[illegible], Auburn
[illegible] SEA FOOD HOUSE, Buffalo
*[illegible], Buffalo
*[illegible] HOTEL, Buffalo(?)
*[illegible] INN, Garrison
*LA [illegible] & COUNTRY [illegible], Goshen
[illegible], Lake George
[illegible] INN, Middletown
*[illegible], Newburgh
[illegible], Nyack
[illegible], Sherburne
[illegible] INN, Sodus
*[illegible], Liberty(?)
[illegible], Watertown
[illegible], Warwick
[illegible], Williamsville
*[illegible] LODGE, Wingdale

NORTH CAROLINA
[illegible] CLUB, Asheville
[illegible]
[illegible], Elizabeth
EL [illegible], Salisbury

OHIO
[illegible], Canton
[illegible], Cleveland
*[illegible] HOTEL, Cincinnati
GEORGE [illegible]
[illegible], Dayton
*[illegible] MOTEL, Lima
*[illegible] MOTEL, Salem
[illegible]

PENNSYLVANIA
[illegible], Meadville
[illegible] INN, Morristown(?)
*[illegible] INN, Mt. Pocono
[illegible], Philadelphia
[illegible] HOTEL, Pittsburgh
DUTCH [illegible]
[illegible] INN, York

RHODE ISLAND
*[illegible] INN, Block Island
[illegible] & [illegible] RM., Lymansville

SOUTH CAROLINA
*[illegible], Bamberg
[illegible], Charleston
*CATALINA [illegible], Greenville
[illegible], Sumter(?)

TENNESSEE
[illegible] GRILL, Chattanooga
[illegible], Knoxville
[illegible], Nashville(?)

TEXAS
[illegible], Corpus Christi
[illegible], Dallas
[illegible] ITALIAN REST, Dallas
*[illegible] HOTEL COURTS, Dallas
[illegible] CLUB, Dallas
[illegible] STEAKHOUSE, Fort Worth
ELLIOTT'S STEAK HOUSE, Houston
[illegible], Houston
[illegible], Lubbock
[illegible] HORSESHOE, Midland

UTAH
[illegible] SMORGASBORD & LOUNGE, Salt Lake City
[illegible] HOUSE, Salt Lake City
[illegible], Salt Lake City

VERMONT
*[illegible] INN, Brattleboro
*[illegible] INN, Lebanon(?)
[illegible], St. Johnsbury

VIRGINIA
*[illegible] WASHINGTON INN, Fredericksburg
[illegible], Hampton
*[illegible] HOTEL & REST., Jarratt
*[illegible] MOTOR INN & REST., Natural Bridge
[illegible], Richmond
[illegible] DINING RM., Springfield
*[illegible], Virginia Beach
[illegible], Williamsburg

WISCONSIN
[illegible] HOTEL, [illegible]
[illegible], Cedarburg
[illegible], Lake Geneva

Milwaukee
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] ON FIFTH
[illegible] ON [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
LA [illegible]
[illegible]

BERMUDA
[illegible], Hamilton
LA [illegible], Hamilton
[illegible], Smith's Parish
*[illegible] INN, Southampton

BRITISH WEST INDIES
[illegible] HOUSE HOTEL, Montego Bay, Jamaica
HOTEL [illegible], Kingston, Jamaica
*SOUTH [illegible] HOTEL, Kingston, Jamaica

CANADA

Alberta
[illegible] THEATRE REST., Edmonton(?)

British Columbia
[illegible] HOTEL [illegible] LOUNGE, Vancouver
[illegible], Vancouver
[illegible], W. Vancouver

Ontario
[illegible], Hamilton
[illegible], Ottawa
[illegible], Toronto
[illegible] CABARET, Toronto
[illegible], Windsor

Quebec
[illegible] STEAK HOUSE, Montreal
[illegible], Quebec City
[illegible], Quebec City
*[illegible] HOTEL, Ste. Agathe des Monts (Laurentians)

CUBA

Havana
[illegible]
EL [illegible] (Vedado)
EL [illegible] (Vedado)
[illegible] (Vedado)
[illegible] 1830(?)
[illegible]
*LINCOLN HOTEL
[illegible] CLUB (Vedado)
[illegible]
[illegible] (Vedado)
[illegible]
[illegible] CLUB (Vedado)
[illegible] (Vedado)
[illegible] CLUB, Isle of Pines
[illegible] CLUB, Marianao(?)

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC
*[illegible] HOTEL, Ciudad Trujillo

HAITI
*HOTEL MONT JOLI, Cap Haitien

Port au Prince
*[illegible] HOTEL
*[illegible] HOTEL
EL [illegible]
*[illegible] HOTEL
*HOTEL [illegible]
[illegible] HOTEL

HAWAIIAN ISLANDS
*[illegible] RESORT HOTEL, Lihue, Kauai
*KONA [illegible] HOTEL, Kailua, Kona
[illegible], Honolulu, Oahu
[illegible], Waikiki, Oahu
[illegible] BEACHCOMBER, Waikiki, Oahu
*[illegible] RESORT HOTEL, Kahului, Maui

MEXICO
[illegible], Guadalajara, Jalisco
[illegible], Mexico City
[illegible], Monterrey

PUERTO RICO
[illegible], Hato Rey

SERVICES

BOOKS, STATIONERY & GIFTS
[illegible] & BRENTANO'S, Chicago & Evanston, Illinois

CANDY
[illegible]
[illegible]

CAR RENTALS
[illegible]
[illegible], Mexico City, Mexico

CATERING
[illegible] CENTER, White Plains, L. I.

DELICACIES
[illegible], New York
[illegible] & APPETIZERS, Toronto, Ont. Canada
[illegible] COLONIAL BAZAAR, Waikiki, Hawaiian Islands

FILM PROCESSING & CAMERAS
[illegible] PHOTO [illegible], Great Neck, N. Y.

FLORISTS
[illegible] FLOWERS, Beverly Hills, Calif.
[illegible] FLOWERS & GIFTS, Los Angeles, Calif.
[illegible], Brooklyn, N. Y.
[illegible] FLOWER SHOP, Philadelphia, Penna.
[illegible] FLOWER SHOP, Pittsburgh, Penna.

GIFTS
[illegible] BAZAAR, Elizabeth, N. J.
THE SHELL SHOP, Hamilton, Bermuda
[illegible], Havana, Cuba
[illegible] OF [illegible], Havana, Cuba
[illegible] HOTEL GIFT SHOPS, Havana, Cuba
[illegible] HOTEL GIFT SHOP, Havana, Cuba
SOUTH SEA ISLAND [illegible], Waikiki, Hawaiian Islands

JEWELRY
[illegible], New York, N. Y.
[illegible] & SON, Hamilton, Bermuda
LA [illegible], Santurce, Puerto Rico

LIQUOR STORES
[illegible] (3 stores), Los Angeles, California
WESTWOOD [illegible], Los Angeles, California
[illegible] LIQUOR [illegible], Los Angeles, Calif.
[illegible], San Francisco, California
[illegible] LIQUORS, St. Petersburg, Fla.
[illegible] LIQUOR STORES, Boynton Beach, Fla.
[illegible] LIQUORS, Brookfield, Ill.
[illegible] LIQUORS, Brookfield, Ill.
[illegible] LIQUOR [illegible] (2 stores), [illegible], Ill.
FOREST [illegible] LIQUORS, Forest Park, Ill.

MEN'S CLOTHING & FURNISHINGS
[illegible], Beverly Hills, Calif.
[illegible], Hollywood, Calif.
CHAS. [illegible] & SON, Los Angeles, Calif.
TOWN & COUNTRY, San Francisco, Calif.
[illegible], Seattle, Wash.
[illegible], Chicago, Illinois
[illegible], New Orleans, Louisiana
[illegible], New York, N. Y.
[illegible], New York, N. Y.
[illegible] CLOTHING (3 stores), Dayton, Ohio

OPTICAL & PHOTO SUPPLIES
[illegible]

TOURS & SIGHTSEEING
[illegible] & TOURS, Miami Beach, Florida
[illegible] & TOURS, Miami Beach, Fla.
[illegible] LINE, New York, N. Y.
[illegible] TOURS, Havana, Cuba

WOMEN'S APPAREL & ACCESSORIES
[illegible], Nassau, Bahamas
[illegible], Kingston, Jamaica
THE FASHION BARN, [illegible], Bermuda
[illegible], Old San Juan, Puerto Rico

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FISH SKINNER doesn't just scale fish . . . It skins and scales all in one operation. Whether they're smooth or scaly large or small, there's no mess. Precision built of chrome plated steel. Belongs in every tackle box every kitchen. 5" x 6" $5.95 ppd. Townsend Engineering Co., 2409 Hubbell Avenue, Des Moines, Iowa

FISH CALLER brings fish up to your bait. Kraft doesn't catch them that's up to you. A high pitch or hum—just like an insect—attracts fish. For fresh or salt water. Non breakable, contains hermetically sealed buzzer, replaceable flashlight battery. $3.95 postpaid. Birchkraft, 1696 North Astor Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

SUN-CHUM is beach mat, beach bag, giant towel and pillow all rolled up into one. Extra soft, thick absorbent Cannon Terry cloth, has built-in pillow pockets. Folds neatly, wrap-around elastic strap and handle. 72" x 36" in yellow or chartreuse. $6.95 ppd. Joseph J. Blake, Dept. E 757, PO Box 425, Gilroy, California

PATIO LIGHTS brighten up summer evening patio, lawn and barbecue parties. Kerosene burning torches throw brilliant light, repel mosquitoes. Mounted on 2 section, 6 foot black wooden poles that stake into ground. Good for along driveway, too. $3.50 pair postpaid. Clarion Products, Box 488 ES, Highland Park, Illinois

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GUTTER GUARD prevents clogged gutters, leaders, dry wells, keeps out leaves, twigs, birds nests, balls, pine needles, etc. Choice of ¾" or 1½" wire mesh. In 3-foot sections, 4 width —5" 6" 7" 8" 5" with galvanized clips. 78c per section, 6" 84c 7" 90c 8" 96c. Ppd. Meridian Prod. 366 Madison Avenue, ES N. Y. C.

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